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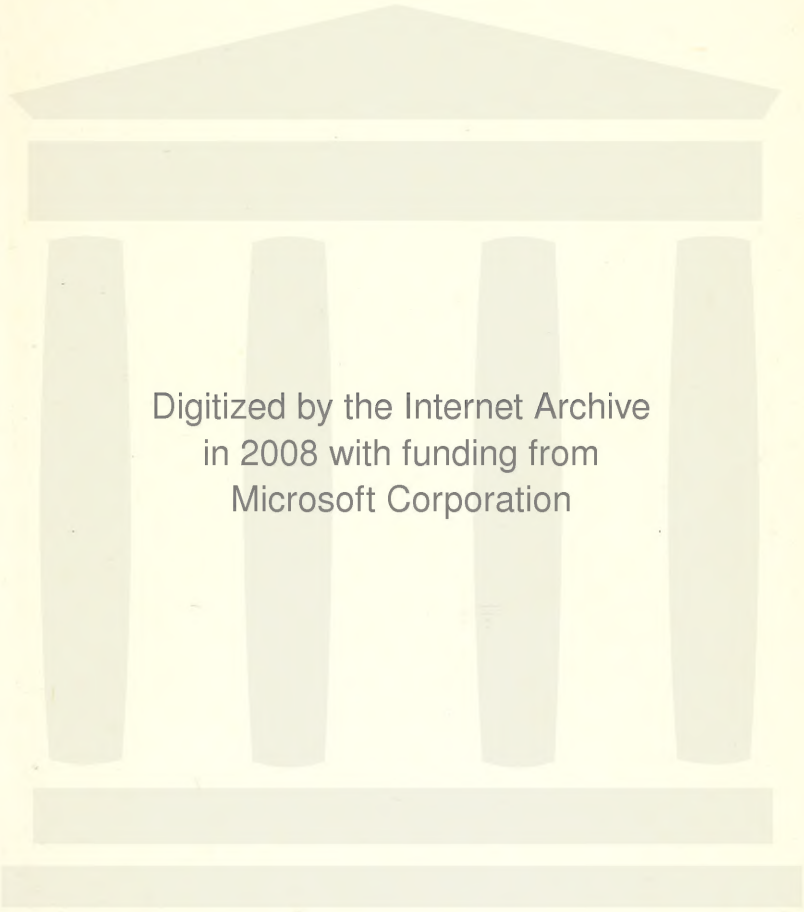

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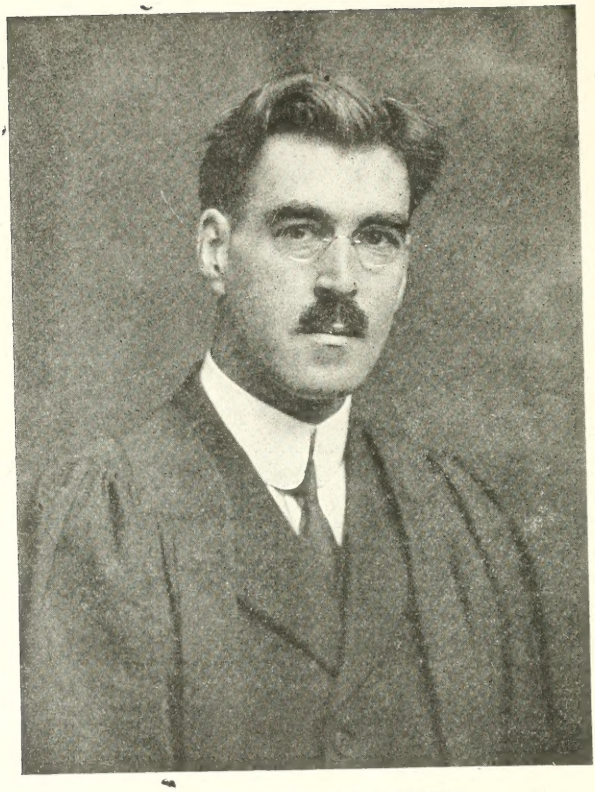

PROF. I. G. MATTHEWS.

The
McMaster University Monthly

Vol. XXIX. OCTOBER, 1919 No. 1

PROFESSOR I. G. MATTHEWS.

THE career of Professor I. G. Matthews at McMaster, which terminated with the last academic year, proved to be more eventful than that of most members of the staff. Dr. Matthews, a native of Lanark County, in Eastern Ontario, was himself a graduate of McMaster, both in Arts and in Theology, and upon the completion of his theological course in 1904 he was appointed as lecturer to take the work of the Old Testament chair made vacant by the death of Professor D. M. Welton. For this work he fitted himself by a special course in the University of Chicago, and besides possessing the academic training involved in this course, which followed upon his studies at McMaster, he came to his duties with a reputation as an earnest and successful preacher of the gospel—a reputation greatly enhanced by his labors in British Columbia. This fact weighed heavily in his appointment. Professor Matthews proved himself to be a constant and a diligent student, and was made professor in 1908, and in 1912 received from the University of Chicago, the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. As a teacher Dr. Matthews came to a high grade of power and his interest in his students personally was a marked feature of his work. His advice, also, in the meetings of the staff, was always listened to with great attention, and his opinions were regarded as important contributions to the discussions.

The most eventful period of Professor Matthew's career at McMaster was that which culminated in the convention held in October, 1910, at the Bloor Street Baptist Church, Toronto, when

charges made against his teaching were dealt with. So far as the Baptists were concerned, this was the close of a chapter of theological controversy that had been carried on in Toronto with great vigor for some two years. Three professors were the objects of attention—Professor Jackson, of Victoria College, Professor McFadyen, of Knox College, and Professor Matthews, of McMaster.

In Professor Matthew's case a committee of investigation was appointed, and after due deliberations, in which ample time was taken, the result of the whole was laid before the convention held at Bloor Street in 1910. Professor Matthews himself also read a statement of his position which was heard with close attention. Perhaps the part of the statement that did most to turn the sympathy of the delegates away from those who were seeking to remove Professor Matthews from his chair, was the assertion that in all the two years those who were so vigorously pursuing him, and were, at great expense, flooding the convention with literature opposing him, had never spent five minutes in seeking to learn from himself personally what his real position was.

In the debate on the question, which was maintained on a very high plane, several speakers who are still living took part, but special mention may be made here of Professor Trotter who, with the warm enthusiasm characteristic of him, pleaded for liberty and urged the importance of keeping the windows of our minds open for light. When the vote was taken Professor Matthews was, by an overwhelming majority, left in his chair, where he remained for nine years longer. During these nine years he grew in the mastery of his subject and in the power to impart instruction. He did also a good deal of preaching throughout the churches of the convention, and when the people heard him in the pulpit they were impressed by the power with which he put the gospel message. Indeed these happy experiences in preaching made the work of the pastorate seem more and more attractive to him, so that when he was called to the First Baptist Church in New Haven, Conn.,he felt constrained to accept. In his new home he will also be on the staff of Yale University, and this double kind of duty seems very attractive to him, as his letters show. McMaster University wishes him the highest success in his new work.

—J. L. Gilmour.

"HOT TOMALES."

THE street vendor appears to be indigenous in some form to every clime, and especially to the warm, southern states where he may pursue his occupation uninterrupted throughout the entire year. During the warmer periods of the summer season, he appears as the agent for ice cream—tiny penny sticks of it wrapped in tissue paper and kept on ice until sold—pushing his cart along the street and attracting attention by means of a shrill whistle. Becoming more prosperous, he buys a delapidated old horse, and rigs up a covered wagon with which he may drive from place to place in the city to supply the shifting crowds of workers and pleasure seekers with peanuts, popcorn and candy. But most unique of all is that characteristically southern vendor of "hot tomales." He never appears in the daylight when the other vendors are plying their trade, but always reserves his wares until evening. Regularly at about nine-thirty, his shrill whistle is heard far off down the street, followed by his strong tenor voice advertising, "Hot tomales, hot tomales, hot toma-a-a-a-les!" Soon he appears at close range carrying in his hand a little stove-lantern combination upon which the tomales are being cooked.

One evening, overcome by curiosity, we stifled the conscientious objections which were obvious from a sanitary standpoint and purchased three tomales. We found them to be indeed a strange and wonderful combination. The cob had evidently been removed from an ear of corn, leaving the green husk very nearly intact. Then the cavity had been filled with a mixture of corn meal, small pieces of pork, and various other ingredients including red pepper. With a heroic expenditure of energy worthy of a better cause, we each managed to consume one tomale. They proved to be moist and quite palatable, but very hot—not only from the heat of the tiny stove, but more especially from the red pepper of which there seemed to be an unnecessarily lavish amount used. Among the southerners they are considered a delicacy and have a wide sale, but somehow we could never summon sufficient courage to attempt to eat another hot tomale.

—L.

"ICI REPOSE."

A little cross of weather-silvered wood,
Hung with a garish wreath of tinselled wire,
And on it carved a legend—thus it runs:
"*Ici repose* ——" Add whatever name you will,
And multiply by thousands: in the fields,
Along the roads, beneath the trees—one here,
A dozen there, to each its simple tale
Of one more jewel threaded star-like on
The sacrificial rosary of France.

And as I read and read again those words,
Those simple words, they took a mystic sense;
And from the glamour of an alien tongue
They wove insistent music in my brain,
Which, in a twilight hour, when all the guns
Were silent, shaped itself to song.

O happy dead! who sleep embalmed in glory,
Safe from corruption, purified by fire,—
Ask you our pity?—ours, mud-grimed and gory,
Who still grimly strive, grimly desire?

You have outrun the reach of our endeavor,
Have flown beyond our most exalted quest,—
Who prate of Faith and Freedom, knowing ever
That all we really fight for's just—a rest.

The rest that only Victory can bring us—
Or Death, which throws us brother-like by you—
The civil commonplace in which 'twill fling us
To neutralize our then too martial hue.

But you have rest from every tribulation
Even in the midst of war; you sleep serene,
Pinnacled on the sorrow of a nation,
In cerements of sacrificial sheen.

Oblivion cannot claim you: our heroic
War-lustered moment, as our youth, will pass
To swell the dusty hoard of Time the Stoic,
That gathers cobwebs in the nether glass.

We shall grow old, and tainted with the rotten
Effluvia of the peace we fought to win,
The bright deeds of our youth will be forgotten,
Effaced by later failure, sloth, or sin;

But you have conquered Time, and sleep forever,
Like gods, with a white halo on your brows—
Your souls our lode-stars, your death-crowned endeavor
The spur that holds the nations to their vows.

France, April, 1917.

—Bernard Freeman Trotter, '15.

From "A Canadian Twilight and Other Poems of War and of Peace."

WHEN BAIROBA FAILED.

ONE evening while a friend and I were enjoying the brief recess between the close of the afternoon's work and the dinner hour, we heard from the direction of the village that peculiar cry of sorrow that is most dreadful to the people of India. It is the wail that breaks out suddenly within a Hindu home announcing that a life has just slipped out into the great unknown; and once heard its sound can never be forgotten. Its wierd quality is made by pressing the hand repeatedly over the mouth as one cries, thus producing a strange, throbbing wail, as though the beating of the burdened heart could be heard as it voiced its sorrow.

The cry came nearer, and a runner turned from the main road into the cart track that ran past the corner of our compound to the crumbling temple of Bairoba, which stood a hundred yards or so from our back gate. As he passed us panting and wailing, we understood his cry, "Oh, Bairoba, help!" followed each time by the dread cry of sorrow and terror. Then we knew that someone had been bitten by a snake.

Who Bairoba was, or why a temple was erected to his memory, I do not know, nor could the folk about there give any information concerning him. Probably he had been a local hero, whose fame had increased since his death, until now he is one of the myriads of lesser gods of India. In recent years the belief has sprung up that snake-bite may be cured by the efficacy of water from the temple well.

This great well is out in front of the temple. Popular tradition claims that it was dug and walled up by Bairoba in a single night. A long flight of stone steps leads down from the surface of the earth, and, passing beneath a great arch, enters the well itself, and extends down into the water. These steps indicate that the original purpose of the well was for religious bathing. Looking up from below one can see pigeons nesting in crannies in the wall, and in bushes which have found lodgment

and are growing in the wall. The well appears to have become filled to the water-level with rubbish, much of which floats on the surface, while through the heavy coating of green scum are poked the heads of numerous meditating frogs.

Between the well and the temple stands a stone pillar, from the top of which, incense was once offered at feast times. It was originally about fifteen feet high, but a third of its height has crumbled down and lies in a rough pile about its base.

The temple itself is raised, by a large platform of stone, about three feet from the earth. It is of the usual shape of village temples in India, a small cubical room having a single door in front, and surmounted by a round dome. Often one or more flags of red or white cloth may be seen waving from the top of this dome, fixed there with considerable difficulty, and at almost any angle, by some devotee in payment of a vow. Once in a great while someone, moved by a special feeling of obligation for a favor granted, gives the outside of the disreputable place a coat of whitewash. The platform about the door and the temple floor within are strewn with cocoa nut shells and other remains of former offerings that the crows and squirrels have found inedible.

Peering into the door one shuts off the only light that can enter. But when his eyes become accustomed to the gloom, the dim light reveals, leaning against the farther wall, merely a crooked stump of wood smeared with red paint and oil. There is not even an attempt to portray the features or form of the famous Bairoba. The four walls and the inside of the dome above are blackened by the smoke of lamps, and the whole place is oil-splashed and littered with rubbish which no one is appointed to clean up.

A short time after the runner arrived, panting, at the temple, a small, excited crowd appeared, carrying an old woman. She was seated upon a rude cot borne by relays of men, around whom swarmed the ubiquitous, half-clothed, small boys, and followed by the women, with their babies on their hips, and all talking at once. Everyone shouted unheeded orders to the crowd in gen-

eral, and each one helped in whatever way he felt moved,—their progress resembled the apparent confusion made by an army of ants carrying away a choice morsel. As they neared the temple a number of the more vociferous helpers discovered a new use for their special talent, and rushed ahead to make sure that the first arrival had succeeded in awakening Bairoba.

The chorus of yells now heard would certainly be effective, if anything could be, in preventing the idol from sleeping through the subsequent proceedings.

We hailed a boy on the outskirts of the swarm of people, and asked such questions as friendliness and interest demanded. He managed to stop long enough to impart the meagre information that the old woman had been bitten by a snake as she was gathering firewood to cook the evening meal. Then he darted away to resume his burden of work, which consisted principally of keeping up the clamor by such vocal gifts as he possessed, and of adding to the general confusion by being in everyone's way. Incidentally he was having much the same wonderful "time" that an American boy does in going to a fire.

We turned and went into the house. There was nothing that we could do for the victim now. It was almost half an hour since she had been bitten, so that local attention to the bite would be of no avail. Our knowledge of antidotes was not sufficient to justify the administering of anything without having definite information as to whether the snake was really a poisonous one; and the crowd was now too excited to be open to reason. The nearest doctor was many miles away, and being a Brahmin it was doubtful whether he would be willing to give any help to a low-caste woman outside of office hours.

After dinner we went out to the temple to see how matters were proceeding. It was dark now, and someone had brought a lantern, which cast a dim light over the group on the platform before the temple. Another light within the temple showed a number of persons who were delegated to keep Bairoba reminded and who called out now and again to inquire whether progress were being made. The smaller boys had relieved their spirits

and now stood, or squatted, in a circle blinking solemnly at the proceedings, as Hindu children usually do. The poor old woman, disheveled and weak and almost stupified with terror and nausea, strove vainly to push away the hand of another strong woman, who with well-meant brutality was insistently pressing a large vessel to her mouth, and commanding, "Drink, drink." The sickening potion was forced down her throat again and again, choking her protests into a gurgle, until she closed her eyes in weary weakness and submitted. A man sat beside her, grinding great quantities of fresh leaves from the bitter *Neemb* tree, by placing them on the stone floor and rolling them with a large round stone. Some women made their way by the light of a tiny lamp, down the steps of the well, and brought back large tins—The Standard Oil Company's five gallon kerosene tins!—filled with the slimy water, into which the crushed *Neemb* leaves were stirred and the coarser bits strained out through the corner of someone's clothing. And this was the healing potion which was being forced—gallons of it—upon the wretched sufferer.

Again the polite thing was to be inquisitive, and we called one of the onlookers to the edge of the platform, for we, who are "untouchable" to Hindus, might not venture upon the sacred place without defiling it and causing much bitterness against us.

"Is the old woman any better?" we asked.

"Only God knows; there she is; you can see."

"What kind of a snake bit her?"

"We do not know; no one saw the snake. She was gathering firewood and something bit her finger, thus," indicating a sudden bite.

"Do you know whether it was a snake?"

"Who knows? Some say that it was a rat; but it *may* have been a snake."

"Her hand and arm are not swollen?"

"No."

"Does the bite pain her?"

"She says she does not feel any pain now."

It was evident that the poor creature felt nothing. Probably

the bite had been nothing serious in the first place, and now her only desire was to be let alone.

"How much of this water are you going to make her drink? Can you not see that she does not want it?"

"She must drink all she can."

At about this time my friend placed his hand upon the stone platform, full upon a scorpion which had crawled over the edge into the darkness on the side of the wall, and was stung twice before he could withdraw it. I took him to the house and gave what litle help can be given in such cases, but he walked the floor of his room, holding his wrist, until four o'clock the next morning, when the pain abated somewhat and he could sleep.

The next morning dawned beautiful and bright. The temple was deserted, and I made enquiry of the welfare of the old woman. The unconcerned answer was:

"O, she died about two o'clock this morning."

"Died!" My mind pictured what must have happened that night after we left. It was my belief that the bite was a harmless one, for the natives make no distinction, and they have been known to die in such a case purely of fear. I thought of her tortured, as long as she retained consciousness, with the enforced drinking of the nauseating draught. And when, between her first terror of death and the later and greater terror of the remedy given, she fainted away, she would be left lying there on the wet stone floor, with clothing soaked, and uncovered in the chill night air, while the well-meaning helpers, now thoroughly tired, would sit about, waiting to see whether Bairoba was going to help. But Bairoba did not help, and when her life had ebbed low she would be carried silently away to her house. Her death would be reported to the village officer, and would appear in the census as one of the twenty-five thousand who perish annually by snake bite. But I suspected that she was one more added to the long list of innocent victims of ignorance in India, where the chronic condition of suffering surpasses, in extent and degree, the suffering, degradation and outrage in Belgium that have so stirred the world.

"Dead?" I replied. "Do you not think that you killed her with the quantities of *Neemb* juice and foul water you forced upon her?"

He shrugged his shoulders and turned the palms of his hands upward and outward as he answered:

"It was the will of God."

—K. D. Garrison.

ARCHIBALD BROWNE, A. R. C. A.

Silvery Day on the St. Lawrence.

A Canadian Painting exhibited at the Canadian National Exhibition, 1919.

IDEALS IN EDUCATION.

IN one of his little books Henry Van Dyke refers to three ideals in education: the decorative, the marketable, and the creative. The man with the first thinks it is a fine thing to go to college. It gives one an air of distinction. It enables him to belong to the University Club in the city where he lives. It enables him to refer to "my class," and to "the good old days" at McMaster or Knox, at Trinity or Wycliffe, at Victoria or Varsity. He may even register himself in his own mind as a "dig" and go in for a Phi Beta Kappa Key, with the idea that it will unlock doors closed to other men. And because he is a University man, and a graduate,he feels that he possesses a rare and cultivated taste in music and art, in literature and philosophy. He thinks of his education as a highly decorative appendage to his own life.

The second man has no use for all this. Privately he looks upon the decorative fellow as a cultivated freak. He himself is thoroughly practical. He has his mind on the main chance. He is one of those "no nonsense about me" men. He selects his college and chooses his courses with one eye on the catalogue and the other eye on the cash book he expects to keep by and by. He thinks of himself as a tool to be ground and sharpened so it will cut where other tools fail. He is very contemptuous in his attitude toward the study of dead languages or of philosophy. "What good will all that do me when I get into the world of business?" He means, what good will it do his bank account, for he still thinks that a man's life consisteth in the abundance of the things that he possesseth. He wants an educaion, not for the purpose of living, but for the purpose of making a living, which is a very different matter. He has the marketable idea of education.

Then, there is the man that in education has the creative ideal. This do, this know, and thou shalt live! The reward for reading books lies not in the information gained or in the ideas acquired.

but in the mental stimulus afforded, in the power we gain to read more books and better ones, and by and by, to think for ourselves and produce ideas of our own. The reward for doing your duty lies in the power you gain to keep on doing it and to do it better. The reward for meeting and mastering any hard situation in life lies in the power acquired to meet and master other still harder situations, and to aid your fellows in the same high task by your sympathetic insight and useful experience. The creative ideal of education, the perpetual ministry of truth to life, is the only one which proves satisfactory."

—*Selected.*

PEACE.

Peace waits with yearning eyes and outstretched hands—
At the pure portals of an untried year;
Her gifts all garnered at her loved command;
Her heart all timid with a world-old fear.

She bows her head and prays forgetfulness
Of all the terror, suffering, wreck and pain,
That crowd her with no regretfulness
As she stands pleading Christ's glad gift again.

Hers are the first sweet proofs of charity
Crowning the message—"War shall be no more!"
The true exalting fruits of righteousness;
That Heaven breaths its benediction o'er!

—Amy E. Campbell, '12.

PRIZE STORY COMPETITION.

NE of the purposes of THE MONTHLY—a purpose not always realized—is to encourage and promote literary activity among the students. Accordingly, we take pleasure in announcing a Prize Story Competition.

THE MONTHLY Board offers the following prizes for stories submitted by undergraduates of the University:

First Prize	$5.00
Second Prize	3.00
Third Prize	2.00

The conditions governing the contest are as follows:

1. All stories must be in the hands of the Managing Editor not later than December 15th, 1919.

2. The author's name must not appear on the manuscript, but must be enclosed, in a sealed envelope. This should bear on the outside the title of the story and any other distinguishing mark or *nom de plume* which the author may see fit to use.

3. The writing must be legible and on one side of the paper only.

4. Stories must not contain more than 2,000 words. The number of words should be stated on the first page of the manuscript.

5. Prizes will not be given in any case unless stories submitted are deemed worthy of publication.

6. The Board reserves the right to publish any or all of the stories submitted.

The McMaster University Monthly

EIGHT NUMBERS A YEAR

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VOL. XXIX. OCTOBER, 1919 NO. 1

Editorial Notes

Our entrance upon the activities of a college year without the interruptions and restrictions resulting from war conditions ought to be one of intense ambition to restore and surpass the most prosperous eras the University has known.

With a largely increased attendance, we should be able to establish new records, and gain more favorable prominence for our Alma Mater in the sporting world.

In debating McMaster holds a most horourable position. The Hon. Justice Sutherland has said that "the oratorical prowess of McMaster University is unexcelled." Surely we are all so

proud of such a reputation that we will do our utmost to uphold it and be worthy of the name "McMasterites." The Debating Union has been the place where our orators and debators have been trained for such accomplishments, so we sincerely urge the students to give their whole-hearted support to this society by attendance at and participation in the weekly and inter-year debates.

The Literary Society is endeavoring to arrange programs that will be both interesting and instructive. They purpose introducing several prominent speakers of the province to present to the students subjects which they meet in no other branch of college life. We bespeak for the executive committee the co-operation of the student body.

We take this opportunity of commending also the efforts of the McMaster Y.M.C.A. on our behalf. The following plan for the weekly meetings has been adopted for each month:

First week—Social Service.
Second week—Our relationship to college life.
Third week—Choosing a vocation.
Fourth week—Devotional.

Speakers are being obtained who are especially interested in the respective subjects, and who will undoubtedly have a message for each one of us.

The corresponding organizations among the women students are busy along similar lines of work. For one and all of these societies, men and women, let us have your loyal support. They depend on you for their success. Do not fail to respond to the requests for assistance from the executives.

We take pleasure in publishing this month a short sketch of the career of Prof. I. G. Matthews while at McMaster. Dr. Matthews was one of the Consulting Editors of THE MONTHLY from 1906-1919, his place having been filled by Prof. G. H. Campbell since the former's departure for New Haven, Conn. Dr. Matthews' personality, his remarkable mentality, his nobility of character and sincere friendliness, made for him a host of friends

and admirers both inside and outside the University, who will regret his decision to change his sphere of influence. We congratulate Yale University upon adding Dr. Matthews to their staff, and we extend our heartiest wishes to him for a pleasant success in his new labours.

As successor to Dr. Matthews, the University has obtained Mr. H. S. Curr, M.A., B.D., of Edinburgh. Mr. H. Michell, of Queen's University, has been engaged in place of Dr. D. A. MacGibbon, who resigned to take the Professorship of Political Economy in the University of Alberta. During his only session here, that of 1917-18, Dr. MacGibbon impressed us with his remarkable grasp of his subject and his ability to impart his knowledge to his students. THE MONTHLY expects and wishes unbounded success for him in his Western position.

We feel that a word of explanation is necessary in regard to some changes in the personnel of the Publication Board, from that announced in the April, 1919, issue.

We are glad to have Mr. O. H. MacDonald on the Board again, as editor of the department "Around the Hall," after spending some months in France.

Mr. A. E. Look, B.A., B.Th., resigned from the Managing Editorship on account of his inability to return this session. Such rapid promotion as has been ours is almost bewildering, but with the assurance of the loyal support of our efficient staff, we shall endeavor to maintain the excellent reputation of THE MONTHLY in the literary world. The unusually late date at which we undertook these duties and the unprecedented increase in publication costs are serious but not insurmountable handicaps to the task before us.

College News

Around the Hall

EDITOR: O. H. MCDONALD, '21.

"Make glad our threshold with your tread, sweet friends, once more."

HAVING had a more or less exciting career as editor of "Around the Hall," during the term 1916-17, we now return for a post-graduate course in this line of journalism. Since our last appearance we have had considerable training in the gentle art of mule-skinning which we feel sure will at least have increased our vocabulary if not our literary ability. Yet we still assume the editorial chair with "dire misgivings, humble apologies, apprehension, etc.," (for details see the October MONTHLIES for 1913, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918). We crave your indulgence, worthy readers,—also your contributions and support.

Opening Chapel Service

The new college year was formally opened by the chapel service of Tuesday afternoon, September 23rd. The large attendance speaks well for the success of the year. Especially noticeable was the great increase in the student body, both in freshmen and in old students returned from war service.

The service was opened with the McMaster hymn, Rev. H. B. Coumans and Rev. W. A. Cameron conducting the devotional exercises. Chancellor McCrimmon in his address emphasized the unique character of university life, to the student in finding his calling, and to the teacher in leading and directing those with whom he comes in touch. In welcoming the new students and those who return to the University from overseas, the Chancellor also spoke of those who went from McMaster and will not return, but whose spirit and sacrifice will never be forgotten.

On Friday evening, October 3rd, the faculty, student body, and friends of McMaster completely filled Castle Memorial Hall for the Autumn Convocation.

Autumn Convocation

After the McMaster hymn and the opening devotional exercises led by Dr. S. S. Bates, the presentation of prizes and scholarships took place, in which the Chancellor was assisted by the Deans in Arts and Theology. Following this the portrait of the late Dr. Thomas Trotter was presented to the University and unveiled by Mr. Harry Stark. "Words are cold in speaking of this gracious life of ministry, service, and sacrifice," was his tribute in speaking of our late beloved professor. This splendid memorial is the gift of Mr. J. Short-McMaster, and other friends.

Chancellor McCrimmon, in his address, paid tribute to our McMaster men fallen in France,—their cherished memory is always with us. He spoke of the religious life of the university during the war, referring especially to the work of the Evangelistic Band. The alumni and alumnae were highly complimented for their interest and support during the time of stress, and the welcome announcement made that Mr. William Davies had donated $30,000 for the endowment of a women's residence.

We have two new members on the faculty this year,—these were formally introduced by the Chancellor. Mr. H. Michell, M.A., who succeeds Dr. MacGibbon as lecturer in Political Economy and Sociology, is a graduate of Oxford who comes to us from Queen's University. In the department of the Old Testament Mr. H. S. Curr, M.A., B.D., is the new professor. Mr. Curr comes from the old land with all the learning of Glasgow, Edinburgh and Oxford.

The Convocation address was given by Dr. J. G. Brown, with "World Leadership and the Christian University" as his subject. The present world crisis, which Dr. Brown presents as even more serious than during the war, calls above all for leadership,—and where is this to be found if not in the universities. McMaster must take her place in furnishing this leadership. The primary aim of the university must be training in character, then the imparting of scholarship.

On Thursday evening, October 4th, the Freshmen were the guests of the College Y.M.C.A. at a banquet in the dining room.

Y. M. C. A. Banquet to Freshmen

The purpose of the gathering was to present to the new students the claims of the various University organizations and the opportunities for training and development thereby afforded. Mr. W. S. Watson, president of the Y.M.C.A., presided. The High Kakiak, Mr. Basil Gilbert, welcomed the Freshmen into our fellowship, and added such words of warning and advice as are fitting from one in his august position. Representatives of the different organizations, the Lit, the Y, Athletic Association, Debating Union and THE MONTHLY, were heard. Professor Gilmour gave a word of welcome on behalf of the Faculty. An abundance of good things was provided by "Uncle Frank" to whom a vote of thanks was extended by Mr. Harold Lang and Mr. Gilbert. This banquet comes as an innovation this year, and we hope that it may find a useful and worthy place in our social program of the years to come.

Soph. Picnic

It's great to be a Sophomore, and educate the Frosh, to chase them here and drive them there, to paint their hides and glue their hair, and drop them in the wash. It's better yet to quit this job, and rest a spell from raising hob, and journey forth on picnics bent.

The Beach was sure a dandy spot on which to sit and eat a lot, and want still more of corncobs hot, inhaling ozone and the scent of coffee from the pot. The chaperons, of course, were there, and they were sure a handsome pair. The Seniors say it isn't fair to carry on without them. But sad to tell they knew full well their movements must be wary, and felt quite sure their place was pure and simply honorary.

The grub was good, no soph. but could with it get mighty chummy, and fairly bask in joyful task of loading up his tummy. At last the sun began to sink, and put this write-up on the blink. But if you doubt and really think we should have written more, trot your muse out and hear her shout and tear about when thus you flout all precedented poet's lore.

Junior Picnic

This year the Juniors had their outing at Centre Island on the afternoon of Thursday, October 2nd. It was a bright warm day and the Island proved to be a most ideal spot. A baseball series brought out some pretty fast playing during the afternoon. Refreshments followed, roast corn and wieners in abundance; then the gathering round the campfire on the beach and a good lively sing-song led by Mr. Milne Smith. The Juniors all enjoyed themselves immensely.

Our Freshmen

Our life around the hall has already been invigorated by the enthusiasm of our new friends, the freshmen. Their quality is quite up to the McMaster standard, and we know that they will be well worthy of their new Alma Mater during their sojourn here. Great secrecy surrounds their class activities. They have had some elections,—when or where we do not know,—and have chosen the following officers: Honorary President, Dr. Gilmour; President, Philip G. Paterson; Vice-President, Miss Jeanette Reddick; Secretary, George Henry; Treasurer, Miss Neva Deeton. We wish you every success, year twenty-three!

The same secrecy which surrounds the freshman elections extends over their class picnic. In fact we are not even certain whether they had a picnic or not. All we know is that early in the afternoon of Wednesday, September 30th, all except two escaped from their tender sophomore guardians and disappeared until evening. Where they went is a mystery. A rumor has leaked out that they had some pumpkin pies and that a certain young fellow succeeded in putting away a whole pastry. The sophs. gave them a fine reception on their return. Our corridors and balconies were decorated in majestic splendor with flags and and banners of almost every color.

Another yell has been added to our already famous repertoire. What do you think of this?

Ricka chicka boom,
Ricka chicka boom,
Ricka chicka, Ricka chicka,
Boom, boom, boom;
Rip rap row, Rip rap ree,
McMaster twenty-three!
Yes siree!

Midnight Frolic

The Freshmen will long remember their gay midnight frolic of Wednesday, October 8th. It began with a lively pyjama fox-trot up and down the halls, with lots of jazz accompaniment. After the dance the Goddess of Knowledge entertained the party at a buffet lunch in the conservatory. There were tangle-foot sundaes, buckwheat and treacle entrées, lots of punch, and a great deal of sweet singing. Altogether it seems a very profitable and enjoyable time was spent.

The chap who wrote "the melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year" was certainly not among our Leap Year Seniors, who, on the first Saturday in October, defied all precedent and made their picnic an all-day excursion to Niagara Falls. Old Sol turned forth a flood of sunshine into a gloriously golden autumn day, and every circumstance seemed favorable to the pleasure of the party. Even the immigration officers surrendered by only asking the ages, which, of course, were "20" all round.

Senior Picnic

Dinner was arranged at the Niagara Y.W.C.A. Some of the shy seniors were rather perturbed at entering such an exclusive institution, but their blushes soon disappeared as the "1920" and McMaster yells brought forth great applause from all the others present. Leaving the Y. W., and led by the itinerary, (apologies to Mr. Hillyer), the party went down into the Gorge to see the great Niagara from below. Then came a tramp around Goat Island, a visit to the Horseshoe Falls, and finally a trip to Brock's monument, where our "Gold Dust Twins" laboriously led the way up the famous two hundred and thirty-five steps.

Not so the least enjoyable part of the day was supper on the boat which was most thoroughly enjoyed with healthy appetites. Then came the gathering at the piano, and all the songs from "Bubbles" to "Alouette," concluding with "Thy Praises, McMaster," and the National Anthem. We feel sure that Class "20" will never forget this very happy picnic of their graduating year.

THEOLOGY YELL:—

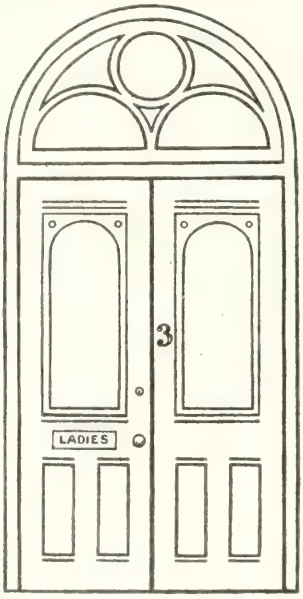
The Theologs are to be congratulated on the new rendering of their yell:

Who are we?
We are the boys of the great big
T-H-E-O-L-O-G-Y
Theology Theology
Faith Hope and Charity
Long Coats and . . . . . .
(Then we hear friend Roberts' clear tenor alone)
. . Embarrasing financial conditions.
(Then all together again)
A - - - - men!

POINTS OF INTEREST NO. 1.

The Ladies' Room Door

First in this series of points of interest around the hall we have the ladies' room door,—here illustrated in the peace and calm which surrounds it between the hours of 4.30 p.m. and 8.15 a.m. When the fair ladies arrive, however, it takes on a different appearance. We see a timid freshman standing here, first on one foot, then on the other, blushing and fumbling with his pocket, waiting to meet the sophette who is fated to be his partner for the fresh-soph banquet. Perhaps it is a scheming sophomore or a gay junior whom we see. They have more confidence in themselves than the freshman. In fact they rather enjoy these visits. Or it may be a dignified senior, for whose prolonged conversation some thoughtful friend has provided an arm chair from the reading room. The grads look back upon the ladies' room door with blissful memories. It is a very plain and unassuming door, yet what tales these frosted glass windows and scratched yellow woodwork could tell.



"Doors where my heart was
used to beat
So quickly, ...
I come once more."
~ Tennyson.

4 : 10 : 19.—Dear Julia: Just a line before I lay me down to sleep. We freshettes have just had a ripping afternoon,—we were at a picnic with the old boys of McMaster. No, Julia, dear, I don't mean the profs. They haven't taken us out, —just yet. I mean the men who were in the war,—veterans, that's the word, Julia, veterans (! !). Of course I didn't know any at first, but we just pinned our names on our coats and were soon good friends. On the street car a horrid policeman saw me with my name pinned up, and said, "Come along with me, little girl, I'll take you home." I told

him I wasn't lost, and showed him my escort with his moustache and service button,—we suffered no further molestation. We went to Long Ranch. Colonel Long, —that's "Jawn"—led the party. He's a scream. Marion,—that's Miss Grimshaw,—was quartermistress. She's a dream. After supper (I'll tell you about that when I get a new writing pad) we sang songs—everything from "Finnegan" to "Annie Laurie," and finally "A Long, Long Trail" and "Home, Sweet Home."

Yours very lovingly,

EUPHEMIA.

THE BARD OF '22 contributes the following:

The Freshies' head, their chosen guide,
Full dreamily he slept.
And doubtless dreamed of verdure green,
As on the Furies crept.

He doubtless dreamed of sweetest scenes,
While came beside his bed
Some ghostly forms in silence wrapt
They came with stealthy tread.

* * * * * *

Yea, water hath transforming ways
At zero, centigrade:
For out of raw material
A president was made.

The following notice appeared on our bulletin board: McMaster Volunteer Band meets to-day at 1.15 in M8.

A budding freshman seemed quite interested in this announcement, and turning to a dignified Senior he inquired: "Does the University supply the instruments?"

Women's Department

EDITOR: MISS MARJORIE MALLAGH, '20.

ASST. EDITOR: MISS HELEN GILMOUR, '21.

"Whence came ye, merry Damsels, whence came ye,
So many, and so many, and such glee?"

—*Keats.*

WE have a task upon our hands, 'tis hard enough we trow, we therefore must apologize for our initial bow. At present we are far too shy to edit at great length; promotion has so lately come, we haven't tried our strength. Of fitting themes we've tried to think—our head is rather soft—but cheers! we've found the editor's ink, our pen we hold aloft. Whatever news has come to hand, should here made public be, for this a record is, of what reporters hear and see.

Now 'tis well known that 'twas in May McMaster women parted. They went to spend a holiday till autumn term had started. At last October's come again; the summer days are o'er, the gentlemen begin to crowd around the Ladies' Door. The Ladies' Room looks much the same, except it is more snug, for the dear good Board of Governors has given a new rug. Our sofa has a brand new leg; the walls are clean and bare; no longer groups of ancient grads, upon the freshettes stare. The faculty still meets next door, but they've got a wooden screen, so now for us it is no fun, because they can't be seen.

Now let our thoughts to persons turn, the first is Helen Kerr; she is beloved as new Head Girl, we wish success for her. All other presidents and heads, whatever place they fill, we know their work will be well done, with initiative and skill. Though Year '19 has not come back, we miss those girls a lot. We'd like to reassure them that they'll not be forgot. Next comes our welcome to Freshettes; our sympathy we give, because the Sophettes strive to make it hard for them to live. These children come to us from home; they've ne'er been here before, and though this session may seem hard, they still have three years more.

Just here, the best of news we write; we strike a note of cheer. Our residence has come in sight, from now the sailing's clear. And Ladies! with this princely gift, this year should be our best, for now the oldest bugbear of McMaster's laid to rest.

One last remark we wish to make, important most, by far—

this Department's your very own; it's yours to make or mar. So let us sing, "God Save the King," and end this little rhyme, for though we could go on for aye, we haven't got the time.

Freshettes Rebus de Novis

A small part of the summer remaining, because the school term opens earlier in Mac. than in some other universities, nevertheless the Freshettes hastened to set out for this famous seat of learning; because in almost all the great affairs they knew that McMaster graduates had rendered great aid. Accordingly, all matters having been arranged with the powers that be, and having summoned together their fast failing courage, the Freshettes, whom we have mentioned above, assembled together in the Ladies' Room on Tuesday, September 23rd. This was the nature of the situation; the Freshettes were very closely surrounded by a large number of those who were accustomed to the place, and so, finding that they knew nothing of the customs of these people, they withdrew their forces in comparative safety to the couch. This position they held during the strange and unaccustomed experiences of the first two days. On the second day, however, when they had drawn up their line in the same place, the Sophettes began to engage battle with them. This is the method of procedure with Sophettes: first they assemble in one group and hurl dire glances toward the couch, and by their very numbers they drive into confusion the poor Freshettes. And when they have worked their way among the girls, they leap upon them suddenly and take possession of the couch. This one thing was lacking to the former good fortune of the Freshettes. It happened one night that they were invited to attend a "party," to which they all joyfully assembled, as the nature of the affair was unknown to them. Accordingly at one time they were blindfolded and led about and compelled to do most praise-worthy deeds, in the doing of which much dignity was lost, and they were completely subdued by the superior forces of the Sophettes. For these causes there was the greatest difficulty: the Freshettes were in unknown places, their eyes being blindfolded, and they were continually being hindered in their movements by the vigilance of the enemy, who kept urging them on to deeds of great valor. She who was first in the procession cried: "Leap far, O comrades, unless you wish to land in the tub of water! I, for my part have learned what happens when you leap not far enough!" The rest, having determined among themselves to follow this ad-

vice, one by one jumped from the stairway far into the darkness below, and so escaped being submerged in the gloomy waters.

From this conflict the Freshettes returned after obtaining much plunder, viz., green mosquito netting for the purpose of assisting them to retain the few brains left to them after such harrowing experiences. These bands have they diligently worn, as they have steadfastly pursued their way and held their course through the many and varied experiences, which it is their custom to encounter daily.

The Freshettes knew nothing of the modern mode of procedure in College, but having closely observed those who were accustomed to the thing, as soon as possible, after much daily use and practice, they were able to don their gowns, cross the room, hasten down the hall, climb the stairway, and thence betake themselves into the classroom, without showing signs of much nervousness and displaying a strong desire to remain in the safe shelter of the Ladies' Room. Accordingly we point out that they have made some progress in the few days which have elapsed since their entrance within these walls.—'23.

Farewell

One of the first of the women's affairs of the new term was a tea given at the school on Friday, September 26th, for Miss Muriel Brothers and Miss Grace Taylor, who shortly leave for the East. They are two of McMaster's most worthy daughters, who leave us to "carry on" in other lands, and we know that their Alma Mater has great reason for being proud of them. To express in a material form the loving thoughts that will go with them, the girls gave Miss Brothers an umbrella and Miss Taylor a case of silver spoons. Each of the girls spoke of the cherished memories they would carry with them, of college days and of the friendships formed, which they knew would stand the test of long separation. The time quickly passed in gay chatter, until farewells were said, and the girls wished God speed to these two, in their missions of service.

Y. W. C. A. Conference

The annual conference of the Y. W. C. A. was held at Moulton College September 26, 27, 28. At the Saturday session, Miss Spence, Inter-Collegiate Secretary of the Y.W.C.A. in the Toronto district, spoke on the Referendum, emphasizing the need of intelligent voting. It was decided to hold a mock election for the girls, planned by a Referendum Committee within the College.

Miss Muriel Brothers, who is so well loved by all McMaster girls, spoke the same afternoon, about her hopes for the future in India, which is her chosen field of labor. Another conference speaker was Miss MacGregor, Field Secretary of the Varsity Social Service Department, who brought before us in an interesting manner, the needs of her special work, and on Saturday night, Miss Norton told us of the various immigrants coming to our land, and of our opportunity for service among them. The meetings were well attended, and were characterized by enthusiastic discussions on the various phases of the work of the College Y.W. C.A. With such a beginning we are hoping for a year of successful co-operative work for our Master.

W. L. S Picnic

It had been hoped that a description of blue skies and a bonfire might truly be the setting for the Women's Literary Society Picnic on Thursday, October 9th; but it rained. Weather, however, is a very trifling matter to our president, and by four o'clock she had turned the Ladies' Room and the Faculty Room into a veritable picnic ground.

When relay races and french tag had absorbed all our superfluous energy, we sank into chairs and listened to Miss MacGregor, who brought forward the splendid new plan which she has for us this winter. In order that the girls may learn how many and how varied are the vocations open to the university graduates, it is proposed to have representatives from the various professions come and speak to us.

During the afternoon many had suspected that cooking was going on nearby, and these suspicions were confirmed, when at the appointed hour, the refreshment committee appeared, bearing trays of coffee, wieners, pickles and chelsea buns. "Oh, what a feast was there, my countrymen! Then you and I and all of us sat down, while that committee waited over us."

There is no rest for the Freshettes; they must constantly be ready to do as requested. For an hour after tea they exercised every bit of ingenuity and wit within them, and we are all agreed that they are splendid sports. We shall not soon forget the three noble freshettes who performed for us upon the window ledge, or the vain attempts of another to make love to a cushion. It was with difficulty that we were finally persuaded to adjourn the chapel where the song practice was to take place. But over

this, the last number on our program, we soon became enthused, and did not go home until we had sung ourselves hoarse.

There is only one thing that we regret, and that is the fact that we had nothing with which to appease the hungry mob in the hall, who so pitifully wailed for coffee.

Enrollment

McMaster is indeed having her share in the general educational revival which now follows the conclusion of peace. As we go to press the enrollment, though still incomplete, stands at 221, which is the largest since the banner years of 1912 and 1913. The attendance of women, which has been steadily increasing for the past six years, is now above the 70 mark.

Athletics

EDITOR: LLOYD D. DINGLE, '20.

THE restrictions imposed upon athletics as a result of the retrenchment necessary during the war have finally been lifted, and now with the beginning of a new college year the task confronting us is to rouse this branch of college life from its enforced inactivity, and to give it encouragement and enthusiasm sufficient to restore it to its standard of pre-war days.

In the Universities, this year is being marked by an enormous increase in registration, and this is nowhere more apparent than in our own University, where the attendance even surpasses the record made before the war. As a result, there is an abundance of material ready to be utilized for athletics, and in view of this fact the outlook is very bright. However, as bitter experience has shown many times before, material is not the only prerequisite to success in the realm of sport, and, among a host of other factors, that to which success has been most often due is the physical condition of the players. Through lack of physical condition innumerable McMaster teams have finally been defeated when they had been in the lead during the whole game. In view of this we would urge that more attention be paid to this part of the training than has been the case in previous years,

and although the University is greatly handicapped along this line through the lack of a gymnasium, yet by earnest and consistent team practice much can be done to offset this disadvantage.

At the first general athletic meeting of the year, Mr. M. C. Cain and Mr. I. H. Eberlee were appointed managers of the Rugby and Soccer teams respectively, and under their enthusiastic direction practices are being held regularly at Ramsden and Jesse Ketchum Parks. Mr. H. G. Doolittle has been elected captain of the Rugby team which has been entered in the Junior series of the Canadian Intercollegiate Rugby Football Union. McMaster is grouped with Varsity III and University of Toronto Schools, while the winner plays off with the Ontario Agricultural College. We publish the schedule as follows, although the majority of the games will have been played before this appears in print:

October 11.—McMaster vs. Varsity III.
October 15.—McMaster vs. U.T.S.
October 18.—Varsity III vs. U.T.S.
October 22.—Varsity III vs. McMaster.
October 25.—U.T.S. vs. McMaster.
October 29.—Varsity III vs. U.T.S.

In our last issue the name of Mr. G. A. Cowie was not published with the results of the elections for the Athletic Executive. Mr. Cowie was elected by acclamation to the position of Business Manager, and we take this opportunity of acknowledging and rectifying our error.

Our Graduates

EDITOR: E. J. BENGOUGH, B.A.

IN one of Mrs. McClung's books there is a Mrs. Watson who sang at her work and carried the tune through all sorts of interruptions. She would stop in the middle of a line to answer a question or give directions or attend to some household crisis, but when she resumed she always picked up the tune just where she left it. As her admiring family exclaimed, "Ma never drops a stitch."

The Editor of this Department now takes up his tune again after an interruption of six months. When the last record was written for publication the world was blossoming out in early April; now the October leaves are falling. We shall try to connect up with the last instalment of news, and hope not to drop too many stitches.

Many things have happened in the past six months which should be noted here. Graduates have received appointments, and promotions; some have changed their locations; some have changed the state of single blessedness for that of married bliss; and, we regret to add, two or three have passed beyond. Into all these activities and occurrences among her family, Alma Mater enters with a sympathetic and responsive interest. She rejoices with those who rejoice, and she weeps with those who weep.

Besides the individual news items, there are two or three of a more general nature which should be mentioned. These will be briefly noted, then we shall plunge directly into the personal notes.

During April the Alumni Association carried on a vigorous campaign to raise $15,000 for the Current Expense Fund of the University, to cover an anticipated deficit, to provide for some urgently needed repairs, and to enable the Treasurer to transfer to Capital Account certain legacies which had temporarily been used for current expense. We are glad to report that while the campaign did not quite reach its objective, it enabled the University to make the financial transfer referred to and to close the fiscal year with the balance on the right side, besides proceeding with a number of the contemplated repairs.

W. L. McKinnon was succeeded by W. H. Firstbrook in the

Presidency of the Alumni Association at the general meeting in the spring, but for the completion of the financial campaign the Campaign Committee, of which Mr. McKinnon was chairman, was continued throughout the summer.

An item of interest at the annual meeting was the opening of an Associate Membership for ex-students who have attended and received standings in one year or more of University work. The making up of mailing lists, etc., of these associate members will depend largely on the initiative of the persons concerned. No official attempt has hitherto been made to keep a record of the whereabouts of ex-students, and all such are invited to communicate with the Registrar giving name, address, occupation and the class to which they belonged when in attendance.

The Alumnae Association, under the presidency of Mrs. Zavitz, are to be congratulated on the success that is attending their efforts to secure a Women's Residence. They set out with an objective comprising three items: (1) the securing of a house, (2) the raising of a maintenance fund, and (3) the securing of a Dean of Women. They were progressing favorably with their financial canvass when Mr. William Davies became interested in the project and presented them with $30,000 for the purchase of a house. Negotiations are now being carried on to secure a desirable property, and the women are proceeding with new enthusiasm to the canvass for the maintenance fund. The residence when secured is to be named "Wallingford Hall," in honor of Mr. Davies' birthplace.

Mrs. W. F. Armstrong, the first woman missionary sent to a foreign field by any Board in Canada, and our pioneer missionary in Burma, died in Toronto on September 14th, and the funeral service was held in Castle Memorial Hall on the 16th. The service was in charge of Rev. W. A. Cameron, and those taking part included Chancellor McCrimmon, Dr. Farmer, Dr. Brown and Rev. H. E. Stillwell. Mrs. Armstrong was born in Canso, N.S., and went to Burma nearly fifty years ago on the first steamer to pass through the Suez Canal. Her life on the mission field was one of intense activity and great accomplishment. She was a remarkable linguist, and had a habit of reading her Bible in a different language each day of the week, one of the seven being the language of the Micmac Indians of Nova Scotia, among whom she did missionary work when a young woman. Mrs. Armstrong came from Burma last autumn with her daughter, who attended the University as a member of class '19, con-

tinuing a course begun some years ago but interrupted by absences on mission work. Two sons are graduates of McMaster, Ernest N., '00, in Rangoon, and Frederick M., '01, of Bridgeport, Conn.

During the summer the Department of Education has granted High School Specialists' Certificates to fifty candidates who were successful at the examinations of the Faculties of Education. Of these fifty, eleven are graduates of McMaster University, as follows: Miss Muriel Brothers (English and History, and also Moderns and History), Miss Olive L. Clark (Classics), Miss Lillian E. Dexter (English and History), Frank E. Foulds (Science and Agriculture), Miss Ada C. Found (Moderns and History), Miss Margaret J. Hair (English and History), Floyed C. Hartley (Mathematics and Physics), Leon R. McCrimmon (Science), Geo. W. Robb (Mathematics and Physics), Miss Grace J. Taylor (English and History), William S. Way (English and History). The following obtained High School Assistants' Certificates: Miss Aletha Hooker, Reginald H. King, Miss Marjorie A. Sherrin. Seven of the foregoing took the course in Elementary Physical Culture and obtained certificates, namely: Miss Clark, Miss Dexter, F. E. Foulds, Miss Hooker, Miss Sherrin, Miss Taylor, W. S. Way.

Mr. Alfred Stokes, of Stamford, Connecticut, formerly a student at McMaster University and an energetic secretary of the West End Y.M.C.A., Toronto, went to France as an American Y.M.C.A. worker. A late number of the *New York Times* contains his picture and a statement that he had been recommended for citation, having stood for twenty-four hours under heavy shell-fire at a regimental dressing-station where he supplied wounded Americans with hot drinks. Those who knew Alfred Stokes in the old days at McMaster will not be surprised to learn of his coolness amid danger, and will be glad to hear that his services have been recognized. In the early years of the war he was still in Canada and served the Canadian soldiers on the travels to the sea-board.

Gunton-Wilson.—In Castle Memorial Hall, Carlesta Pearl, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Wilson, Vittoria, Ont., to John A. Gunton (B.A., '16, M.A., '17), of the University of Illinois, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Gunton, Simcoe, Ont. Rev. H. S. Bennett, of Vittoria, officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Gunton will be at home at 1212 West Main St., Urbana, Ill.

Stewart-Stewart.—At Billings, Montana, by Rev. W. D.

Whan, '06, Irvine E. Stewart (B.A. '14, M.A. '15), to Miss Mary A. Stewart, of Brewton, Ala. Irvine is now in the Department of Geology of the Midwest Refining Co., with headquarters at Denver, Colo. Mrs. Stewart is a college graduate from Virginia, who has also taken graduate work in the University of Chicago.

SAYLES-WAGSTAFF.—In Toronto, on June 24th, Ernest Ernshal Sayles, '10, Pastor First Baptist Church, Flint, Mich., to Miss Evaline May Wagstaff, '12. At home at 849 Seventh St. East, Flint, Michigan.

STOCK-BINGHAM.—In Toronto, August 12th, Herbert Wilfrid Stock, '16, Manager Evangelical Publishers, 860 College St., Toronto, to Grace Winifred Bingham, daughter of Rev. R. V. Bingham.

ROSEWARNE-GRINDELL.—At the residence of the bride's parents, Fort William, on August 19th, Pearve Victor Rosewarne, '19, to Winnifred Marguerite Grindell, '17. Mr. and Mrs. Rosewarne are now at home at 104 Hazelton Ave., Toronto. Mr. Rosewarne will be at McMaster this session pursuing graduate work in chemistry under a studentship awarded him by the National Research Council.

WATERS-KELLOCK.—On Wednesday, October 1st, at Rideau Ferry, Ont., by Rev. Wm. Walker (Theol. '86), Evelyn Dickson Kellock, '15, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Kellock, to Rev. Frederick William Waters, '11, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Waters, of Ingersoll. Mr. Waters is now Assistant Director of Memorial Institute, Toronto.

CLARK-WOLVERTON.—At Nelson, B.C., on September 3rd Miss Dora Wolverton, daughter of Dr. Newton Wolverton (LL.D. '07) and Mrs. Wolverton, to Dr. Karl A. Clark, '10, son of the late Professor M. S. Clark.

QUIRK-BALL.—In Annette St. Baptist Church, Toronto, on June 18th, by Rev. J. Bond, Miss Irene Ivy Ball, daughter of Mr. A. Ball, to Alfred Richardson Quirk, '13, son of Mr. F. T. Quirk, of Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. Quirk will live in Regina, where Mr. Quirk practices law.

'82.—Rev. James McEwen is living in Toronto and should now be addressed at 16 Patricia Drive.

'90.—When the King and Queen visited Leicester last July, the Rev. J. D. Freeman (Theol. '90, D.D. '14), had the honor of being presented to their Majesties as the representative of the Free Churches. The Bishop of Peterborough represented the Established Church. Dr. Freeman assured the King that he lived

in the hearts of his Free Church subjects, and His Majesty made a gracious reply.

'90.—Rev. B. Davis has resigned the pastorate at Lakefield, to take charge of the churches at Listowel and Atwood.

'94.—Rev. Henry Alford Porter returned in the early summer to his church in Atlanta, Ga., after an absence of six months overseas. The Atlanta *Constitution* says: "Dr. Porter's services in France, and with the army of occupation in Germany, was unique in that while he worked under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A. to a degree, he was not on the pay or expense roll of that organization, but was sustained in his labors by the Second Baptist Church of Atlanta. The church gratned him a six months' leave for the purpose, and salary and expenses. Therefore he was not handicapped by organization restrictions which made it possible for him to carry his message of comfort and cheer and happiness to the boys from the Mediterannean to the Rhine and from the Straits of Dover to Switzerland." Dr. Porter is a brilliant graduate of McMaster University (1894).

'94.—Rev. W. H. Porter, M.A. (ad eund.), is now living at 9832 113th St., Edmonton, Alta.

'94.—Rev. E. Chesney, Theol. ad eundem, is moving from Bucyrus, Ohio, and should now be addressed at 143 Madison St., Adrian, Mich.

'95.—Rev. W. S. McAlpine returned in July from overseas, and has accepted the pastorate of the Baptist Church in Hespeler, succeeding Rev. T. J. Hind, '13, now of Guelph.

'95.—Rev. A. P. McDonald, after a nine years' pastorate in Port Arthur, has resigned to take charge of the church in Brampton.

'96.—Rev. John MacNeill, D.D., pastor of Walmer Road Church, Toronto, should now be addressed at 88 Admiral Road.

'97.—Rev. J. I. Manthorne, 14 Stickney Ave., Somerville, Mass., died suddenly on July 11th last, as the result of cerebral hemorrhage. He was pastor of Union Square Presbyterian Church, and was recognized as the most scholarly man in his Presbytery. Just before his death he had been granted the degree D.D. by an American University. THE MONTHLY would extend sympathy to the widow.

'98.—Rev. M. C. Maclean, Director of Memorial Institute, is this year President of the Neighborhood Workers' Association of Toronto.

'99.—Rev. J. F. Ingram, of Meiktila, Burma, writes that he

hopes to be home on furlough in 1920, leaving his field in March. Mr. Ingram has been doing a great deal of translation work for the government. He has edited in the Kachin language a series of five Readers, and three series of four copy books and a treatise on Hygiene. He has recently been asked to prepare a series of science readers, a couple of books of stories for teaching composition, also an arithmetic and a text book of Nature Study. For the Baptist Mission, Mr. Ingram has prepared in Kachin, the Pilgrim's Progress, two hymnals, and several religious booklets, besides editing for two years the first newspaper ever published in that language.

'99.—Rev. A. M. McDonald, in his work as Superintendent of the Department of Neglected Children for Alberta, has the general oversight of three thousand wards of the Department. Some of these children are left in their own homes, under supervision, while others are cared for in foster homes. These children are the victims of ignorance, neglect and brutality, and it is the task of the Superintendent to check this enormous social waste and convert the salvage into efficient members of society. The work is being carried on most successfully, as testified by those acquainted with the operations of the Department, and also by the Government. One of Mr. McDonald's assistants is Rev. R. G. Blundell (Theol. '02), who is the representative of the Department in Medicine Hat.

'00.—When last heard from, Lieut. R. E. Smith was camping near the ruins of the Palace of Qasr-i-Shirin, Persia. The column which he commands forms part of the Army of Occupation. Lieut. Smith has received intimation that he will be released from military service on March 1st, 1920, and we understand he will then come to Canada for a furlough before returning to his work in India.

'00.—Rev. S. E. Grigg is pastor of Hudson Avenue Baptist Church, Detroit. His home address is 215 Seybaldt Ave.

'03.—We regret to chronicle the death last month of Miss Isabel J. Munro, who died at the residence of her sister, Mrs. J. T. Emmerson, 202 Court Street North, Port Arthur. We understand Miss Munro had been in poor health for some considerable time. She was on the staff of Moulton College a few years ago, but had to resign on account of her health. Her death is the first break in the ranks of Class '03. THE MONTHLY extends sympathy to the bereaved family.

'04.—Capt. W.C. Riddiford (Theol.),has been appointed Ont.

Provincial Field Sec'y. to the G.W.V.A. Advisory Committee to the Repatriation and Employment Committee of the Dominion Cabinet. He is not an official of the G.W.V.A. but of the Government, his duties being to report on employment conditions, complaints and matters of interest to returned soldiers, and generally to act as a link between the government and the returned soldiers in this province.

'04.—Rev. C. R. Jones (Theol.), is now pastor of Mills Memorial Baptist Church, Mayville, Mich.

'05.—G. W. Gorman, of Calgary, has been appointed Chief Inspector of Schools.

'06.—C. D. Jones has returned from overseas and has been appointed to the Public School Staff in Hamilton. He is living at his home in Dundas.

'06.—Rev. (Major) R. C. Bensen, and Mrs. Bensen ('07), return to India this month after a furlough which has been extended on account of Mrs. Bensen's health to three years. We are glad to report that she has fully recovered. Mr. Bensen was for nearly two years Acting Pastor of Bloor Street Church, Toronto, while his class-mate, Rev. W. A. Cameron was overesas. For the past year Mr. Bensen has been in military service as Senior Chaplain for New Brunswick.

'06.—Capt. Rev. H. R. Nobles, who returned from overseas early in the summer, resigned the pastorate of Christie Street Church, Toronto, to accept a call to Port Arthur, where he becomes pastor of the First Baptist Church, succeeding Rev. A. P. McDonald, '95. Including nearly three years in military service, Mr. Nobles has been pastor of Christie St. Church for thirteen years.

'07.—R. H. Roberts has been appointed School Inspector at Lethbridge, Alta.

'08.—Rev. Emory W. Hunt (LL.D.), became President of Bucknell University, Lewisburg, Pa., in July last.

'08.—Lieut. N. J. Ware, Ph.D., has returned from overseas, and has been appointed Professor of Applied Sociology in the University of Louisville, Kentucky.

'08.—Dr. R. A. Thompson (LL.D.), for twenty years Principal of Hamilton Collegiate Institute, died in August last, after a lengthy illness. He was a graduate of the University of Toronto of 1885. From "The School," the organ of the Toronto Faculty of Education, we quote the following: "Dr. Thompson was a scholar—one of the great mathematical trio, McGeary,

Thompson and McKay, of whom only McKay, of the Toronto Technical Schools is still with us. He was a great teacher—for many years the Principal of one of the first Collegiate Institutes of the land. He was a man, impulsive, generous, honorable, and beloved by colleagues and pupils. And he was a true citizen. To the Great War he gave freely of his best. Indeed, of the causes that fastened upon him his fatal disease the loss of his son was probably the chief. The teachers of Ontario had pride in the life of their colleague, R. A. Thompson. They regret keenly his early death." Our readers will not need to be reminded that the McKay referred to is ex-Chancellor McKay.

'08.—F. R. Jordan has recently been promoted from the position of Assistant Actuary to that of Actuary with the Franklin Life Insurance Co., Springfield, Ill. Mr. and Mrs. Jordan called at the University recently on their way back to Springfield after vacation.

'08.—Dr. Troward H. Marshall went to France with the Y.M.C.A. in May, 1918, after having been refused enlistment in the Canadian Forces. While abroad he served as instructor in English for the French government, in conection with their scheme for replacing German with English throughout France. For his services he was decorated by the Government, being nominated Officier de l'Instruction Publique.

'09.—A. L. Brown is now to be addressed at Brampton, Ont., where he is connected with the Hercules Rubber Co.

'09.—Rev. Alfred Segsworth, (Theol.), has been living in the Western States for six years as a frontier missionary. He has now moved down from the hills of Idaho to the Snake River Valley, and is to be addressed at Asotin, Wash.

'09.—Corry J. Doherty, who for some years has been Science Master of St. Catharines Collegiate Institute, is now on the staff of Parkdale Collegiate Institute, Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. Doherty (Miss Grace Stone '06) are living at 118 Gothic Ave.

'10.—Miss Violet I. Dickens, of the Toronto Technical High School Staff, was on the Grampian last July when that steamer collided with an iceberg and put into St. John's, Newfoundland, in a crippled condition. A very graphic account of the occurrence, from Miss Dicken's pen, appeared in the Toronto *Globe*.

'10.—Rev. B. J. Davies (Theol.), is pastor of South Park Baptist Church, Buffalo, N.Y. He was succeeded at Delawan Ave. Church by Rev. O. E. Rutledge, '09.

'11.—Roy F. Bennett, after completing six years in the teach-

ing profession—in Guelph and Oshawa—has accepted a position in the Specifications Department of the McLaughlin Motor Car Co., Oshawa Branch of the General Motors of Canada.

'11.—Rev. H. Crickington, recently of Whitevale, and Green River Churches, has become pastor of the churches at Forestville, Walsh and Pine Grove. He should be addressed at R. R. No. 1, Simcoe.

'12.—Miss Rebecca Stenhouse is teaching in Sault Ste. Marie.

'13.—Lieut. T. D. de St. Dalmas returned to Canada in August, and when last seen he expected to be demobilized at any time. He was returning to England early in October to take a position for a year in connection with the shipping business.

'13.—Rev. T. J. Hind, of Hespeler, has accepted a call to the pastorate of Woolwich St. Church, Guelph, succeeding Rev. Dr. J. A. Gordon.

'13.—Rev. G. W. Brooker, moved from Surrey, N.B., to Freeport, N.S., a few months ago. He visited Toronto during the summer and reports that he finds Maritime life very enjoyable. He is not far from the University centre at Wolfville.

'13.—Rev. W. A. Ashmore has been called to the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Aylmer, Ont.

'13.—Miss Christine Fraser is spending this year at her home in Kenmore.

'13.—Miss Jessie Kee is teaching in Humboldt, Sask.

'13.—Fred D. Weir, formerly Principal of the Normal Practice School, Camrose, Alta., is now Classics Master in the Central High School, Calgary.

'14.—K. H. Kingdon, who has for the past couple of years been doing research work for the Admiralty, has been awarded a fellowship by the Dominion Research Council, and at the time of writing is on his way back to Canada to take up this work.

'14.—W. Wray Smith is now on the staff of Parkdale Collegiate, Toronto.

'14.—H. H. Graham has moved from Picton to Peterborough Collegiate Institute. Mrs. Graham was Miss Evelyn Davis, '15.

'14.—Mrs. Ashton Mollard (Nellie Macintosh), is now living in Watrous, Sask.

'14.—Rev. E. D. Renaud has resigned the pastorate of First Baptist Church, Fort William, to return to McMaster for Theology.

Ex.-'14.—Chester J. Decker has just been appointed Superintendent of Toronto General Hospital, succeeding Dr. Horace

L. Brittain, under whom he served as Assistant Superintendent.

'15.—A. H. Richardson is now President of the Harvard Canadian Club. He spent the past summer in Ontario in Forestry work, and is now back to Harvard taking work in the Division of Forestry of the Bussey Institution for Research in Applied Biology. He has been awarded for the second time one-half the Bliss Scholarship, the total annual value of which is $1125.00.

'15.—M. R. Ballard, Instructor in Agriculture and Elementary Science in Moose Jaw Collegiate Institute, was on the Summer School Staff of the University of Saskatchewan during the past summer. The school lasted for three weeks and gave Teachers' and Degree courses.

'15.—Capt. Carl V. Farmer has returned from overseas and has accepted the pastorate of Calvary Baptist Church, Toronto.

'16.—R. R. McGregor is taking a position in the Boys' Department of the Y.M.C.A., Toronto.

'16.—Rev. P. P. Ziemann has resigned the pastorate of St. John's Road Church, Toronto, to go to Louisville, Ky., for a two years' course of study. His church presented him with a gold watch and a purse of $100 in appreciation of his three years' service.

'16.—B. E. Gilbert has been awarded a studentship by the Dominion Research Council and will pursue work in chemistry at McMaster this winter. Incidentally he will preside as High Kakiak over the activities of the Student Body.

'17.—Miss Grace Kenyon has been appointed to the staff of Vankleek Hill Collegiate Institute.

'17.—O. D. Priddle, B.A. '17, B.Th. '19, is now pastor of the Baptist Church in Ridgetown. He was ordained in June last.

'17.—Rev. H. C. Packham, Theol., has moved from Listowel to Paisley, having the pastorate of the churches in Paisley and Williscroft.

'17.—J. F. Twiss has been appointed Instructor of Mathematics in the Royal Military College, Kingston.

'17.—Rev. R. J. Smithson, Theol., recently of Midland, has returned to Scotland. During August he supplied the pulpit of Victoria Place Baptist Church, Glasgow.

'17.—O. D. Priddle was ordained at Ridgetown in June last. The Moderator of the Council was Rev. H. McDiarmid, '03, while among those who took part in the ordination service were Rev. W. C. Pearce, '04; Rev. O. C. Gray, '05; Rev. E. C. Gosnell, (Theol. '16); Rev. J. T. Marshall, '00.

'18.—Floyd C. Hartley is now on the staff of North Bay Collegiate Institute.

'18.—Miss Vera Latimer is a translator with the T. Eaton Co., Toronto.

'18.—Miss Aletha Hooker is on the staff of London Collegiate Institute.

'18.—Miss Grace J. Taylor completed her work at the Faculty of Education last Spring, and sails this month for China to join the staff of the C. I. M. Girls' School at Chefoo, the institution where she received her own secondary education.

'18.—Miss Muriel Brothers is leaving this month to take up missionary work in India. She is one of the party of eighteen who sail from Vancouver on October 30th, under the auspices of the Canadian Baptist Foreign Mission Board.

Here and There

EDITOR: MISS E. MARION STILWELL, '20.
ASST. EDITOR: MISS MARION V. ROYCE, '21.

"Poetry is the clinking together of two unexpected coins
In the shabby pocket of life."

—*Don Marquis*

IN the realm of Canadian poetry there has recently developed a fad which bids fair to become the ruling passion of literature,—*vers libre*. Never were poets so numerous and so prolific as to-day, and we wonder whether this apparently irrepressible output may not be attributed to the discovery of "free verse," which, by removing the barriers of rhyme, has admitted the multitude. "Poets," says one editor, "seem as numerous as sparrows through the cool sunshine, and almost as quarrelsome." Their name, indeed, is legion. Poetry in these days is a business; it takes time, muscular effort, nervous energy and sometimes thought to produce a poem. But when we have finally completed a limerick for a newspaper Want Ad column, how proudly we read our effusion! We feel as Don Marquis must have felt when he said:

"Poetry is something we once got paid
A dollar a line for.
But we're not going to tell you the name
Of the Magazine;
We're saving it."

Seriously, however, the Canadian people as a whole are not interested in this greatest of all methods of rendering beautiful thoughts. With them, "publishing a volume of verse is like dropping a rose petal down the Grand Canyon and waiting to hear the echo." Doggerel is entertaining as a pastime, and free verse popular because it looks easy to write. But brief and transient is the attention paid to our war-poetry of which we might be justly proud, says the *Canadian Bookman*. In technique, only a small part of our poetry of the present war compares with the product of such British writers as Kipling and Rupert Brooke, and in volume it is of course but a little stream . . But in three aspects it is unexcelled: no other verse is more bathed in the blood and agony of bitter struggle; none speaks from a soul

of more uncompelled and undiluted chivalry; and none other proceeds specifically from our Canadian point of view, and, so to speak, courses directly in our national veins."

"Life is a little section square,
Cut from a picture vast and rare,
If we could see the whole design
We would not change a single line."

—*W. D. Lighthall.*

Youth and age alike are represented in our war poetry, but it was a young men's war. It was they who fought, they who died, they who, out of experiences hitherto unlived, have revealed their soul-life in song and poetry.

On a night in December, in his study in the rectory of Thamesford, Ontario, a young student of eighteen years, recently matriculated, but too restless to take up his work in the university, sat waging the struggle between ease and carefree enjoyment at home, and the long stern days of fighting "When Youth and Death for Freedom ride." Honor won, and the young poet-student, Horace Bray, went forth to battle and death,—but such a death. Listen as he dauntlessly blows the challenge of eternity:

"After the ultimate stress and the effort and strain
Silence and Rest;
After the throng and the battle, the wounds and the pain
Solitude blest.
After the panting and heaving and wrestling and strife
A pause and a breath;
Now I am Master of Knowledge and Master of Life—
Can this be Death!"

A story, purporting to be quoted from a well-known Vienna newspaper, is to the effect that among the superstitious peasantry of the Tyrol, the belief has taken root that President Wilson is none other than Crown Prince Rudolf, son of the late Emperor Joseph. The Crown Prince, so the myth runs, was not killed in the famous tragedy of the Castle of Mierling, back in 1889, but was merely kidnapped by his enemies, and a dummy was buried in his stead. Later, we are told, he succeeded in escaping to America, where he assumed the name of Woodrow Wilson and rose eventually to the presidency. The pious mountaineers are now praying fervently that he may return and redeem his faithful and beloved Tyrolese from their present predicament. —*Toronto Saturday Night.*

Before a pile of blank paper with a perfectly blank brain.

Potted Prejudices:

An Executor—One who is always in Europe.

A Hypocrite—One whose preaching is superior to my practice.

Hope—Faith with her clothes stolen.

A Committee—Talk, baulk, walk.

—*Warwick Chapman.*

The following are a few "howlers" which, by appreciative teachers, might have been graded at one hundred per cent:

"Republican, a sinner mentioned in the Bible."

"Plagiarist, a writer of plays."

"Demagogue, a vessel containing beer and other liquids."

"Men employed by the gas company go around and speculate the meters."

"There are a good many donkeys in the theological gardens."

"*A jest's prosperity* lies in the ear of him that hears it."—*Punch.*

When two Americans meet on the street of any Rhineland town (says the *Watch on the Rhine*) conversation such as the following may ensue:

"Bon jour, Red! Where were you gestern abend?"

"Last evening? Why, I was schlafen."

"Schlafen, hell!"

"I hope to step in your mess-kit if I wasn't schlafen. Where was you?"

"Schokolade party and s-o-m-e time, take it from me. Three frauleins—swell janes—beaucoup cognac and piano spielen. Krank head dies morgen."—*Toronto Saturday Night.*

Just Judgment.—"Squire," asked Constable Slackputter, the well-known sleuth of Petunia, "what would you do to a feller that confessed he was driving his Ford at the rate of forty-five miles an hour?"

"Fine him for exaggeration, dad-burn him!" snapped old Squire Peavy.—*Kansas City Star.*

Tramp (very mournfully)—"Madam, I don't know where my next meal's going to come from."

Lady of the house (politely)—"Poor man, I am very sorry, but this is not an Information Bureau."—*Ex.*

The Closest Study—Any study where the windows haven't been opened for the last six months.

Domestic Cookery.—The best way to make a rice pudding—The Milky Way.

A Cook's Position—Minister to the Interior.

Two large classes of society—Free thinkers and free drinkers.
—*Punch.*

A Dog's Epitaph.—Compton Travers had a favorite poodle. Its name was "Mop," or, as it was more familiarly called, "Mopsy." Mopsy died. Compton buried it in his back garden and affixed a tablet to the wall over the grave. Being a man of classic turn and taste, he inscribed the following brief but appropriate quotation, from Virgil, on the enamelled slate:—"Cur non, Mopse."—*Punch.*

Donald—"D'ye ken Mac fell in the river on his way home last nicht?"

Willie—"Ye dinna mean to say he was drooned?"

Donald—"No drooned, but badly diluted."
—*London "Ideas."*

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H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The
McMaster University Monthly

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ADDRESS BY PROFESSOR KEIRSTEAD AT THE CHAPEL SERVICE OF McMASTER UNIVERSITY, NOVEMBER 7th, 1919.

A Study and an Interpretation of the Address of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales before the Canadian and Empire Clubs delivered in Massey Hall, Toronto, Tuesday, November 4th, 1919.

I Peter 11, 17.—"Honour all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honour the King."

HERE we have four commands and yet in the light of Redemption and the imperatives of the Christian conscience they become one. For the Powers that be are ordained of God for the welfare of man. The mighty Hand of God in His wide Providence through the ordinance of Government provides the security under which established society can exist and the command to honour all men and to love the brotherhood can be obeyed. Our Lord's command to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's was expanded in the teachings of His apostles and to-day evokes from us the answer of a good conscience.

In the spirit of this Scripture and in full view of the events of historic interest of which we are witnesses I desire to study with you the notable address delivered before the Canadian and Empire Clubs in Massey Hall on Tuesday, November 4th, by His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales.

The Personality of the Sovereign, always an influential factor in the government and welfare of a nation, becomes of special

moment in view of present-day thought on the function of the Crown in relation to the rule of the people.

The address of Tennyson to Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, seventy years ago:

> "O you that hold
> A nobler office upon earth
> Than arms, or power of brain, or birth
> Could give the warrior Kings of old"

acquires new meaning in the light of the ampler day to which we have come when the old doctrine of the divine right of kings has been replaced by the new and wider view of the Divine right of the King as God's great minister to and for the people who call him theirs as he calls them his. In the old sense "the King is dead," but in the new we cry "Long live the King," yea, "O King live forever."

And we watch as those who watch for the morning to see if the Laureate's prayer:

> "May you leave us rulers of your blood
> As noble to the latest day"

is being answered.

Massey Hall was filled with men alive and sensitive at every pore, who remembered meetings there in days of dark dismay when every home almost had sent its beloved into the battle line for the cause whose representative in a high degree had now come from that battle field to utter words of greeting from the inmost heart of the Empire and to feel the heart-throb of Canada as it answered again and again in unison with his own.

Even the music seemed to have a special tone of elevated strength. "Rule Britannia" and the "Maple Leaf" acquired a loftier strain like that of the sacred Hebrew melody with the added gladness of Christian song.

The decorations gave the Hall an impression of grandeur and restrained beauty that suits the British taste and the British character.

The cheering had a distinct quality. It was intelligent, not perfunctory. It was general, but even as it increased in frequency and volume there was in the very tempest of it, as Ham-

let would say, a kind of restraint and fitness that carried the conviction that the audience was speaking its real mind and not giving way to senseless shouts and explosions.

The speaker and the audience accorded well and made "one music."

These conditions probably imparted a feeling and a personal abandon to his thoughts and his audience that made the Prince's address one of the most notable ever given by the heir to the throne in the way of revealing his own mind and his purpose to identify himself with the people whose minister in the high office of Government he avows himself to be.

The speech was evidently his own. Its matter, scope, spirit and language, the feeling with which it was delivered, its likeness to his personality all declared it was of his own invention. No one it seems to me with any knowledge of literary criticism or any experience in speaking could give credit for it to anyone but the speaker.

The last part in which he discussed the relation of the Dominions over seas to the Empire of course brought him nearer the utterances of statesmen than the main part of his address. But even there it was clear he was not uttering words put into his mouth by another.

Accordingly the address can be taken, must be taken as revealing his own mind and purpose—"Language best shows a man; speak that I may see thee."

Here the Prince "stands and unfolds himself"; he takes us into his confidence, makes us see as he sees and feel as he feels.

What about his delivery? On rising the Prince was evidently nervous. That is to his credit. As "the man that hath no music in himself and is not moved by concord of sweet sounds is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils. Let no such man be trusted," so the man who is not moved by the sight of a large audience is wanting in human sensibility. The sight of the multitude moved Jesus.

Especially is the normal man who is richly endowed moved by the audience it is his duty or privilege to address. He knows he is on the throne of real empire and feels his responsibility.

The Prince was nervous and with good reason. True there was present no

> "Store of ladies richly dight
> Whose eyes rain influence"

and fly Jove's darts; but an audience of three thousand even of mere men is terrible as an army with banners to the speaker, who all alone has to face their javelins.

The first few sentences were uttered in a strained voice. But he soon comes to himself. He is at once *en rapport* with his audience and soon the audience carries him along and evidently he has forgotten his embarrassment. In such cases it seems to the speaker as if his hearers do the speech making and he only says Amen. One soon feels that the Prince is, after all, human. In fact one forgets that he is a Prince. He is indeed every inch a Prince; but he is something more,—a bright, alert, susceptible, courageous young man, in the very flower of youth, and making, as he says, his maiden speech to so large an audience, he is "worth a hundred coats of arms"

What about the "tell-tale" voice? He has not spoken a minute before one is thankful for his voice. It has in it no rasp of the file; it has no trace of "the wretched pipe of scrannel straw." Indeed "there is much music, excellent voice in this little organ" and he, like Guildenstern, can make it speak. "It discourses most eloquent music," as Hamlet might say. Yet it does not attract attention to itself; does not speak about itself; it is only a voice to utter the message. Is it a trained voice? Well, every phonetic element gets clear expression and every syllable of the address of about twenty-five minutes is heard in every part of the hall. There is no extraordinary physical exertion; no evidence of fatigue; no calculation of effect; no attempt to manage the voice with reference to the contents of the speech or as to peroration. You hear no echoes of the Professor of Elocution. Perhaps the teaching was so perfect that the Professor has disappeared and only his spirit inspires and directs. Probably it is mostly the Prince's own intuitive mind and understanding heart coming to their own kingdom of power.

What about his Eglish? His diction, his style in short?

His words are those of the good old Saxon tongue. They are especially appropriate as, for the greater part of his address he is dealing with sensible objects and simple though universal feelings. In the later portion, where problems of Government and the implied principles are discussed, words of classic origin are used in harmony with the greater comprehension and wider generalization. Yet nowhere is there evidence that the form and not the matter has been the determining factor. Language is his servant, not his master; "the body of the soul its form doth take."

There is little, if any, evidence of grammatical training in the classics. He was never compelled to "do" innumerable exercises in translating English into Latin prose. The fear of the schoolmaster is not before his eyes. His English, of course, cannot be named with that of Right Hon. A. J. Balfour as to form. But it is direct, forcible and effective for the purpose of the address. Of course, even here, one would not expect from a young man of twenty-five the readiness, versatility and dexterity in using words that he could not help observing in the late Lord Salisbury.

The Prince's English was not inflated, and it was always dignified and adapted to his thought, and when he had finished you were prouder than ever of your mother tongue.

What about his strength of mind as shown in this address? Is he a logical thinker?

His address gave evidence of coherent thinking. Some speeches have many thoughts but no more sequence in their arrangement than have the stones in a stone heap; lots of thought, but no thinking. That is not the Prince's way. As Lord Rosebury ploughed his lonely furrow so the Prince dares to apply the scientific method of farming, in which he says he hopes in time to "make good" as a farmer, to his speech making. The land is all before him "where to choose," and like Romulus, he puts in his plow and it is not allowed to bob from the ground until the furrow is finished and then with a good conscience he can

homeward plod his weary way. His speech would get a good mark from a competent Professor of Rhetoric.

What about the tricks of oratory?

There are no tricks or oratory, i.e.—none evident. But the Prince has the skill of his craft.

He began by assuring us that we must not expect an oration. He disclaimed the powers of oratory as did Mary Antony. And he seemed so sincere that we believed him. So we were off our guard and before we knew he was attacking us; he had absolutely conquered us! We may hope he will sway the rods of empire as deftly and successfully.

And the content of his address had the culminative force of developing thought. Beginning with a description of the West he dwelt with things seen, the objective. That was an easy task. Advancing to the sphere of government and national life in which are included "humanity with all its fears and all its hopes of future years" his statements though few were so charged with thought that his words were like Webster's weighty, like Luther's half battles.

The Prince does his own thinking. He can build a speech. You are sure he could build a house and your heart takes fire with the hope, the assurance, the conviction that he will do his royal part royally as an Empire builder.

And somehow you desire to work with him as you do your bit though he is unaware of your existence. Could any orator ask for more?

Does the Prince show that he knows anything about diplomacy? For the "master of those who knew" teaches us by the Courtier Polonius the necessity of worldly wisdom in order to "get on." Use truth, he seems to teach, "where truth will work and, since necessity knows no law, your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth." Here, perhaps, more than elsewhere, Shakespeare might be another name for Bacon.

The Prince is wholly truthful and he has the art of using the truth most effectively.

He praises Canada, and especially Ontario and Toronto. He speaks so cleverly and with such solemn assurances that he might say vastly more and then only begin to sound their praises that Canada and Ontario and Toronto takes him seriously and ask him to call again which he repeatedly affirms he will certainly do and almost immediately though the interim, however short, will seem an age to him!

And so you are sure he will be a King who can do no wrong in the difficult and delicate task of diplomacy.

Does his address, however, show balance of judgment as well as critical acumen and power of sustained thinking? For in the case of a King "he who offends in one point is guilty of all."

His manner is modest yet not apologetic. He is frank but not in any degree naive. He is gracious but does not offend with airs of condescension. He is decisive and positive but shows no trace of the bluntness and presumption that are often associated therewith. He is self-reliant but not self-assertive.

He talks about himself and apoligizes almost, but we see he so speaks because he knows our predominating wish is to know what he thinks of Canada and the Empire. and he pays us the compliment of answering our unspoken questions with a fulness never hoped for from an heir to the throne—questions with the answers to which are involved our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

As he speaks our confidence goes out to him as we enter anew into partnership and fellowship with him in the great immeasurable trust we share with him.

In a word as Milton is excused for associating himself with Homer and Virgil on the ground that he was and knew himself to be one of the immortal triad, so the prince with the consciousness of the greatness of the Empire and his identification therewith by birth and office takes the greatness to which he is born and appeals with irresistible eloquence for the support of that empire to whose service he dedicates himself with a humility and a faith that challenges the best in the best of that Empire's sons.

It was the Prince's statement that he already feels the care that yokes with empire and that he would do his best to prove worthy of that trust that especially moved his hearers.

Of course as Canadians we were delighted to hear him affirm that Canada was co-ordinate with Great Britain as a part of the Empire, that in going to the United States the Prince would be as truly a representative Canadian as a Britisher and that hereafter any person who spoke of us as *colonists* would be under the censure of the Heir-Apparent.

This is a day by good men wished for long.

But when the Prince spoke of the responsibility of his office there was a "Cry of the Human" that made our heart's best beat for him. In Queen Victoria's Journal she says that when the minister, at a service in Scotland, prayed for her and the Prince Consort and their children, a lump came into her throat when he prayed for their children." The statement shows she had "that masterpiece of nature, a mother's heart," and reminds us that

> "A thousand claims to reverence closed
> In her as Mother, Wife and Queen."

Something like her feeling moved many a hearer when the Prince spoke with genuine emotion of his load of care.

In such a moment the Hebrew seer would cry out for the living God and the Christian's burdened aspiring soul links itself up with the divine as he knows of earth that "ere she gain her heavenly best, a God must mingle with the game."

But as the Prince thus spoke another higher light flashed on us gathered there. It was not only the Prince who claimed our loyal and affectionate regard.

The Personality of the Nation itself which he represented in its abysmal depths came in upon our minds in that hour of exalted insight.

In "The Coming of Arthur" we read:

> "But when he spake and cheer'd his Table Round
> With large, divine, and comfortable words,
> Beyond my tongue to tell thee—I beheld
> From eye to eye through their Order flush
> A momentary likeness to the King."

So even as the Prince spoke in the spirit and the great thoughts of the Empire, which enrich the blood of the world, the Prince himself became partly obscured in the vision of the Empire's meaning in the light of the torch we had thrown to us.

A sense of the historic character of the hour came over the assembled thousands and History seemed to say:

"But heard are the voices
Heard are the sages,
The Worlds and the Ages:
'Choose well; your choice is
Brief, and yet endless.'"

There was, however, another sentiment that found expression in the words of His Royal Highness concerning his responsibility as Heir to the Throne. The words were few but all golden. There was no break in the voice, scarcely a perceptible tremor, but the fulness of the man spoke and the voice responded in harmony with the nature of the summons.

A hush fell on the multitude and the touch of two vast worlds, the past and the future, the personal and the official, the purely human and the Divinity that doth hedge a King was upon the vast assembly that made the place seem a kind of Holy of Holies.

Thought leaped out to wed with fact; the King-to-be was one with the people, the source of all power in the political sphere, and all were in the grasp of that underived, all-controlling *sense of obligation* that becomes most imperative in the greatest souls and in the most far reaching, up-reaching relations of organized life.

The far-resounding depths of the human soul were answering the deeps of God's great call to go out in service for mankind wherein the life shall be touched to finest issues.

And as he spake in simple yet weighty words of Duty, one could not help feeling that it was the potent voice of the nation through all its history as expressed in our literature from Chaucer who speaks of "the faith I shall (i.e. owe) to God" to Wordsworth and Tennyson, to Browning with whom it becomes "All's love, yet all's law" and to our John McCrae and Bernard Trotter.

"Truth teller was our England's Alfred named,
Truth lover was our English Duke—"

. . . .

"Not once or twice in our rough island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory:
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outredden
All voluptuous garden roses."

This is the great truth, which embodied and made regnant in Him who is the truth, will make men free indeed.

And so, impelled alike by the history that duty keeps alive and the concern for the future all unknown that lies upon us deep almost as life, we ask on behalf of our nation:

"And keep it ours, O God, from brute-control,
O statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul
Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
And save the one true seed of freedom sown
Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,
That sober freedom out of which there springs
Our loyal passion for our temperate Kings;
For saving that, ye help to save mankind
Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
And drill the raw world for the march of mind
Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just."

THE WOMEN'S RESIDENCE.

SOME months ago, in the Alumni number of THE MONTHLY, the Alumnae had the opportunity of presenting a need which seemed to them to be a pressing one. They were then only in the stage of "feeling their way." They knew that the number of women students at McMaster was increasing very rapidly; they knew that Toronto was quickly growing into "big city" conditions; they knew that it was becoming more and more difficult for young girls to find suitable environment for their years of college life, and for parents to send them into somewhat of uncertainty. They believed that the college resi-

dence would provide under a kindly and wise Dean the very best soil for the growth of social graces and the ideal surroundings for student life; they thought that there must be many thinking as they did; they were sure there was only one reason which could be holding back the Board of Governors from that which they wished to do; they at last became convinced that the burden of responsibility for this matter lay, and ought to lie, very naturally on no one more than the Alumnae themselves.

Just one year ago, a Committee was formed with no plans laid, no money in prospect, but with a real purpose and much hopefulness. It would seem that they had only given expression to a thought well-formed in the minds of many, for from the first, sympathetic and practical co-operation has been their lot. The Board of Governors gave their hearty sanction and appointed representatives to advise with the original Committee. The people who have long been friends of matters pertaining to our church and our educational institutions gave willingly and largely.

But,– though that was true, the proposition was a somewhat overwhelming one. There was the initial large expense of a house suitable for the purpose; there was necessary a maintenance fund and sufficient to provide for the Deanship; there was the furnishing of the house when it should be bought. Everyone felt that the first part of the problem was the hardest part to solve; that the friends of the University could and would compass the endowment fund and that the Alumnae Society could and would compass the furnishing. And then in September of this year came the great gift from Mr. Wm. Davies of $30,000—given to buy the house. This last gift of Mr. Davies is only the last one of many munificent gifts made by him to the Baptist cause in Canada. It brought great joy to those who had been especially working on this matter; it will bring great satisfaction to the McMaster community everywhere; and it has brought within hailing distance the actual opening and operation of a Women's Residence.

At the present moment, "the house" is not yet ours. Careful inquiry and search have been made for the right situation and

the right building. And, though the purchase has not been completed, the Committee hopes it has found both. Negotiations are under way for a large and handsome house only one block and a half from McMaster Hall, on one of the most pleasant of our city streets,—a house roomy enough to accommodate the women students, pleasant enough to make possible a delightful home-life, and handsome enough to make both Alumni and Alumnae proud to show "Wallingford Hall" as one of our University buildings.

The fund for the salary of a Dean and for upkeep needs generous contributions, and the furnishing fund has to be almost entirely collected still. There are two purposes in the writing of this review of the situation. One is to give the Alumni the latest developments of the effort, and the other is to "stir up their pure minds by way of remembrance"—to revive the affection for the old College home, to re-inspire the hearts and the wills of all to send their own contributions to the limit of their ability—the contributions range from ten cents to $1000, with many of the class of $50, $100, $10 and such varying sums—and not only so, but to help them all to realize that, having gotten so far on the way, it is incumbent on us to go farther, and to go farther means for most of us, a personal, persistent and painstakingly thorough canvass of our friends and our College's friends to ask them to contribute to what seems our timely enterprise, such sums, large or small, as they are able. The Treasurer for the Alumnae funds is Mrs. J. H. Cranston, 67 South Drive, Toronto.

"Here's hoping" that the McMaster "ghost" may haunt every Alumnae so persistently that she will answer to the full and with dispatch this call upon her loyalty and common sense, —by the way, the first call for money that the Alumnae Association of McMaster has ever made upon her.

—Jacqueline M. Norton, '02.

ROSE PETALS.

The rose leaves drifted down.
The empty garden
Was wild with tangled vines that twined and twisted.
The unwatched blossoms drooped; the paths, forsaken,
Were overgrown with weeds, untrod, deserted.
But from the smothered wall where roses clambered
The petals drifted down.

The petals drift no more,
For chill November
Has sent the red leaves swirling from the branches—
Warm crimson thoughts of days when buds were bursting.
And thou wert walking, joyous, in the garden.
Yet, though the wall is bare that flamed in June tide,
I fain would see among these withered day-dreams
A rose leaf drifting down.

—Hornell N. Hart, in *Oberlin Literary Magazine.*

A VISIT TO NEWFOUNDLAND.

EWFOUNDLAND is not on the visiting list of countries,'' writes one in his introduction of the subject, 'The Tenth Island.' Moreover, she appears to be a sort of Cinderella daughter of the British nation, having been made to suffer neglect and retrenchment of her plans and ambitions for four hundred years. Yes, the oldest colony, and our nearest neighbor, located at what historians have been pleased to call "our front door.''

And we would not have called, either, if an accident had not happened to bring us to the island. Our visit lasted ten days, and the slight acquaintance with the wonders of Newfoundland was enough to create a new interest in all that pertains to the land which wins its living and its wealth from the sea.

Our ship, severely damaged and disabled by a collision with an iceberg in the thick fog off Cape Race, had to make port, and the nearest was St. John's. At daybreak we were waiting outside the narrows among drifting icebergs, signalling for a pilot to come to take us in to safety. The narrow opening between the high bare rocks looked too small to admit the big liner, but the flashing light at the entrance seemed to assure us that all was well and that St. John's would give us shelter until we were again sea-worthy. That pilot did come after a long wait, and his little motor boat drew up along side of the ship for a moment, then we were full steam ahead and soon passed the rock gateway with a sweep. There, to our surprise, opened a wide and sheltered basin—a perfect harbor. Right in our path was a British battleship turning to allow us to get into dock. Up ran the signals and as quickly down. The sailors on the trim grey monster watched us pass, pointing out our snow covered and broken bow. As far up harbor as one could see were fishing boats. They seemed to be packed in,—schooners, sailing boats and fishing boats.

At the moment we reached the dock the sun burst suddenly over the top of the high hillside, and, shining through the foggy

air, it shot a perfect rainbow across the channel from hilltop to hilltop. Its beautiful reflection seemed to cover everything—the water, the boats and the houses of the town. Only a moment it lasted and was gone. St. John's had declared us safe and given us welcome.

The city stretched from Signal Hill at the narrows to the far end of the harbor. From the water's edge to the top of the steep hill buildings ranged in rows. Signal Hill presented a strange appearance, with tier after tier of projecting platforms in front of very small box-like houses. Fishing shacks they proved to be and the platforms, "flakes" filled with acres and acres of drying codfish.

What did we know of Newfoundland? Yes, we had heard of Newfoundland dogs, and there, climbing the street in a zig-zag fashion, were three. A number of our party was about to remark that motor cars would hardly be used here, when one appeared, making speed down a precipitous road, and at about the same moment a street car crawled along the ledge-like street half way up the slope.

"Gangway's lowered. Going ashore?" Yes, indeed! there was something to see on shore, and first of all, the damaged bow. It was a silent and serious group of passengers who gathered on the dock near the bow. The snow and ice of the departed iceberg still clung to the wreckage. Bedding and clothing hung in an unsightly and uncanny manner from the broken and bent iron work of the exposed quarters of the crew. Two men were in there, crushed to death, but the thick plates of steel in the hull were crumpled and bent like tin—and the sea so close to the horrible gash! They had told us the blow came at least eight feet above the water line. Now we saw it was half that distance, and we thought of the night and the gale which we had faced for hours in getting here.

"Not a very pleasant sight," said one who had come through fire and flood and now through shipwreck.

"It's a good thing we did not know this last night. There'll be a full gathering at the Thanksgiving service this morning."

The saloon was packed with cabin, steerage and crew to join the missionary leader in the service of thanks. Gifts for the families of those two victims were collected. They, too, had come to the island, but would not go away again.

All sorts of expeditions were planned, for it was sure to be a stay of at least a week. Fishing and deer hunting inland was included in the program of some, but Signal Hill and Quidi Vidi village being the nearest, attracted most of the passengers during the first days in St. John's.

"You are the ladies from the ship, are you not?" asked a voice with a soft English accent.

We were passing a fishing shack, one of an irregular row in a path cut out of the rock, and on our way to Signal Hill.

"Yes, we are. Did you see us come in this morning?" We spoke to a fisherman's wife.

"We were all watching. God is good! And you are safe. We are glad you came to St. John's."

We thanked her for her welcome, and told her something of the night and the accident.

"I would be charmed if you would come to tea on your way back. There will be codfish fresh from the sea."

The novelty and the sincere desire of the quaint little fisherwoman settled the matter. We wanted to come, and she wanted us.

Rounding the cliff and holding on with one hand to the rock wall, we looked below over the steep side to the sea.

"There's a fort down there," said one. It was in ruins and might have been part of the works of the one on the hill.

It was sometime later that we learned that this was so and that the fort on Signal Hill had not been occupied for over fifty years. In the days of Gladstone the red coats filed down the hill to their ship—the last regiment to occupy the fort.

Gaining the top of Signal Hill, the ocean came into view. Glistening white, the icebergs floated in the blue water, and there was only admiration for the panoramic view of the harbor and the city opened to the right.

"Let's go, our codfish will be ready, and we must not keep our hostess waiting," said one, covering her impatience with reasons. "Yes, we can come again."

We found our new friend at the door of her tiny house, and she welcomed us with,

"My house 'on shore' is not very large, but there is always room enough."

Codfish in Ontario is not the same as codfish in Newfoundland, so we discovered.

"Get him from the sea and cook him in bacon fat and then you have a fine dish," declared the cook as she poured tea.

After the pleasant litle tea-party, we were shown the fish-house, the "flake" and the big net, in process of being mended, the ice having torn the trap during the last catch.

"Too bad, our men will lose two days mending this and the fish are eating the rocks, too," complained the fisherman.

"Eating the rocks?"

"Oh! that's our way of saying there are lots of them."

We said goodbye after securing a reluctant promise that the two would visit the ship next evening. They came, but that's another story.

The passengers returning from the afternoon rambles about St. John's came with many accounts of interesting discoveries; many had seen Quidi Vidi Lake and the quaint fishing village of the same name; one had found the "Terra Nova," the ship which carried Captain Scott to the south pole.

Certainly Newfoundland was going to be a land of discovery for us and so it proved to be.

—V. I. Dickens, '10.

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Editorial Notes

Last month's issue contained the announcement of the Prize Story Competition for this year, as well as the regulations pertaining thereto. . As well as being the privilege, it is the duty of every undergraduate and graduate in attendance to contribute to the columns of the college magazine. Develop your already budding literary abilities, help boost your college by boosting its magazine, and hand in a prize story before December 15th.

We wish to bring to the attention of our readers the approaching "Student Volunteer Convention" which will be held at Des Moines, Iawa, from December 31st to January 4th, 1920.

Each University and College sends a number of students proportioned to its enrollment. McMaster University Student Body is sending its full quota of eight delegates, and hopes to increase its contingent to twelve. In order that our readers might have the privilege of assisting in the sending of these delegates, by partially defraying their expenses, subscriptions will be received for this purpose by Dr. William Findlay, Treasurer of the McMaster Y.M.C.A. until December 15th.

For all the wonders of this wondrous world;—
The pure pearl splendors of the coming day,
The breaking east,—the rosy flush,—the Dawn,—
For that bright gem in morning's coronal,
That one lone star that gleams above the glow;
For that high glory of the impartial sun,—
The golden noonings big with promised life,
The matchless pageant of the evening skies,
The wide-flung gates,—the gleams of Paradise,—
Supremest visions of Thine artistry;
The sweet soft gloaming, and the friendly stars;
The vesper stillness, and the creeping shades;
The moon's pale majesty; the pulsing dome,
Whercin we feel Thy great heart throbbing near;
For sweet laborious days and restful nights;
For work to do, and strength to do the work;
We thank Thee, Lord!
—John Oxenham.

College News

Around the Hall

EDITOR: O. H. McDONALD, '21.

Writers seldom write the things they think. They simply write the things they think other folks think they think. —*Elbert Hubbard.*

O the inexperienced there is something portentous about an appearance in print, and something mysterious about the business of an editor. . . An editor is merely a man who knows his right hand from his left, good from evil, having the honesty of a kitchen cook who will not spoil his confection by favor for a friend. Fear of a foe is not a temptation, since editors are too humble and harmless to have any. . . . An editor has some rights and prejudices; certain words make him sick; certain other words he reserves for his own use, —"meticulous" once a year, "adscititious" once in a life time. This explains why editors write so little. In the end, out of mere good nature, or seeing the futility of it all, they contribute their words to contributors and write no more.

—*Sir Andrew Macphail, formerly editor of The University Magazine.*

Open Lit.
The seventeenth day of October, 'twas Friday,
We were gathered in Castle Memorial Hall,
Seniors and Juniors, the Sophs and the Freshmen,
Theologs and Graduates were there one and all.

The ladies were there all done up in fashion.
The gentlemen too with their mouths all asmile,
And some of the gents they appeared o so dashin',
With the loud lookin' ties you could hear for a mile.

Mr. Homer M. Brownlee advanced to the piano.
His melody came to an end all too soon.
We succeeded in getting the encore we clapped for,
—A bow, and a smile, and another sweet tune.

The president then made a speech from the platform.
His moustache is the cutest we ever have seen.

Then Mr. Bill Brown gave a fine recitation.
We encored and he kindly recited again.

Miss Latimer then came forth with her sister,
Accompanied her when she played the violin.
We are really quite sorry for those who have missed her;
She received an encore with a thunderous din.

The promenades followed,—what rushing and scrambling
To get to the side of those fair freshette maids!
They were pretty to walk with, and witty to talk with,
O how pleasant to think on those ten promenades!

We were all nearly famished, refreshments were welcome.
There was ice cream and cookies and brown gingerbread.
Then "Thy Praises, McMaster," the National Anthem,
And the men for their hats, gloves, and cartickets fled.

Freshman-Sophomore Banquet

On Tuesday evening, November 4th, the Freshmen were most cordially and successfully banquetted by their Sophomore friends at the "Hotel Mossop." The first hour was devoted to the diagnosis of a somewhat elaborate French menu, with the result that all were satisfied and quite unanimous in the opinion that Mrs. Mossop must be a pretty good cook. Then followed toasts. Mr. W. K. Brown, president of year '22, welcomed the guests, and proposed the toast to "The King." "The Prince" was fittingly toasted by Miss Doris Hooper, '22. Mr. H. S. Hillyer, '20, eulogized our Alma Mater, to which Prof. J. L. Gilmour replied very appropriately. The toast to the "McMaster Veterans" was proposed by Mr. Gordon Atkinson, '22. Mr. J. A. Long, '15, replied in his characteristic way. Mr. Cecil Wilkins, '22, made the usual tactful remarks about the Ladies, which Miss Frances Trotter, '22, very ably supplemented. Mr. W. O. White, '21, proposed the toast to "The Faculty." Prof. R. W. Smith responding. Then last but not least, Mr. E. Osborne, '22, gave the annual heart to heart talk to the Freshmen. To this Mr. Philip Paterson, the Freshman President, manfully replied. The list of toasts was agreeably broken by a selection from the Sophomore Quartet, a reading by Miss Mabel Pugh, '22, and a violin solo by Mr. J. C. Mabee, '22. Then followed an informal half hour of general good fellowship.

"Thy Praises, McMaster," and the year yells brought this happy function to a close.

Literary Society

Under the able leadership of Mr. H. N. Stephens, '20, the Lit. has entered upon a most promising year's work. Mr. Michell, our new lecturer in Political Economy, was the special speaker of October 24th, his subject being "Social Service." Mr. H. S. Hillyer's "Skits from Scrutineers" was very appropriate. Miss Helen Gilmour, '21, sang, and Miss Phyllis Chapman, '22, gave two pleasing instrumental numbers.

On November 7th Rev. W. A. Cameron gave his famous lecture, "A Pilgrimage to the Land of Burns," which was greatly appreciated by an exceptionally large attendance. Mr. J. C. Mabee, '22, contributed a violin solo, Mr. E.G. Hildebrand, '23, a piano selection, and Miss Mabel Pugh, '22, recited most acceptably.

Graduate Year

Among our happy gathering at McMaster this fall were more than a score of Grads,—so what could be more natural than the formation of an organized Graduate Year. Its membership includes all the graduates in registered attendance, and one fair alumna who is a member by virtue of her husband. A happy time they hope to have in the never-ending quest of our Holy Grail,—the McMaster Spirit. J. A. Long, '15, and Miss Marion Grimshaw, '17, will pilot the party, Mr. Wilf Mallory, '16, forages for that which is necessary, while Mrs. Rosewarne, '17, Miss McGregor, '12, Miss Mimms, '18, H. W. Lang, '19, and H. R. McLarty, '16, will keep the social pot boiling.

Field Day

We all ejoyed Field Day,—the sophs and freshmen at any rate had a time of their lives. A lively tussle took place outside the Stadium, and now Year '23 has a tattered battle-worn green banner as a souvenir of the occasion.

The Juniors say there never was a Field Day like this one. For did they not make a total of 75 points, and produce the three medalists of the day? In honor of her athletes Year '21 assembled at Hunt's in the evening where a pleasant repast was enjoyed by all. Speeches were called for, but all friend Doolittle, the champion, could say, was, "Have a heart, fellows!"

POINTS OF INTEREST NO. 2.

The Dean's Office

The Dean in Arts is a very popular man during the opening weeks of the term. His office lies just around the corner from the famous Ladies' Room Door. The other morning we passed that way and this is what we saw. Four undergrads leaned against the wall, then came two pretty little freshettes, two gay sophettes, and a juniorette, all seated in armchairs, which one of the gallants had brought them from the Faculty Room— waiting in line for their interview. The ladies were gossiping away and having a glorious time, the men looked bored to death. Just around the corner was a hesitating, embarrassed freshman, trying to raise enough courage to walk past this formidable array. And all the time through the partly opened door we could hear the long-suffering dean explaining to Mr. So and So how many more majors and minors he must endure in order to become a so-called Bachelor of Arts.

Absent-minded Graduate (handing a ten-dollar bill to fellow grad. in the bath tub).—"Say, would you mind getting me two

seats for the "Mikado" when you're down-town this morning?"
"Hold my soap while I get them, will you?" (! ! !)

Theologue Picnic

Once a year the powers that be give official permission to our embryonic D.D.'s to take under their protecting care these fair ones whose characteristics are so beautifully portrayed in the verse, "McMaster Girls . . . . that ever tripped into a Universitee." But once a year, we repeat, is consent given in this matter, and then only after emphatically reiterated injunctions that there must be thorough, regular and proper chaperonage.—This momentous occasion is the annual theologue picnic.

This year the clouds wept copiously from morn till eve; but as budding divines practice cheerfulness under all occasions, the weather affected them not one whit. Right loudly did the rafters ring in the old pavilion at Scarboro Heights, as the professors and professoresses, W.S.B. demoiselles and humble theologues made merry all afternoon. In the evening the cold, wet weather was just the proper sauce for the full enjoyment of hot pork and beans, and coffee. The last bean had to be sought in the dark, but it was caught, and likewise the car—thanks to the professor in ancient Semitic who gave valuable assistance in bringing up the buckets, baskets and other baggage. An uproarious ride home finished off the enjoyable outing.

Hallowe'en Parties

Hallowe'en, with its enchanted circles, fortune tellers, ghosts and witches, was duly observed by the McMaster folks,—parties were the order of the day. The Seniors were entertained by Miss Marjorie Mallagh. The fancy costumes at the party were very interesting. The Sophs held forth at the home of Miss Ruby McIntyre,—another masquerade party which was most thoroughly enjoyed. Miss Dorothea Roper was the hostess at the Freshman gathering. Nothing is more enjoyable than these good old-fashioned Hallowe'en parties.

On Spending a Night in—

It has been suggested, or rather insinuated, that we are peculiarly qualified to write a short treatise on this subject, inasmuch as, the occasions being so very rare when we *do* spend a night "in," we are in a position to fully appreciate the novelty of such an experinece, and to describe it with the interest of a pilgrim in a strange land. Be that as it may, we are now going to set before the readers of THE MONTHLY the

cold facts of our experience upon a certain night, and then ask them candidly, "Does it pay?"

'Twas a cold winter's evening and our roommate had very early taken his departure, muttering something about taking his cousin to—the B.Y.P.U., he thought it was. We thought differently, chiefly because the frequenters didn't wear dress suits at any B.Y.P.U. *we* ever attended. However, he would have told us *that* was no criterion, so we swallowed our suspicions and cheerfully lent him the ten dollars.

Thereupon, with an heroic smile upon our face, we proceeded to divest ourselves of collar and tie, encase our pet bunion in a slipper, and having fortified ourselves with plenty of wet towels and a thermos bottle of hot coffee, we were ready to indulge in a bit of what is known in vulgar academic parlance as "plugging." An English essay, a synopsis of several chapters, and some Latin translation was the program for the evening, to be concluded with a spirited game of checkers, and a retreat to our humble couch with the satisfaction of a good night's work well done. For, *mirabile dictu,* we were in the mood for study!

But hardly had we begun to delve into the depths of Gall and Wormwood's, "Freshmen in their Geological Aspects" when a loud and insistent cry demanded our presence at the telephone. Upon our arrival at said instrument, we were greeted by a sweet young voice, presumably of Freshette origin, inquiring if we would like to purchase some home-made candy for the benefit of the little Hindus. Well, we couldn't just see what the persecuting of our alarmed interior with such stuff had to do with the uplift of humanity, but for the sake of peace and quietness, we rather absentmindedly acquiesced.

Having painfully journeyed up the three flights of stairs to our room, we again took up our task for a few brief moments. Then a dearly beloved but distressingly sociable brother dropped in "to while away the tejum." He "whiled" it and we listened for upwards of three-quarters of an hour. Finally he left, so we could "get on with our work" while we muttered something that luckily sounded to him like "Good-night."

Again we picked up our book in desperation only to be interrupted by, "Say, come on over to the rink and meet some friends," from a head stuck into the room. Hardly had our Latin lexicon bounded off our door as it was closing on his fast retreating form, when the aforementioned door again opened with an aggravatingly cheery request for an envelope,—and a

sheet of notepaper—and did we have a stamp? In answer to our stinging inquiry the recipient thought probably he could lick the last-mentioned article himself.

Having pulled down our sleeves, picked up our chair, and otherwise marshalled the remnants of our rapidly vanishing good nature, we comforted ourselves with the thought that it was now too late in the night for further visitations. But not so. A timid voice from a very worried individual demanded to know how much we'd take to write a letter home, because he was *so* busy. To this day we cannot remember what happened to that chap. We sincerely hope our memory deceives us in the suspicion of any violent occurrence. But we do recollect that by that time we were in no condition, physical, mental or moral, for further study, and we abandoned our efforts in disgust. But we determined with a grim determination to do at least one thing ere the day was done. So we rushed wildly forth into the cool, night air, and climbed a tree in the backyard. Thereupon we returned in calmer mood to sleep the sleep of the just.

Burgess-Edwards.—At Schomberg, Ontario, on Saturday, November 8th, by the Rev. Andrew Imrie, Mr. Arthur Burgess, Theol. McMaster, to Miss Clara Gladys Edwards, of Schomberg. We understand that Mr. W. S. Watson, Theol., was the best man, and that Daddy and Mrs. James were among the guests. The Monthly extends hearty congratulations and best wishes.

Autumnal frosts enchant the pool,
And make the cart-ruts beautiful;
And when snow-bright the moon expands,
How shall your children clap their hands!
To make this earth our heritage,
A cheerful and a changeful page,
God's bright and intricate device
Of days and seasons doth suffice.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

Women's Department

EDITOR: MISS MARJORIE MALLAGH, '20.

ASST. EDITOR: MISS HELEN GILMOUR, '21.

"All things are thine estate; yet must
Thou first display the title deeds,
And sue the world. Be strong; and trust
High instincts more than all the creeds."
—*Lytton.*

THE two main centres of feminine interest during the past few weeks—although both seem likely to be supplanted by the more personal subject of vaccination—have been the Prince and the Prohibition Campaign.

Since the latter was closely identified with politics and is accordingly a tabooed subject, and since the careful perusal of the Concise Oxford and several other equally reliable dictionaries elicited no further adjectives whose superlatives might be applied to the Prince, we had almost decided to go elsewhere for our text when we remembered something that somebody had said some time or other about the distinction between living and lifeless things being energy. Being of a naturally logical turn of mind—we would emphasize this fact upon the reader just now, lest she should later have reason to doubt its veracity—we immediately reflected how very much alive the Prince was.

This in turn was followed by an attempt to calculate the amount of time and energy wasted around the Ladies' Room of McMaster, but having never passed beyond the first course in Mathematics, and having accomplished difficulty in accomplishing even that feat, we gave the problem up in despair.

Seriously, however, we cannot be unaware of the acute and critical period through which our empire is passing, a period to which we as university students seem to be able to contribute nothing. We are told that the only remedies for the present crisis are "production" and "thrift." PRODUCTION—but what can we produce? We are in no position to convert raw materials into products for the world's market. THRIFT—financially most of us have at least a passing acquaintance with the practice! The words then would seem to be insignificent to university students,—but they are the words of Lloyd-George, who says that

they must be driven home to every individual if the situation is to be saved.

What then can we produce? We can, by reclaiming the ability which now lies in the scrap-heap of lethargy, produce ENERGY. We can, by salvaging the seconds and minutes now wasted, save TIME.

A word to the wise being sufficient, we would suggest that some Math. specialist endeavor to calculate how much valuable time is wasted and how much energy is uselessly expended in the Ladies' Room in the course of a year, feeling sure that the result will be so startling as to inspire some of us to produce and save.

W. L. S.

The attractive poster which invited us to the W. L. S. meeting of October 17th brought to mind the many other posters of previous years which had delighted the girls by their originality and appropriateness. Accordingly the suggestion that this year the W. L. S. and Y. W. C. A. posters be judged under the same rules of competition as those for Big Lit., met with the heartiest approval.

In Northern Alberta there are settlements of Ruthenian peasants, whose log and mud houses, crude manners and peculiar customs, Miss Marjorie Mallagh described to us, telling of the efforts put forth by Alberta, with its progressive educational system, to train these little transplanted Europeans to grow into Canadians.

Lillian and Mildred Richards then pleased the audience with a piano duet, and Miss Mabel Pugh told vividly the story of Jean Duprès. When Frances Trotter in the book review skilfully introduced us to "The Young Visitors," we ourselves performed by illustrating "laughter holding both his sides."

After a song by Miss Jean Cameron, we do not hesitate to say that '23 may be justly proud of its musical talent. Miss Alice McDougall told of her vacation, spent with the B. C. Mountaineering Club, and when she had finished we wondered whether it was her wonderful trips up the mountains of the coast range or her skill in describing them which most tempted us to break the tenth commandment.

The witch and cat and Sleeping Beauty on the Freshette poster announcing the W. L. S. meeting on October 31st, promised a treat in store for those who should be on hand for the first year programme.

After the business, consisting of a decision in favor of a Big Play again this year, and some discussion concerning the Women's Residence of which Mrs. McLay brought us the latest news, the lights were extinguished. "Seen in the Shadows"—so it was announced in black and white. Fair Sally's ironing might be improved, but her power of flirtation—never!

From the "Witch's Cauldron" were drawn by the witch, Miss Dorothy Roper, many interesting news items which she had doubtless collected in some of her nightly wanderings with her broomstick and cat.

In the next number, "A Vision of Fair Women," it was proved beyond a doubt that one member of '23 at least, is an accomplished "quick-change artist." Behold! the frolicsome Sally had been transformed into a stately maiden "who sees visions and dreams dreams." There passed before us Red-Riding Hood, Cinderella and her godmother, Evangeline, Minnehaha and many others whose enumeration and description time and space prevent.

The piano duet by Miss Lillian Richards and Miss Nancy Weir, and Miss Neva Deeton's vocal solo, both bore out what has already become a saying, "Haven't the Freshettes this year exceptional musical talent?"

With "Thy Praises McMaster" the meeting closed, and the Freshettes, but assuredly not their audience, breathed a huge sigh of relief.

W. S. B.

For the third time the Women's Student Body have invested a hundred dollars in the Victory Loan. This time they have purchased a five-year bond, hoping that the earlier maturity may be of more immediate use to the women's residence, to which the money is eventually to be devoted.

Y.W.C.A.

The meeting of October 10th was largely given over to a talk by Miss Pratt, who told us of the various ways in which the McMaster girls might help with the Referendum work—not only were scrutineers needed for election day, but volunteers were required for statistical work in the evenings. The results of Mrs. Pratt's forceful arguments were very satisfactory, inasmuch as a large number of the girls devoted a great deal of their time and energy towards the great movement.

McMaster was represented at the Summer Conference of the

Y.W.C.A. held at Lake Couchiching by Miss Helen Mabee and Miss Mary Clark. At the meeting of the Y.W.C.A. on October 24th, Miss Mabee gave us a glimpse into the delightful and helpful week spent in association with girls from all the other central universities. The Bible and Mission Study Classes, open discussions, Social Service talks, and several hours of recreation each day made the time seem altogether too short, and many friendships were formed which promise to be lasting.

When Miss Elizabeth Burridge told us of the joys and tribulations of a Y.W.C.A. secretary, as she experienced them during the summer, we wondered whether the duties of that office or those of a rural school ma'am were the more numerous and exacting—it sounded like the lesser of two evils or the greater of two joys, depending on one's viewpoint.

Bible Study

Once again our Bible Study classes and Prayer Meetings have been resumed under the auspices of the Y.W.C.A. This year we have reverted to the previous custom of having student-led classes. Two representatives from each year form the Normal class which is led by Dr. Farmer in the study of the Epistle to the Galatians. These representatives then lead the year groups in the discussion of the work studied in the Normal class.

Alumnae Luncheon

On Saturday, November 1st, the girls of the graduating year were the guests of the Alumnae at a luncheon held at the Selby. The luncheon was highly enjoyable, and full justice was done to it. By far the most important part of the meeting was the "speeches" which followed the luncheon. In the absence of Mrs Stark, Mrs. Zavitz gave the report of the Residence Committee, and a cheering report it was! Through the kindness of Mr. Wm. Davies, the committee has been enabled to make an offer of purchase to the owners of 174 St. George St., and was reasonably sure of having it accepted.

Following the report of Mrs. Zavitz, Mrs. Cranston made the address of the afternoon. Mrs. Cranston has charge of the finances for the house furnishings for the residence, and reported moderate success. She unfolded further plans for securing money, and by her own enthusiasm, enthused us all so greatly that we have been industriously selling bricks for the new residence ever since.

After a short chat, the meeting dispersed, but we prophecy that the consequences will be far-reaching.

At Home

Once again the girls of the graduating year were honored, when they were among the guests at a reception given by Miss Whiteside, Principal of Moulton College, on Tuesday, November 4th. The large drawing-room of the college was beautifully decorated for the occasion and the guests were privileged to wander at will among the rooms of the girls. An interesting musical programme was given during the afternoon and one and all appreciated the privilege of meeting the three new teachers in whose honor the reception was arranged.

October 20th

Gone but never to be forgotten by the women of Ontario is October 20th, 1919. To them it gave a new and wonderful responsibility. No longer can they say, "If I but had a vote conditions would be better." Theirs to do now as well as use their "sweet and womanly influence."

Swept away in a day were the arguments of the sterner sex as to woman's ignorance in political matters. Without a doubt women gave a more prayerful and careful study of their vote than did the men. They followed no political party, as a rule, but voted for the man whom they believed would best serve their cause.

In some instances women voted against their husbands, though both were working for the same cause, because the women were looking at the immediate representatives while the men were playing "follow their leader." And when the battle was over, the representatives were there, but where, oh, where were the leaders?

Nobly did the college girls do their part both outside and in in the booths, some of which were only fit for the rubbish heap. Gallantly they stood at their posts regardless of cold and dirt, and the funny side of it will live in their memories long after the disagreeable is buried in oblivion.

—'20.

Athletics

EDITOR: LLOYD D. DINGLE, '20.

"The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out 'well done!'
As loud as he could bawl."

—*Cowper.*

LAST year after the armistice had been signed, for the purpose of stimulating athletics the Athletic Association decided on a very bold step—that of entering a team in the Intermediate series of the Ontario Hockey Association. The degree of success attending this venture you will probably remember, but the important point we wish to emphasize is that owing to an exceptionally mild winter, which made outside rinks practically useless, the team had no ice whatever upon which to play or practice except at the time allowed for the league games at the Arena. It was the opinion of all that if there had been ice upon which to practice the team would undoubtedly have rendered a much better account of itself. So it was mainly with the object of providing reliable ice for the hockey team at the Arena that the Athletic Association this year presented a budget to the Senate asking for sufficient funds to carry out its plans. With a great degree of jubilation, therefore, we announce that the project was entirely successful, and that the solicited grant will be forthcoming. For his efforts in this direction we wish to express to Mr. Rosewarne, as President of the Athletic Association, our warm appreciation, and our thanks are extended also to the Chancellor who was largely instrumental in obtaining the assent of the Senate to the expenditure.

FIELD DAY.

The Twenty-First Annual Field Day was held at Varsity Stadium on Tuesday, October the twenty-eighth. As this was the first field day since the academic year 1916-17, it was looked forward to with the usual expectation by the freshmen and rather inordinate anticipation on the part of those of other years.

The various events were run off without the breaking of any records, although there was a marked improvement over the last field day in several contests. The track was in very poor

condition owing to the fact that there had been heavy rains for several days previous, and this proved to be a serious handicap for the contestants to overcome. The champion of the day was H.G. Doolittle, '21, with 15 points, winning the Chancellor's Medal and the McNaught Cup. M.A. Smith, '21, came second with 14 points, and is awarded the First Association Medal, while T. J. Jamieson, '21, with 13 points wins the Second Assoc. Medal. Year '21 ranked first with 75 points, followed by Theology, '20, '22 and '23, with 18, 17, 16 and 5 points respectively.

The results were as follows:

100 yards—1, Carr; 2, Smith; 3, Atkinson. Time, 10 4-5 seconds.

Pole Vault—1, Dingle, 2, C. S. Farmer; 3, T. Jamieson. Height, 8 feet 10 inches.

Half Mile—1, Smith; 2, Jones; 3, McLay. Time, 2 minutes, 24 4-5 seconds.

High Jump—1, T. Jamieson; 2, E. Jamieson; 3, Mabee. Height, 5 feet 4 inches.

Half Mile Walk—1, Gilmour; 2, Rosenberg; 3, Ruttan. Time, 4 minutes, 37 4-5 seconds.

220 Yards—1, Carr; 2, Smith; 3, Jones. Time, 24 4-5 sec.

Running Broad Jump—1, Doolittle; 2, Dingle; 3, E. Jamieson. Distance, 18 feet 1 inch.

Putting the Shot.—1, McLarty; 2, E. Jamieson; 3, Mabee. Distance, 30 feet.

Mile Run—1, McCoy; 2, Smith; 3, Gilmour. Time, 5 minutes 24 4-5 seconds.

Throwing the Discus—1, White; 2, T. Jamieson; 3, McLay. Distance, 81 feet 10 inches.

440 Yards Run—1, Doolittle; 2, McLay; 3, Jones. Time, 1 minute 2 seconds.

Hop, Step and Jump.—1, E. Jamieson; 2, Bearss; 3, T. Jamieson. Distance, 38 feet 11 inches.

120 Yard Hurdles—1, Doolittle; 2, T. Jamieson; 3, McLean.

Tug-of-War—1, Sophomores defeated Seniors; 2, Theology defeated Juniors; 3, Sophomores defeated Freshmen; 4, Sophomores defeated Theology.

The annual sophomore rush had been awaited with a great deal of eagerness by the Sophs, but was rather a disappointment as it did not quite come up to expectations. It took the form of a skirmish just outside the Stadium, and there was a considerable mêlée before each person had succeeded in sorting

himself out and had ascertained to his satisfaction whether he was a Freshman or a Sophomore.

RUGBY.

Varsity 22, McMaster 1.—The initial game in the Junior Rugby series took place on the Varsity campus on the morning of Saturday, October the eleventh. It was soon evident that McMaster was badly in need of practice, for interference gave the ball to Varsity with the result that they carried it over for a touch. This was converted and during the first three quarters Mac was held scoreless while Varsity secured three more touchdowns and one kick beyond the dead-line. In the final period McMaster held their opponents without a score and obtained their point by a rouge. Long's line-plunging was very effective, but he was injured in the final quarter and was replaced by Taylor. Platus also showed up well. McMaster's tendency to break the interference rule and their poor kicking placed them at a great disadvantage. The game was handled by S. R. Lepofsky and W. A. Hewitt.

The line-up.—Rosenburg, Renaud, Jamieson, Lloyd, Mabee, Long, Cowie, McLay, Howard, Newton, Wilkins, Smith, Doolittle, Platus, Taylor.

U. T. S. 17, McMaster 1.—On October the fifteenth, McMaster met the University of Toronto Schools on the Varsity rear campus. At the very outset U. T. S. began to kick and were so successful that by the end of the first quarter they had five dead-line kicks to their credit. The Mac line more than held the opposing line, but they could not break away for gains. In the second quarter U. T. S. secured a rouge but did not score again until the final period when they obtained two touchdowns, one of which was converted. In this quarter McMaster broke into the scoring by kicking the ball over the dead-line. Newton and Wilkins were much in evidence with their splendid tackling, and Platus made some excellent runs. Howard also deserves mention for his kicking.

Line-up.—Rosenberg, Renaud, Jamieson, Lloyd, Mabee, Gilmour, Jones, McLay, Howard, Newton, Wilkins, Smith, Doolittle, Platus.

Varsity 25, McMaster 6.—The second game with Varsity was played at the Varsity Stadium on October the twenty-second. In the first quarter the play was very even. Mabee broke away for a long run but failed to tally, and then Howard kicked over the line. Varsity, however, came right back and tied the score

by a kick over the Mac. dead-line. Some loose playing on the part of McMaster in the second quarter resulted in a touch for Varsity, and they followed this up by another dead-line kick. Then McMaster scored their first touchdown of the season when Newton caught hold of a loose ball and crossed the line A rouge for Varsity ended the period with the score 8-6. Before the final whistle blew Varsity scored three more touchdowns, one of which was converted, while McMaster did not score again. Platus and Newton were the best for McMaster. W. A. Hewitt and S. R. Lepofsky were in charge of the game.

Line-up.—Rosenberg, Renaud, Jamieson, Lloyd, Gilmour, Howard, Taylor, McLay, Jones, Newton, Wilkins, Mabee, Doolittle, Platus.

Woodstock College 8, McMaster 0.—On Saturday, November the first, the rugby team journeyed to Woodstock to meet Woodstock College in an exhibition game. This proved to be the closest game of the season, and the score does not by any means indicate the play. There was no score until the second quarter, when Hughes booted a beautiful drop kick over the McMaster goalposts. Mac. was within a yard of a touchdown several times, and but for very novel umpiring, due to a change in the rules, would undoubtedly have scored. In the final quarter Woodstock scored a touchdown. Runs by Mabee were features of the game, while Wilkins was there with his usual good tackling. Dr. Wearing and Mr. McGregor handled the game.

Woodstock.—Hughes, Morrison, Matthews, Hackson, Secord, Lamport, Roderick, Hoover, Brimmel, Stonehouse, Hall, Denman, Green, Robertson.

McMaster.—Cowie, J. D. Taylor, Doolittle, Howard, McLay, Lloyd, Platus, Wilkins, Zavitz, Gilmour, Smith, Jones, Mabee, Freeman, Renaud.

SOCCER.

Juniors 4, Seniors 0.—The first battle of the Inter-year Soccer series was fought at Jesse Ketchum Park on October the twenty-seventh. As soon as the whistle blew the Juniors rushed the ball to their opponents' end of the field, and before the Seniors had recovered from their stupefaction, Carr had scored three goals. Stung into action by this underhand proceeding, the Seniors struggled bravely against overwhelming odds to stem the tide of defeat. But the muddy field set them at a great disadvantage by discounitng their speed and team-work, and the Juniors suc-

ceeded in scoring again before the final whistle, on a penalty kick by Eberle.

The line-ups were as follows:

Year '20.—Hillyer, Oddy, Cowie, Coleman, Roberts, Mallory, Dingle ,Schatz, Stephens, Ruttan, Armstrong.

Year '21.—Smith, G. W. Farmer, Eberle, Carr, Doolittle, K. W. Taylor, White, C. S. Farmer, Gilmour, McLay, Newton.

Theologs 2, Freshmen 0.—The second of the Inter-year soccer matches was played on October the twenty-ninth on the Jesse Ketchum field. The Theologs were represented by Davis, Roberts, McLarty, W. E. Atkinson, Long, Schatz, Rosewarne, Watson, McDonald, Kenyon, and W. S. Mallory, while Stiver, Bearss, Best, Henry, Paterson, Anderson, Fleischer, McLean, Vose, Segsworth and Hildebrand turned out for the Frosh. The first half saw the first year men on the defensive, and after some fifteen minutes of play the first goal was scored as the result of a sharp scramble before the Freshmen's posts. During the second half the first year, heartened by the appearance of several Freshettes on the side-line, carried the ball into Theological territory, but their individual keenness lacked the combination needed to pierce a strong defence. After a long period of even play, some pretty work by the ministerial forwards resulted in a clever score by Watson. Theology had decidedly the better team, and, but for Stiver's good work in goal, would have scored oftener.

McMaster 2, Woodstock College 1.—After the rugby game at Woodstock on November the first, the soccer team, which had accompanied the rugby players, avenged the defeat in football by winning at soccer with the score 2-1. During the first half the Woodstock forwards forced the play, and after twenty minutes of play Hughes scored the first goal. In the second half the Mac. men began to gain the advantage, and soon had their opponents run off their feet. Vose scored McMaster's first goal, and this was soon followed by another which was, however, disallowed. Soon after Schatz scored the second goal, and, although pressing hard in the last few minutes of play, the college was unable to score. J. G. Van Slyke was in charge of the whistle. The line-ups:

Woodstock.—Hughes, Mather, Lawrence, Hackson, Jaramillis, Hoover, Boadway, Michell, Stonehouse, Lamport, Lankin.

McMaster.—Stiver, K. W. Taylor, Dingle, Vose, White, Oddy, Rosewarne, Schatz, Eberle, Carr, Doolittle.

Our Graduates

EDITOR: E. J. BENGOUGH, B.A.

OW long is a generation? Some say thirty-three years on the average. Whatever the correct answer to the question, the McMaster Student Body is now well into the second generation. Some ten years ago there began to come a few students who were the sons or daughters of graduates, the parents being in most cases graduates of Toronto Baptist College. During recent years the number has been constantly increasing, so that now a number of graduates in Arts, as well as those of earlier theological years, are represented by sons or daughters in attendance. As it is just twenty-five years since the graduation of the first class in Arts, the pertinency of the opening question becomes apparent. But it must be remembered that the average age of entrance on University work is much lower now than it was twenty-five years ago. In another eight or ten years it is probable that quite a large proportion of the students will be children of graduates. Many graduates have expressed the intention of sending their children, when old enough, to their own Alma Mater, and McMaster hopes to be able to care for them all.

It would be impossible in the space available to give information concerning all the students who have followed their parents' steps to the University, but it might be interesting to give the facts regarding the present session.

Eight graduates in Theology are represented by sons or daughters there being:

Rev. J. E. Chute, '91, of India—a son;

Rev. W. H. Cline, '85, of Georgetown—a daughter, the third member of the family to attend;

Rev. O. C. Elliott, '00, of Toronto—a son;

Prof. J. L. Gilmour, '89, of Toronto—a son and a daughter;

Major (Rev.) J. B. Grimshaw, '03, of Toronto—a daughter in graduate work;

The late Rev. D. Reddick, '88—a daughter;

Rev. Charles Segsworth, '95, of Fort Frances—a son;

The late Prof. Thos. Trotter, '85—a daughter, the third member of the family to attend.

Graduates in Arts are represented as follows:—

J. H. Cameron, '97, of Fort William, —a daughter;

Rev. A. P. McDonald, '95, of Brampton—a son;

Rev. M. A. Maclean, '98, of Toronto—two sons;

Rev. W. W. McMaster, '94, of Hamilton—a son;

J. W. Russell, '95, of Woodstock College—a son, the second of the family to attend;

Mrs. H. L. Stark (Miss A. M. McKay, '94), of Toronto—a daughter;

S. R. Stephens, '98, of Grand Forks, B.C.—a son;

Rev. H. E. Stillwell, '94, of Toronto—a daughter, the second of the family to attend;

J. A. Weir, '05, of Toronto—a daughter.

To this list we might add the names of the following holders of ad eundem and honorary degrees:

The late Rev. J. E. Davis, a son doing graduate work, one of three in the family to attend;

Rev. T. Doolittle—a son;

Prof. McLay, a son;

The late Dr. Andrew Murdoch, a grandson and granddaughter.

One former student, Mr. A. J. Welch, ex-'02, has a son in attendance, and there may be other cases of this kind. It should also be stated that a number of graduates who are now living in the west have sent sons and daughters to Brandon College, which is affiliated with McMaster.

Summarizing the situation, we have represented in the student body of the University during the present session, eight Theological graduates, nine Art graduates,five ad eundem graduates, and at least one former student; a total of twenty-three who have considered their own Alma Mater the best institution for their children—a high test, as all will agree.

The following is an extract from a letter from a Mac. graduate giving some information regarding Mac. men in the University of Chicago:—"Innis is driving on as attentively as ever. He is making a good record here according to information that drifts our way. Tom Dadson has resumed his work again in the school. Chave, E.J., of '08, and Fitch, '04, are also holding up the McMaster Alumni esprit de corps on the campus. Then we have two Mac. men on the Divinity Faculty—Mode and Haydon. The latter is particularly brilliant, following in the chair of the late Dr. Foster, who, by the way, preceded Ten Broeke in McMaster.

'98.—W. W. Charters is no longer with the University of

Illinois, where we last reported him, but is now on the staff of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburg, Pa.

'99.—Rev. J. T. Jones, Pastor of the First Baptist Church, East Aurora, N.Y., has recently returned from France where he spent some time in Y.M.C.A. service.

'99.—Rev. W. T. Bunt, after five years as pastor of Parry Sound Baptist Church, has accepted a call to the church in Barrie.

'00.—Rev. O. E. Kendall has resigned his pastorate in Delhi to accept a call to Norwich. Mr. Kendall's popularity among the pastors of the denomination was demonstrated at the Ottawa Convention when he was re-elected President of the Pastors' Conference.

'01.—Robert W. Suter is Vice-Principal of King Edward High School, Vancouver, B. C. The Principal is Mr. W. K. Beech, who is also a McMaster man, in that he obtained his M. A. here in 1916.

'05.—Rev. Huson W. Wright has resigned from his pastorate in Smith's Falls, to accept a call to Victoria Avenue Church, Hamilton.

'05.—W. G. Carpenter, Superintendent of Edmonton Schools, was appointed a member of the Executive Committee of the permanent Educational Conference organized at the recent National Conference on Moral Education which was held in Winnipeg.

'07.—Eugene Challen has resigned from the staff of Perth Collegiate Institute to accept a position in the Port Hope School.

'08.—Miss Annie B. McIntosh has been appointed Resident Dean for Women at Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S. Miss McIntosh will also be instructor in social service, having taken post-graduate work in Yale in that department, and having had charge of Lowell House, New Haven, and further experience in social service work in New York.

'09.—Bruce E. Leckie, recently of Fort Frances Continuation School, is now Principal of Petrolea High School.

'09.—Rev. Gordon S. Jury, a former pastor of Cobourg Baptist Church, is going to Burmah, as a missionary, in the course of a few weeks. Mr. Jury expects to leave Canada about the first of January.

'11.—Rev. H. Wood, of Claremont, has accepted a unanimous call to the pastorate of the Port Hope Baptist Church.

'12.—Rev. H. B. Cross (ad eund), one of our returned mis-

sionaries from India, who spent the summer with the Point St. Charles Church, Montreal, has gone to the West, and has settled with the Church at Estevan, Saskatchewan. Mr. Cross will also lecture on Missions at Brandon College.

'14.—David M. Sullivan, Principal of Alexandra High School, Medicine Hat, Alta., was married on August 12th last to Miss Gertrude Cecilia McCarthy of the Commercial Department of the same school. THE MONTHLY extends congratulations.

'15.—G. C. Rudd is with the District Pay Office, Military District No. 2, Toronto.

'15.—Miss Ruth Walker will have the sympathy of her many friends in the death of her father, Rev. J. A. K. Walker, the news of whose demise has just arrived by cable from India. Mr. Walker was one of our most honored missionaries on the Telugu Field, and his passing will be a great loss to the mission. His brother, Rev. W. B. Walker, of Perth, is a graduate in theology of 1886.

'15.—Lloyd M. Houlding is now Boys' Secretary with the Y.M.C.A., London, Ont.

'16.—Miss Clara B. Hellyer is now Principal of the Consilidated School at Warrenton, Manitoba.

'17.—J. Meldrum Fawthrop is engaged in graduate work in Harvard University.

'17.—Miss Olive L. Clark, took the course at the Queen's Faculty of Education last year. Just recently the Governor-General has donated a silver medal, for general proficiency, which Miss Clark succeeded in winning last year.

'17.—Rev. Edgar Watson, of Fenelon Falls, was the successful U.F.O. candidate in the recent Provincial elections. For the present at least he will continue in his pastorate as well as attend to his duties as a member of the Legislature.

'18.—Last month we announced that Miss Aletha Hooker was on the staff of London Collegiate Institute. This was an error; we should have said Woodstock Collegiate Institute. We apologize to London for having raised false hopes in this way.

'19.—Foster M. Froom is studying law at Harvard University. This makes a group of three McMaster men in that institution, the others being A. H. Richardson, '15, and J.M. Fawthrop, '17.

'19.—Miss Lois M. Maclaurin is with the Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment in Ottawa.

Here and There

EDITOR: MISS E. MARION STILLWELL, '20.

ASST. EDITOR: MISS MARION V. ROYCE, '22.

"I have no doubt at all the devil grins
As seas of ink I spatter;
Ye gods, forgive my 'literary' sins—
The other kind don't matter."

—*Service.*

WE had at first contemplated writing a true and honest history of the election, but to do such a deed successfully one would have to be calm, composed and non-partisan;—and we must confess that we possess none of these highly desirable but extremely rare qualities when it is a question of politics *and* prohibition. Accordingly, should we attempt the impossible, put our own views and wishes in the background, and proceed to please, or to try to please, the fancy of our readers, we would find ourselves in the lamentable position of that man of song and story:—

Who seeks to please all men each way,
And not himself offend;
He may begin his work to-day,
But who knows when he'll end?

Now we have decided that the discretion is the better part of valor, and without further parley we acknowledge the *Queen's Journal*, *East and West*, *Oberlin Magazine*, and *Dalhousie Gazette*.

The Gipsy Trail.

There's a gypsy caravan waiting for me
Where thehigh-road meets the lane,
And the gypsy music throbs on the breeze
With its passion and its pain.
I must leave the fettered and sordid life
Of the city's narrow ways—
And go back to the wild, sweet earthy things,
Of the gypsy's carefree days.

My heart is afire with the thrilling call,
For I see the camp-fire bright—
And the distant trail o'er the sunset hill
In the last long rays of light;

The patteran's there by the old lane fence
I can follow as I will—
But the voice of a thousand things calls me back,
A voice that I cannot still.

* * * * *

I must needs give over my gipsy dream
To walk in the rut once more—
But always I cherish the golden thought,
Of the gypsy's open door.

—*Oberlin Magazine.*

What a curious word "blurd" is, but then it comes from America, where curious words do get born. One finds it used in an American literary paper in connexion with the "jacket" which is common ther, as it is here, to new books. We are told of the extravagant "blurds" to be found on such "jackets," meaning that things are said about the literary quality within which are, to say the least of it, a little exaggerated, like that report of Mark Twain's death while he was still alive.

—*The Book Monthly.*

Here is one aspect of Sir Walter Scott's poem on Waterloo which some of us perhaps have never noticed before:

On Waterloo's ensanguined plain
Full many a gallant man lies slain;
But none by bullet or by shot
Fell half so flat as Walter Scott.

Stude.—"Is it possible to confide a secret to you?"
Friend.—"Certainly. I will be as silent as the grave."
Stude.—"Well, then, I have a pressing need for two bucks."
Friend.—"Do not worry. It is as if I had heard nothing."

—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

The gravest man is an ass; the gravest bird is an owl;
The gravest fish is an oyster; and the gravest man is a fool!

—*Joe Miller.*

O would some power the giftie gie us!
Senior.—"Why is she so angry with the photographer?"
Seniorette.—"She found a label on the back of her picture saying: 'The original of this picture is carefully preserved!'"

—*Edinboro' Scotsman.*

To outsiders, affairs in Russia at the present time seem to be in one "grand and glorious mix-up." Possibly one's viewpoint changes with one's place of abode, however, and it may be that the Russians believe of us that "all the world's a bit queer but me and thee; and sometimes I think thee's a bit queer." James Montague in the *Daily Mail and Empire* sets forth the principles that have stirred free and new-born Russia in order that we may all read and understand them better.

In free and new-born Russia, if you have a loaf of bread,
A new-born brother comes along and raps you on the head,
And when you wake to consciousness, along about the dawn,
The new-born brother and the bread are noticeably gone.
A lot of pleasant things like that the new-born Russians do
But we shan't like them over here till we are new-born, too.

In free and new-born Russia, if a house you chance to own,
The neighbors are so neihgborly you're never left alone.
They sleep by dozens in your beds, and when they leave next day
They take the knives and forks and spoons and furniture away.
No wonder that the Russians view America with scorn,
We do not do that over here, for we are not new-born!

In free and new-born Russia, when you step from your abode,
You're grabbed and taken out of town to work upon the road.
And if you try to get away, or even glance about,
A husky moujik pats you with a rough, corrective knout.
We might be doing thnigs like that around about this way
But fortunately for us all, we weren't born yesterday!

At the Rex.—"Look here, Charlie, we can't get any of the waiters to take our orders."

Charlie.—"Beg pardon, sir, but in view of the present shortage of help our waiters no longer take orders, they receive requests." —*Brandon College Quill.*

There is a nip and tang in the air which reminds that winter is fast approaching. But before Jack Frost holds undisputed sway over the land, Indian Summer with her robes of crimson and gold peeps in at the door for one fleeting moment.

Bending above the spicy woods which blaze,
Arch skies so blue they flash, and hold the sun
Immeasurably far; the waters run
Too slow, so freighted are the river-ways
With gold of elms and birches from the maze
Of forests. Chestnuts clicking one by one
Escape from satin burrs; her fringes done,
The gentian spreads them out in sunny days,
And, like late revellers at dawn, the chance ?
Of one sweet, mad, last hour all things assail,
And conquering, flush and spin, while, to enhance
The spell, by sunset door, wrapped in a veil
Of red and purple mists, the summer, pale,
Steals back alone for one more song and dance.

—Ex.

In view of certain recent events of nation-wide interest, the following remarks seem particularly apropos. We quote from Patrick Murphy: "We poor citizens of the U.S. of Amendments can at least cross the Atlantic for an annual alcoholiday."

General Pershing declares that "to say the British people are cold is a great libel." But in view of the coal situation, it may soon, unhappily, be a great truth.

Ex-Crown Prince who believes that he will be recalled, may learn that some things have depreciated even more than the mark.—*Wall Street Journal.*

Have you ever tried it?

You can tell the English
You can tell the Dutch,
You can tell the Yankees,
But you can't tell them *much*!

In the last issue of the *Canadian Bookman* there appeared an article entitled "The Paper Cover," the writer of which tells us that a demand has been made for a less expensive style of production for new publications. He further advocates the substitution of paper covers for the expensive cloth bindings which are in vogue at present. At first glance, one would be tempted to agree with him, for certainly libraries could be increased rapidly were the price of books less. But after all, a booklover takes a pride in the appearance as well as in the quantity of his books. In fact the majority of them would probably agree that

quality was more desirable than quantity. Viewing the matter in that light, we are loath to hear rumors to the effect that cloth bindings are to be abandoned in favor of paper covers. Long live the cloth cover!

Thought will submit to no slavery, and by virtue of thought man is supreme in the world. Says Pascal, "Man is but a reed, the very frailest of nature, but he is a reed that thinks. It needs not that the whole universe should arm to crush him. He died from an exhalation from a drop of water. But should the universe conspire to crush him, man would still be nobler than that by which he falls, for he knows that he dies, and of the victory which the Universe has over him, the Universe knows nothing."

A little gain, a little pain,
A laugh, lest you may moan;
A little blame, a little fame,
A star gleam on a stone.

—*Service.*

Nature never did betray the heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege through all the years of this life, to lead from joy to joy; for she can so inform the mind that is within us, so impress with quietness and beauty, and so feed with lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues, rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men, nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all the dreary intercourse of daily life, shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb our cheerful faith, that all which we behold is full of blessings. —*Wordsworth.*

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A Monarch of the Rockies.

A Canadian painting exhibited at the Canadian National Exhibition, 1919.

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A COMPARISON AND CONTRAST

BETWEEN

VAUGHAN'S "THE RETREAT" AND WORDSWORTH'S "ODE ON THE INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY."

THERE are so many points of similarity between Wordsworth's "Ode" and Vaughan's "Retreat" that, after a careful reading of both poems, one cannot help coming to the conclusion that Wordsworth must have been familiar with Vaughan and have been influenced by him to some extent. As a matter of fact it is now known that Wordsworth's library contained a copy of the rare first edition of "Silex Scintillans" (1650), in which the "Retreat" appeared.

Henry Vaughan styled himself the "Silurist" because his home was in the southern part of Wales originally inhabited by the ancient British tribe of the Silures. While practising as a country physician in the latter half of the seventeenth century, he wrote a number of poems which display a remarkable knowledge of and insight into nature. But his works remained pracally unknown until, towards the end of the eighteenth century, the above-mentioned volume came into the hands of Wordsworth. No doubt it was Vaughan's imaginative outlook on nature and his devout mysticism which appealed to the later poet.

In order to understand the comparison, a brief summary of each of the poems might be helpful.

Vaughan first of all tells us how happy he was in the days of his infancy, before he had wandered far from his "first Love,"

Christ; when a cloud or flower would still give him a glimpse of eternity and of the divine; and when as yet he had not become a hardened sinner, but through his earthly frame could feel

"Bright shoots of everlastingness."

He then says that, were it not for his spiritual weariness, he would long to retrace his steps and return to that glorious condition of his childhood. He concludes by saying,

"Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move;
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return."

In the first four stanzas of the "Ode" Wordsworth contrasts the impression now made on him by a beautiful scene with the impression he would have received in his childhood. The scene would then have been invested with radiant splendour, but now he feels that something is lacking. He strives to overcome his melancholy mood and to assume a gaiety in keeping with the joyousness of nature. But the sight of some particular tree or field again produces in him a feeling of sadness, because it reminds him of "something that is gone."

The second part of the poem was written more than two years later, and in the interval Wordsworth had lost his brother John. His brother's death caused him to consider earnestly the questions whether death is the end of life, and why the glorious visions of our youth become dimmed with age. He reached his conclusions through a study of the spiritual life of the child as manifested in his contact with the world; and he adopted the Platonic idea that the soul existed before birth and goes on existing after death.

The fifth stanza opens with a confident note—

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting."

The soul of the child "cometh from afar . . trailing clouds of glory." This vision of glory remains to a less extent with the growing boy and youth, but in manhood it "fades into the light of common day." Earth does her best to make her foster-child "forget the glories he hath known"; and in the meantime

the child progresses rapidly by imitation of his elders. He does not, however, entirely lose his insight into truths "which we are toiling all our lives to find." But why is he in such a hurry to exchange these treasures for the yoke which custom, convention and prejudice will lay upon him in the years to come? In the ninth stanza Wordsworth pours out praise and thanks for his youthful "questionings of sense and outward things" and his "shadowy recollections" of pre-existence. The latter can be renewed in a period of quiet meditation. So the poet breaks into a joyful song, since he is once again in tune with the gladness of the May-morning. Although he has lost "the radiance which was once so bright," he still retains his childhood's sympathy with nature, and in addition has the understanding which comes through suffering. Wordsworth concludes the "Ode" by saying,

> "To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

All his love of nature is now transfigured by the light of human sympathy. He not only admires the clouds for their beauty, but he regards them as symbols of human grief. The flower reminds him of the beauty of human life, but also of its transience —the thought that lies "too deep for tears."

Both Vaughan and Wordsworth believe that we have had a previous existence, of which we have occasional glimmerings. In reference to this Vaughan says,

> "Before I understood this place
> Appointed for my second race."

And Wordsworth declares that

> "The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star
> Hath elsewhere had its setting,
> And cometh from afar."

Vaughan's poem, however, reveals a devout Christian faith, whereas Wordsworth's "Ode" shows not the slightest sign of such a faith. His is a purely pagan conception of the soul and of eternity. Both poets believe that in early childhood we have very vivid recollections of a former life. Vaughan speaks about his "Angel-infancy," and Wordsworth says,

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

Vaughan believes that in his childhood he felt

"Bright shoots of everlastingness."

and Wordsworth speaks about the youth being attended by "the vision splendid," and having "those shadowy recollections." Apparently Vaughan thinks that these recollections end with childhood, but Wordsworth speaks about having these renewed experiences even now "in a season of calm weather."

In Wordsworth's Ode there is not only a remarkable similarity in thought to some of the ideas in Vaughan's "Retreat," but there are also many cases of the use of some of the same words. For instance, Vaughan speaks about gazing on "some gilded *cloud* or *flower*," and Wordsworth tells about the significance there is for him in "The *Clouds* that gather round the setting sun," and in "the meanest *flower* that blows."

In the "Retreat" we have the passages

"And in those weaker *glories* spy
Some shadows of eternity;"

and

"Where first I left my *glorious* train."

But in Wordsworth's "Ode" this recurrence of some form of the word "glory" is remarkable. It occurs no less than eight times and even at the risk of excessive use of quotations, it is worth while noting the following passages and the stanzas in which they occur:

"The *glory* and the freshness of a dream."	I
"The sunshine is a *glorious* birth."	II
"That there hath passed away a *glory* from the earth."	II
"Whither is fled the visionary gleam? Where is it now, the *glory* and the dream?"	IV
"But trailing clouds of *glory* do we come."	V
"To make her Foster-child, her Inmate man Forget the *glories* he hath known."	VI
"Thou little Child, yet *glorious* in the might Of heaven-born freedom—"	VIII

"Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of *glory* in the flower." X

Wordsworth also repeats the ideas of sunshine, light, brightness, gladness, joy and hope. Throughout the greater part of the poem there is a distinct note of joy and triumph.

Vaughan longs to go back to the days of his innocence. His desire is

"That I might once more reach that plain
Where first I left my glorious train."

But Wordsworth, even in maturity, occasionally has these experiences and convictions renewed—not so frequently and vividly as in childhood, but sufficiently so to strengthen his faith in immortality and pre-existence. He says,

"Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither."

Strangely enough, Vaughan mentions a "plain," while Wordsworth says, "Though inland far we be."

One of Wordsworth's great contributions is that he teaches us courage. It is typical of him to fight against gloom and despair. Vaughan states that,

" . . . . my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way."

But Wordsworth has a much more healthy outlook on life when he says,

"The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction."

In each poem the author looks back with regret to the days of his childhood, but Wordsworth adopts a much more sane and hopeful attitude. It is not good for us to be always looking back, and to feel that the future holds nothing in store for us. Wordsworth's is not a poem of regret for past things. It touches the note of regret, but he has received compensation

"In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind."

Vaughan frankly admits that his deep desire is to go back to the condition of his childhood. There is no hint of a desire for the

development of his soul as a result of passing through this life. According to Wordsworth, immortality is implanted in the soul. The child has it; but the man who, after passing through a period of doubt, still retains it and has the conviction of faith, is farther advanced than the child.

—Edgar W. Pyke, '19.

CHRISTMAS MORN.

Come happy morn, serene and fair,
With outstretched hand, thy breath of prayer:
Come with thy faintly smiling eyes,
And brow whereon majestic rise
Suns of eternal morn.

Come happy morn, for see, and hark!
A world lies waiting in the dark,
With throbbing heart and straining gaze,
To catch the first up-springing rays,
Oh happy, happy, morn!

The whispering stars will see it first,
From star to star the tidings burst—
Their paling faces earthward bowed,
While men and angels worship loud
The Christ who is the morn.

—By the late Blanche Bishop, '94.

Reprinted from the "McMaster Muse."

Skippi, nippi,
Hippi, Zippi,
Rip, Zap ,Zaw,

The crisp "thirty-below" air resounded with merry shouts as the gay crowd of young folks gathered on the station platform. It was the day before Christmas, the holidays had begun and the students from the college were off for home.

"Have you got my bag, Jim? No, the other one—the one with my books in it."

" 'Books,' Marj, what are you taking them home for?"

"Merely for the sake of the family, Billy. They might feel disappointed in me if I didn't bring them home."

"Be sure and bring back lots of 'eats,' all of you."

"Don't forget that box of fudge you are bringing me, Judy."

"Be sure and study hard so you won't get all thirds, Grace."

"Oh, cut out the sarcasm, Jim."

"Here we go."

"Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

—A chorus of good-byes.

. . . . . .

The two girls left standing on the platform turned and walked through the station and up the street.

"Well," said Gwen, "that's the last bunch off."

"Yes, and the old hall will seem mighty quiet until they get back."

"Oh, we'll have a good time, Mary. I had stacks of fun here last Christmas. There will be about eight of us girls, and two lady teachers,—just a nice little crowd."

"I dont' think Barbara Burnaby will enjoy herself very much. She seems to prefer to keep to herself, and it will be rather hard in such a small bunch."

"Well, I think it is mighty funny that she's never got very friendly with any of the girls in the school. Even she and her room-mate don't appear very intimate."

"Oh, they're too different. Madge is such a fly-away imp and Barbara is so reserved. I hope **all** Easterners aren't like her. She's a spoiled child if there ever was one. I think she must be used to having a big fuss made over her at home, and now that the family has moved West, and she has come to a school where no one knows her, she finds it hard to be neglected. Having to stay here for the holidays, on account of some contagious disease or other, in the family, is about the 'last straw,' I guess."

"I don't like her attitude at all, but perhaps we ought to be nice to her and try to get her to thaw out. She can't be having a very happy time. In the meantime, let's drop in here for some hot chocolate."

. . . . . .

Barbara stood at her window looking out at a still cold city. With languid interest she watched a figure, dark against the white snow, trudging along the opposite sidewalk. The sky above the white roofs was cold and gray.

She turned slowly from the window and blankly stared around the room in all its disorder. Her room-mate, as usual, had left in haste.

A sudden knock sounded at the door and without waiting for a response Gwen rushed in.

"Hello, Barbara! What are you doing here in the darkness? Come on into my room and see the most wonderful sunset that ever brightened a western sky. It's grand!"

Barbara followed Gwen across the hall in silence and when they reached the window Gwen said:

"There! Isn't that wonderful? And isn't it nice to have a specially lovely sunset for Christmas eve?"

"I didn't know it was so lovely," replied Barbara.

As they were watching the beautiful stretch of changing colors the supper bell sounded.

In the dining-room the eighteen or twenty students and teachers who were remaining in the residences for the holidays, found their places set at one long table. Everyone was in the best of spirits, and even Mr. Ewing, the head of the men's residence, who occupied the head of the table, neglected to tap his bell when the thirty-one and a half minutes generally allowed for the meal had elapsed. Finally he arose and announced that a moon-light toboggan excursion was planned for the evening. Everybody was invited to attend, wearing no less than five coats or sweaters, and numerous pairs of socks and mittens. His announcement was greeted with loud applause.

On the way up the stairs, Gwen caught Barbara's arm and said to her smilingly, "Your 'roomie' is away, and so is mine, so won't you come and room with me for the holidays, Barby?"

"Oh, I'd love to," answered Barbara.

"All right, move some of your things in now. There isn't much room, I know. My 'wife' and I never leave any space we can use, but you won't mind some slight inconvenience, will you?"

"No, indeed I won't," said Barbara, and rushed up the stairs, three steps at a time.

Gwen gasped, then laughed and called after her, "Discipline is relaxed during the holidays, Barby, so you won't be reprimanded for such unlady-like behaviour."

"Barby, Barby," Barbara was singing to herself. "Isn't that the dearest name in the world? No one ever called me that before."

. . . . . .

"All here at last," said Bob. Wright, master of ceremonies, as the last muffled figures joined those already gathered in the hall. "All ready, fellows, you'll find the toboggan just outside the door."

The word was passed around that everybody was invited to the home of a kind-hearted faculty member for lunch after the tobogganing. Delighted at this prospect the party started on the long walk to the hill in that merriest of merry moods that "comes but once a year."

"Have you done much tobogganing, Miss Burnaby?" asked Bob as they walked quickly along the hard white road.

"No, I haven't, this is my first time. Something always happened to prevent my going on the other parties, or else it was so cold I was afraid to attempt it."

"Oh, you get used to the cold if you go out a lot. It's really a wonderful climate. But, of course, **this** isn't cold. If it were forty-five or fifty below—."

"You'd be hugging the radiator and hollering for more steam, Bob, and you know it," broke in one of the other boys. Bob laughed and changed the subject.

The toboggans whizzed down the long hill, and the moon was shining brightly. Barbara was having a glorious time. The lunch at the prof's house afterward could not have been more enjoyable.

. . . . .

When Gwen and Barbara reached their room late that night they were both tired but happy.

"Will you promise me something, Gwen?" asked Barbara, when the light was out and they were pulling the covers up around their ears.

"Sure. What is it?" came in a sleepy muffled voice from Gwen's bed.

"That you'll keep on calling me 'Barby.'"

"Yes ,I promise. Good-night, Barby."

"Good-night."

* * * * *

Gradually Barbara realized that something was waking her up—music of some kind. Yes, someone was singing. She recognized the wonderful words:

"It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold.

'Peace on earth, goodwill to men,
From Heaven's all-gracious King,'
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing."

The boys were serenading the girls with Christmas carols. Barbara saw that Gwen was awake and as she listened she smiled happily to herself realizing that Christmas is wonderful wherever you spend it if you have some one to care whether you are happy or not.

—Helen B. Cline, '21.

A certain man of Bagdad dreamed one night that in a certain house in a certain street in Cairo he should find a treasure. To Egypt, accordingly, he set forth, and met in the Desert with one who was on his road from Cairo to Bagdad, having dreamt that in a certain house in a certain street there he should find a treasure; and lo, each of these men had been directed to the other's house to find a treasure that only needed looking for in his own."

—Edward Fitzgerald, in his *"Polonius."*

LEICESTER SQUARE! Here I'll stand and see the crowds go by! This is my stage! Here I'll watch the people—their exits and their entrances! Here come the old and the young, the sad and the merry, the saintly (a few), and the vicious; faces aglow with life, and faces sunken and hopeless. Flowers of Nature are blooming in the square; flowers of humanity are fading round the square! Here are people of almost every race. This is not England! England in quiet and dignity bears her war-wounds—not here, but in the garden suburbs of old London, and in all the dreamy hamlets of the land.

An officer turns aside from the crowd. Why this intrusion? What does he want with me?

"Canadian, aren't you?"

"I am!"

"Looking for a place for the night?"

"Yes! What's the big idea?"

"Well—that depends! I don't know very much about you—yet."

"Nor I of you! If your interest is relative to my money-belt, I left it in the bank—and I'm quite sober; perhaps you'll have better luck with your next man."

The officer laughed. "No! I'm not out to do you. I'm working for the Y.M.C.A. I patrol this part of the city from ten to one a.m.—picking up Canadians who are drunk, or in the company—"

"And, quite naturally, in the pursuit of your duties, you came upon me. To which class do I belong—the drunks, or—?"

"To neither! But I've seen you for some time. You're rather an unusual figure standing here. You looked a bit lonely, so I came to speak to you. A penny for your thoughts."

"A ha'penny will buy them all! I wasn't thinking—just wondering, wondering if the people who pass here, the army—

and all mankind, weren't a lot of fools running after bubbles—sound and fury signifying nothing!''

Oh! You're a looker-on! That's the penalty you pay for being a spectator. Don't think—and doubt. Get busy. Love and hate sink into nothing while you stare at Fate. What were you before you joined the army? A student?''

''Yes! I think so!''

''Well—to return! You said you had no place to stay. The Y. is in touch with many good homes in the city—people who would be glad to have you for a few days—their own boys are away. If you are going out of London, similar arrangements are made in all the cities of England and Scotland.''

''Thanks! But to revert to the truth—now that I know who you are—I have a bed at the Beaver Hut for the night, and I'm going to Cornwall in the morning. I dare not call upon my London friends: they're too hospitable. On my last leave I stopped in London to see friends. The result was that I remained six whole days. It took some explaining to satisfy my relatives in Cornwall. The like must not occur again. But—your duties of patrol: what do you do? What success do you meet with? Why are you in it?''

''Oh, it's interesting—it keeps a good many young chaps out of trouble. Sometimes there are scenes, but I'm doing the work because—well, it's better being good than bad, better still to help others. What University are you from?''

''McMaster! Ever heard of it? And you?''

''I was a divinity student at McGill. Your name?''

''A——!''

''Rather unusual—but I've heard it somewhere. My name's L——.''

''Ah! I've heard that name, too. Glen Lyon, Alberta! Were you a student-preacher there—about nine years ago?''

''Yes! And you were the summer teacher?''

''I was.''

''Strange! And here we meet in the heart of London!''

"I took you for a rogue and lo! an old time friend."

"Dear old Western days! Remember our races along the Battle River—you on your blind old grey, I on my stolid mule? And our mutual company—the pretty stenog. from Edmonton, who had an engagement ring—"

"Aye! in the bottom of her trunk!"

"Remember our first meeting? In the shack of Ole Hansen —crippled with rheumatism!"

"Yes! I called upon him Saturday morning. You had washed his face and were combing his hair. I think you must have done the same for all your parishioners. Is that why they've enrolled you among the Saints? And now! you're carrying on in London—during your ten days' leave. Bravo!"

"Nothing like it! Come to the kiosk, and let's talk things over. —K.

JOSHUA IZAAK MANTHORNE.

WE regret to announce that Rev. Joshua Izaak Manthorne, of the class of 1897, died on July 11, 1919, at Somerville, Massachusetts, where he had been pastor of the Union Square Presbyterian Church since 1916. Born on April 4th, 1871, in Mill Village, Nova Scotia, he prepared for the University at Woodstock College and was admitted to the degree of B.A. at McMaster in 1897, and of B.Th. in 1900.

Of the twenty-three members of the class of 1897, he is the fifth to pass away, the other four being Edwin P. Churchill, Edith May McDermid, George H. Murdoch, and James A Tiller. The other members are E. W. Brown, J. H. Cameron, A. G. Campbell, Minnie D. Eby, Prof. R. D. George (University of Colorado), Dr. H. N. McKechnie, Mrs. J. T. Marshall, Professor I. G. Matthews, (formerly of McMaster, now a pastor in New Haven, Conn., and on the staff of Yale), Prof. P. G. Mode (Uni-

versity of Chicago), Principal A.M. Overholt (Brantford Collegiate Institute), Rev. W. J. Pady, J. J. Patterson, T. N. Ritchie, Rev. G. H. Sneyd, Rev. F. T. Tapscott, Rev. W. R. Telford, Dean J. F. Vichert (Colgate University), and Mrs. P. G. Mode (formerly Mabel F. Wolverton).

After graduating from this University he obtained the degree of M. A. from both Illinois and Chicago, and was awarded the degree of D.D. by Oskaloosa College, Iowa.

In August, 1901, he was married in Mitchell, Ontario, to Miss M. Alexina Mulheson, who survives him with their three children, Eloise, Donald and Bryce. Mrs. Manthorne has removed to Manitoba, where her daughter Eloise entered Brandon College this autumn as an undergraduate of McMaster.

Though he has been for almost twenty years out of touch with his Alma Mater, he is well remembered by the three or four present professors who were on the staff when he was here. They, along with his fellow students of the nineties, have heard of his early death with sincere regret. One who knew him well describes him as a good man, a good father, a good husband, and a good Christian. During late years he suffered intensely, but his suffering made him only more sympathetic with the sick and the sorrowful in his congregations. Not a few who might have yielded to the stress of adversity owe their present prosperous condition to a word of timely encouragement from him. He had a large heart, and was quickly moved to active sympathy with all who were unfortunate. Morning and night he was always ready to answer the call of distress. He loved life, and all that made it desirable and beautiful. To his sorrowing widow and children, his old friends at McMaster offer their sincere sympathy and their hope that they will find comfort in the assurance that their loved one has entered into the reward of his labor.

In Memoriam

Glenn H. Campbell

PROFESSOR OF LATIN

McMASTER UNIVERSITY

Died

IN TORONTO

DECEMBER 8, 1919

The McMaster University Monthly

EIGHT NUMBERS A YEAR

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VOL. XXIX. TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1919 No. 3

Editorial Notes

The services of the Church at the Christmas season are extremely tender and inspiring. They dwell on the beautiful story of the origin of our faith, and the pastoral scenes that accompanied its announcement. They gradually increase in fervour and pathos until they break forth in full jubilee on the morning that brought peace and goodwill to men. I do not know a grander effect of music on the moral feelings, than to hear the full choir and the pealing organ performing a Christ-

mas anthem in a cathedral, and filling every part of the vast pile with triumphant harmony.

. . . . . .

It is a beautiful arrangement , derived from the days of yore, that this festival, which commemorates the announcement of the religion of peace and love, has been made the season for gathering together of family connexions, and drawing closer again those bands of kindred hearts, which the cares and pleasures and sorrows of the world are continually operating to cast loose; of calling back the children of a family, who have launched forth in life, and wandered widely asunder, once more to assemble about the paternal hearth, that rallying place of the affections, there to grow young and loving again among the endearing mementoes of childhood.

—*Washington Irving.*

The Eighth International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement will be held in Des Moines, Iowa, beginning December 31st, and closing January 4th. It is our privilege and pleasure as a University to send nine delegates to this Convention,—Messrs. Kitchen, Smith, Jones, Paterson and Tiffin, and the Misses Stillwell, Pearce, Trotter and Fleming. Our representatives to the Conventions in the past have returned to give a great spiritual impulse to our own institution, and we are looking forward to great things this year.

The sketches which brighten the pages of "College News" and "Here and There" have been kindly contributed by Miss E. A. Anderson, '21, Mr. E. W. Pyke, B.A., and Mr. Jack Taylor, '22,—to whom we are very much indebted for their assistance.

As a University we deeply feel the loss of our late professor, Glenn H. Campbell. The news of his death on December

8th came as a shock to us all. To his wife and son, parents and relatives, we extend our sincere sympathy in their bereavement. In an early issue of the MONTHLY we hope to publish an article on his life.

The McMaster Monthly

extends to all its readers

Hearty Christmas Greetings

and

Best Wishes for the New Year

AROUND THE HALL

EDITOR: O. H. McDONALD, '21.

"For meadows silver-white with hoary dew;
For sheer delight of tasting once again
That first crisp breath of winter in the air;
The pictured pane; the new white world without;
The sparkling hedgerow's witchery of lace;
The soft white flakes that fold the sleeping earth;
The cold without, the cheerier warmth within;
For all the flower and fruit of Christmas-tide;
For all the glowing heart of Christmas-tide;—
We thank Thee, Lord!"
—*John Oxenham.*

"'Tis the season for kindling the fire of hospitality in the hall, the genial fire of charity in the heart."—*Washington Irving.*

IT was on Christmas Eve, eighteen hundred and eleven, that our founder, William McMaster, was born: therefore is the Christmas season of unique interest to us of McMaster University. This occasion has been honored with the following lines, written by the late Chancellor Rand, for the inauguration of Founders Day in '91:

Fit day, thy natal eve,
Thy earth day morn!
Man's day, when Christ was born!
Day that did Heaven bereave!
Our reverent hearts would count this school again
Among the gifts the Christ received of men.

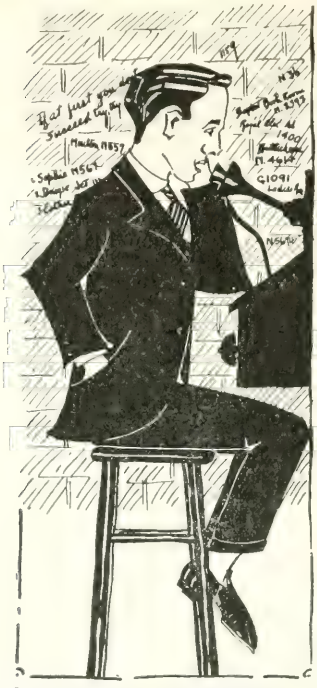
Our time is big with change—
Lights shift and veer;
Great souls of yesteryear
Are gone,—and are we strange?
O Founder blest, our 'during love is thine;
We too would worship Him, the Christ divine.

Founder's Night, November 28th, was celebrated with all its pre-war splendor and gaiety. The guests some four hundred in number were received by Chancellor and Mrs. McCrimmon, Mr. Basil Gilbert, 'the "Kakiak," and Miss Helen Kerr, the "head girl." Promenades were the order of the evening,—through the prettily festooned corridors, in and out of Castle Memorial Hall with its decorations of green foliage, and red and white streamers, and even into the students' precincts upstairs. **Founder's Night.**

The rooms decorated by the various years were the main centres of interest. The Seniors' room won the prize,—a Japanese scene representing "Fujiyama Valley," ablaze with red poppies, and with a huge central aquarium in which were little ducks and gold fish. "Beside the Zuyder Zee," a dainty Dutch scene in blue and white, was the Juniors' retreat. The Sophs. had a purple and gold "Victory Room," containing the roll of honor, the pictured Prince of Wales, a winged victory, and many rifles and shells; while the Freshmen's "Bit of Blarney," green as Ireland itself, held a miniature Blarney Castle, stone and all. The Theologs made tasteful decorations in the reception room,while the Alumnae arranged the reading room in true Chinese style, where, to the accompaniment of a real Chinese orchestra, they sold home-made candy in aid of the future women's residence. In addition to these, the Biological and Physics Laboratories had been opened to the visitors, where much interest was evinced in the microscope, X-ray and other exhibits. But the room most in favor of all was the Dining Room where refreshments were served during the latter half of the evening. The 1919-20 Founder's Night was a splendid success, and many have declared it "the best ever."

Echoes from Fujiyama Valley:—Convener of Lumber Committee to Convener of Dicky Bird Committee: "The Convener of the Painting and Paper Hanging Committee has smeared paste all over the place and now the Convener of the Sod Committee insists on running his pesky lawn-mower over everybody's toes."

Convener of Dicky Bird Committee to ditto Lumber Committee: "Yes, and the Convener of the Palm Tree Committee absolutely refuses to allow me to hang my birds in his trees, and the Convener of the Gold Fish Committee has spoiled the whole effect by putting finnan haddies in the fish pond."



POINTS OF INTEREST NO. 3.

THE PHONE BOX.

The interior of our phone box is liberally inscribed with names and numbers, dear to the hearts of the students of the past. Some strange companions are found. The Baptist Book Room reposes in the very heterodox company of the Royal Alexandra. A callous youth has placed several feminine names in a column followed by the phone number of each, and has had the extreme effrontery to number them one, two, three, etc. —presumably in order of merit! Another somewhat similar list is headed with the inscription, "If at first you don't succeed. . . . . "

Central will tell you that College 4902 is one of the busiest phones in the city of Toronto,—and that very strangely, it shows a marked affinity for another, College 1091 by name, reputed to be of distant feminine characteristics. It is said that these two have carried on many a secret conversation, and that each has shown a startling perspicacity into the most intimate affairs of College life. Rumor even goes to the length of saying that College 4902 has been known to have "made a date" with College 1091!

Whouph-anphouph Society.

At 11.33 p.m., October 22nd, in Room 35, McMaster Hall, a number of stduents performed an interesting and eminently successful experiment in the transmigration of souls. The facts are as follows: Some time ago the "Nip and Tuck" (of sacred memory) succumbed to a lingering illness, and was safely laid to rest by loving hands in the garden of memories, but on several occasions this fall, its restless spirit, freed from the body, was seen wandering aimlessly about our corridors, homeless and disconsolate. And those who remembered, with gratitude, the sprightly days of the orphaned spirit's youth,saw what a shame it was that its age should know such destitution. So on the dark night mentioned above, a few kindly sympathisers took it in hand, trotted it off to the "fountain of youth," doctored it up with extract of rejuvenescence, and installed in a handsome new residence, specially constructed for its habitation known as the"sassiety" of "Whouphanphouphers." Now, your orthodoxy may prevent you from accepting the doctrine of "transmigration" in its entirety, but these facts concerning a particular instance are irrefutable.

A word or two about this last prodigy. In the first place it has an extremely intricate organisation. Its officials are twenty-four in number and run all the way from an Honorary President to an Undertaker. The privileges of membership are open to the Vice-President and to the male members in good standing of the Sophomore, Junior, Senior and Graduate Years.—and Theology.

As for its purposes, the "Whouphanphouph" will retain the gastronomical and impositional functions of the old "Nip and Tuck," although owing to the high cost of subsisting, the gastronomical activities will not be so prominent as in the pre-war organisation. One of its foremost duties will be the promotion of noise and hilarity, and in one of these departments it has already proven itself a "howling" success. In a business way it undertakes to handle divorce cases and breach of promise suits, give lessons in plain and fancy fussing, tame intractable

characters, shadow suspicious individuals, arrange trials by combat, conduct executions and funerals and examine students for the ministry. New duties will be undertaken as need arises.

This is the War Cry:

(Solo) Gee-cama-lay-eye-oh!
(Chorus) Gee!
(Solo) Gee-cama-lay-eye-oh!
(Chorus) Gee!
(Solo) Gee-cama-lay-eye-oh!
(Chorus) Gee!
Haw!
Hoy-yah! Hay-yah! Hoy-yah! chow!
Whouphanphouph! Whouphanphouph!
(Crescendo) Wow! Wow!! Wow!!!

First Interyear Debate

On the evening of Friday November 21st, the Sophs and Freshmen opened the debating season in Castle Memorial Hall. The Freshmen were quite conspicuous by their verdant banner, the Sophs were making lots of noise and excitement in general was running high. In order to calm them down, Mr. H. N. Stephens consented to sing. Then followed the debate, "Resolved that municipal public utilities be owned and controlled by the municipality." Year '23 upheld the affirmative, with Mr. George Henry and Mr. Earl Anderson. Mr. Gordon Atkinson and Mr. E. Osborne, of Year '22, took the negative. The Freshmen argued that in a democracy two or more street car lines should be in operation so that the citizens might have the personal liberty of choosing which one they wished to patronize. The Sophs did their best to take all the supports from under the Freshies. After deep thought and long consideration the judges, voting two to one, awarded the decision to the affirmative. Professor Mueller made a very kindly criticism, with encouraging words to both sides. Following the debate Miss Reekie sang, accompanied by Miss Shields. Then came "Thy Praises" and the class yells.

A bright brief song service opened the morning session of the first Fyfe Day on November 19th. President Watson then read the Scripture Lesson, and Dr. Gilmour led in prayer. Interesting and inspiring reports of the Brome Lake Conference were given by our delegates, Messrs. Watson, Burgess and Kitchen. Rev. H. B. Coumans, of the Home Mission Board, was the special speaker of the morning. He approached the subject of Home Missions from the viewpoint of the Missionary, with his discouragements and joys in this great service. In the afternoon, Rev. Dr. R. P. Mackay, of the Presbyterian Foreign Mission Board, gave a very inspiring address on Foreign Missions. The two sessions of the day were a blessing and help to us all.

Fyfe Day

Our efforts in search of material for the Christmas MONTHLY has resulted in the discovery of some quite unexpected poetic talent. This is a communication we have received:

Dear Editor: in vain I turn
To every kind of theme,
My genius simply will not burn,
Of course, it's very mean.
You spoke of Christmas peace and love
To give an inspiration.
I've turned unto the heavens above
And scenes in every nation,—
And I can only send regret
I'd love to write a story.
But I have never done it yet, —
To you I leave the glory.

"*I must thank you* for the lovely flowers you sent me," said the fair young lady as they left the house, "they were so sweet and fresh one would almost think there was still some dew on them!"

"Yes," grunted the freshman, "I promised to pay that next week."

EDITOR: MISS MARJORIE MALLAGH, '20.
ASST. EDITOR: MISS HELEN GILMOUR, '21.

A Christmas Wish.

HAT you may have sound health and dreamless sleep; clear spaces every day in which to work; kind friends to sympathize and say, "Well done!" —but failing any one of these, or all, that you may still be brave and do your work with cheerfulness.

That you may know the sweet surprises God has placed for you along life's thorny road—the sudden burst of sunshine through the cloud; the little lilt of song that stirs your heart;—the keen delight of tree and flower and moonlight on the snow; the unexpected meeting with old friends who've known you long, and love you.

That you may have one honest enemy who knows your faults and sees your affectations, and who never spares, and so shall save you from the smug complacency of those whom all call "friend."

That you may be saved from temptation in your weakest hour; the sting of poverty; corroding power of wealth which whispers "What's the use?"; the weary boredom of the idle folk who hinder honest work; and lonely, bitter thoughts in cold, black nights.—*Nellie L. McClung.*

Reception

Friday, November 7th was a Red Letter Day for the McMaster women. From nine in the morning until four in the afternoon there was much running to and fro, and much careful planning for this was the day of the annual reception. All day mysterious parcels kept arriving. Some contained sandwiches or cake, others, borrowed tea services or candlesticks; all contained something to be used at the reception.

By dint of hard work, everything was in readiness by four o'clock when the guests began to arrive. The chapel was the

first centre of attraction. There the guests were entertained for an hour by the freshettes, who sought to soothe away all cares by the presentation of a couple of skits. When this program was over it was time for tea, and the three prettily decorated tables, in the Ladies' Room, Faculty Room and Chapel, were soon surrounded by the ladies. Each freshette, immediately abandoning her rôle as actress, passed sandwiches, cake and ice cream, with as much grace as she had shown upon the stage. A cup of tea and pleasant conversation made the moments fly quickly, and thus six o'clock and the departure of the guests came all too soon.

W. L. S.

As a result of the splendid plans which Miss MacGregor has made for the girls to learn of the various vocations open to University women, we were privileged to hear on the afternoon of Friday, November 14th, Miss Marjory MacMurchy, who spoke on Journalism and Newspaper work. Miss MacMurchy's strong and charming personality immediately made an impression, which was strengthened during the course of her talk on her work, its demands and its rewards. We learned that there is no particular training required—it is best to start as a newspaper reporter and learn as experience teaches. No particular literary genius is demanded; but to learn to write well, one must read and read and read, as much as possible, standard literature and what others in journalistic work are writing. A girl must possess, too, a deep and sympathetic interest in people, determination not to be defeated in what she has set out to accomplish, and splendid health, the requirements of long and uncertain hours making this imperative. Miss MacMurchy, compared the status of women among newspaper folk in Canada with that in the United States, to the advantage of Canadian women. She also pointed out the great opportunities for University women in this comparatively unexplored sphere of work.

At the close of the talk, Miss MacGregor entertained us at tea, and in the social half hour we met Miss MacMurchy, who answered any enquiries about her work. We are indeed grateful to both Miss MacMurchy and Miss MacGregor for an afternoon so profitably and pleasantly spent.

Y. W. C. A.

The meeting of November 1st ,was arranged by the Missionary Committee, and as Foreign Missions had received the greater share of our interest in the past, it was decided to give this meeting to the consideration of Home Missions. Rev. H. B. Coumans was secured to address us, and those who had heard his inspiring message on Fyfe Day came in a state of high expectancy and were not disappointed. Mr. Coumans' address revealed to us, as Christian girls, our responsibility to the immediate community in which we live, as well as to the world at large.

Rev. MacLean, of Memorial Institute, in a brief address of five minutes placed before us the work of the Saturday morning play school at the Institute and the great need of helpers there. He asked for volunteers, and we hope that those who are not burdened with lectures on Saturday mornings will respond to the invitation and help the Institute.

Athletics

Each year since its organization, the Women's Athletic Association has been making progress by leaps and bounds, and although its activities have been somewhat hampered this fall by the results of vaccination, everything is once again in full swing.

The Walmer Road tennis courts were again secured for the use of the girls, and there were very few afternoons when they were not taken advantage of. Great interest was displayed in the inter-year tournament, which was finally won by Miss Jean Robertson and Miss Nell Curtis, of Year '21.

The fact that the final game was played when the ground was frozen and the snow was falling and that it was necessary to heat the balls before they could be coaxed to rise even a couple of inches from the ground, did not seem to detract in the least from the enthusiasm of the players.

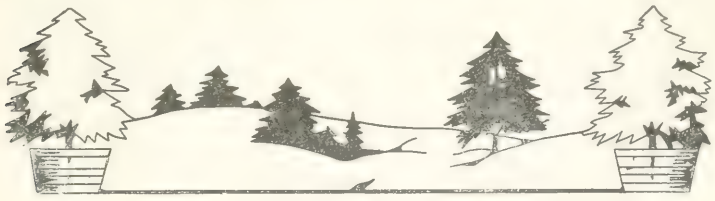
This year our enterprising executive has also secured the Walmer Road gymnasium for Tuesday afternoons and inter-year basket-ball games are being played, and before the winter is over, we hope to meet some of the other colleges in exhibition games.

As the weather gradually gets colder, we look forward to commencing hockey practice, and by hard work we hope to prove that the McMaster women's hockey team can do a little more than provide amusement for spectators.

McMaster Women's Chorus

For years McMaster girls have dreamed of a Choral Club, and at last their dream has come true. Everyone of us would like, figuratively speaking, to go down on our knees to Miss Queenie Shields, whose enthusiasm and enterprise have made possible the new organization.

Miss Shields found ready response from the girls, the proof being that there has been an average attendance of over forty at every class, which meets on Wednesday from one to two. We mention the hour, as any Alumna who may be interested is cordially invited to meet with the class and help to make the new Club a success. The society has been fortunate in securing the assistance of Mr. D'Alton McLaughlin, organist of Bloor Street Baptist Church, and under his capable leadership it is hoped that sometime during the year a concert may be given in aid of the Women's Residence. The enthusiasm of the girls speaks well for the future success of the Choral Club. The officers of the new organization are as fallows: President, Miss Queenie Shields; Vice-Pres., Miss Helen Cline; Secretary, Mrs. Mahaffy; Treasurer, Miss Phyllis Chapman.



Athletics

EDITOR: LLOYD D. DINGLE, '20.

WITH this issue we bring to a close our record of the athletic activities during the fall term. Taking everything into consideration, the success achieved with regard to increased participation in sport is decidedly encouraging. The rugby team, it is true, was not successful in winning out in their group, but they fulfilled their purpose, that of reviving the interest in the game, and of bringing out and developing material for next year. Unfortunately there was no Intermediate Intercollegiate Soccer League this year, and so the senior team was obliged to be content with exhibition games arranged with City Teachers, Victoria, Varsity II, and Faculty. In the inter-year sports a great deal of interest was displayed, and the rivalry was very keen. Theology won the soccer championship by defeating the Sophomores after the first final game had been played to a draw. The Juniors became rugby champions when they captured the final game from the Seniors. The inter-year doubles tennis championship was won by W. H. Reid and R. N. Stephens, of year '22, from H. G. Dyce and G. M. Henry, of the Freshman year, and in the finals of the singles tournament G. H. Mallory, '20, was forced to yield first place to H. C. Hodges, '20. The basket ball enthusiasts have been discussing the advisability of entering a team in the Ontario Amateur Basket Ball Association; but for the same time-worn reason—lack of a convenient gymnasium—the undertaking will probably be abandoned.

SOCCER.

SOPHOMORES, 3; JUNIORS, 1.—The second and third years met in the semi-final on November the tenth. The teams were composed of the following: Juniors — Smith Gilmour, Eberle, Carr, Doolittle, Groat, White, C. Farmer, Newton, K. W. Taylor, G. Farmer; Sophs—Wilkins, Jones, Batstone, Reid, Platus, Mabee, Atkinson, J. D. Taylor, Howard, Freeman, Eberlee. The first half saw the greater part of the play at the sophomore end of the field, and the Juniors lost a couple of good chances for scoring. The Sophs were the first to tally, however, when after thirteen minutes of play clever com-

bination between Batstone and Platus broke through the third year defense, Platus registering the goal. In the first five minutes of the second half the second year scored twice, Platus netting the first and a very clever shot by Batstone accounting for the second. Repeated efforts on the part of the third year failed to bring results till two minutes before time was called, when Carr, scored the Juniors' lonely point.

Sophomores, 1; Theologues, 1.—In the encounter at Jesse Ketchum field on November the twelfth both teams displayed considerable activity. At times the individual work was excellent, adding materially to the interest of the game. Lack of practice together as teams was evident throughout, however, in the failure to develope effective combination. This cannot be remedied until we possess our own athletic field. That the play was fairly even is indicated by the score, but both teams are enthusiastically confident of victory in the next game.

Theology: Davis, Barnes, Roberts, McLarty, McDonald, Long, W. E. Atkinson, Wilson, Watson, Kenyon, Crockford.

Sophomores: Lloyd, Batstone, Freeman, Jones, Platus, G. Atkinson, Reid, F. Brown, Howard, Mabee, Eberlee.

Theologues, 4; Sophomores, 0.—The second match to decide the final results of the inter-year games was played on the Jesse Ketchum grounds on Wednesday, November the twenty-sixth. The line-up of Theology was the same as on previous occasions, excepting for the addition of Jamieson on the halfback line and Grey, who proved a regular dark horse, on the forward line. The Sophs lacked one or two regular men from their forward line as well as an experienced goalkeeper. The play was practically the whole time in the sophomore territory. Batstone and Freeman on several occasions ran the ball towards their opponents' goal, but the defense proved to be too strong and they was never allowed a shot. Five clean shots were placed through the sophomore goal, but as one was declared offside the final result was four goals to nil in favour of Theology. The Sophs played a clean, fast game, but were outmatched by their opponents. Kenyon and Rosewarne tallied with two fast shots from the outside territory, and Watson at centre accounted for the other two goals. K. W. Taylor was in charge of the game.

RUGBY.

Woodstock College 31; McMaster 8.—Saturday, the 15th of November, closed the season for the senior rugby team with

a defeat by Woodstock College the score being "approximately" 31 to 8. The game, played on the Varsity rear campus, began very hopefully with a touch by Mabee on the lucky recovery of a Woodstock fumble. Howard kicked a neat field goal, and thus our scoring ended. The remainder of the game was marked, as also were many of the Mac players, by Hoover's line-plunging which resulted in several touchdowns. Hughes also kicked three field goals. The defeat may be attributed to some extent to the physical condition of the Mac players, who were for the most part suffering to a greater or less degree from the results of vaccination.

Woodstock.—Willcock, Hughes, Pugsley, Hackson, Secord, Lamport, Roderick, Hoover, Brimmel, Matthews, Morrison, Denman, Green, Stonehouse.

McMaster.—Mabee, Platus, Doolittle, Lloyd, Freeman, Zavitz, Rosenberg, McLay, Howard, Newton, Jamieson, Wilkins, Jones, Gilmour.

Seniors 5, Sophomores 1.—The first game in the series of inter-year Rugby was played on Thursday, November 13th, between the Seniors and Sophomores. The air was very cold, with a trace of snow, while a strong west wind blew down the field. The Seniors kicked with the wind, and in a few minutes, a scramble behind the Soph line found Rosenberg at the bottom of the pile, holding up several hundred pounds, and holding down the only touchdown of the game. The game seesawed for a time, until, in the second quarter, Mabee kicked a deadline for the Sophs, and there the scoring ceased. The Seniors won because they played together better, and knew their signals. The Sophs had plenty of material and a good tight line, but were slow in getting away on their plays. The Senior line was not nearly so effective, and only Dingle's speed in getting the ball away prevented numerous blocked kicks. The half-lines of both teams were fast and made the game worth watching. This defeat eliminates the Sophs from the series, as the lateness of the season prohibits anything but sudden death decisions. Doolittle and Foster handled the game satisfactorily.

Seniors.—Zavitz, Oddy, Armstrong, Cowie, Hodges, McCoy, Schatz, Brownlee, Cohen, Mallory, Dingle, Van Slyke, Pearce, Rosenberg.

Sophs.—Batstone, McBride, Eberlee, Brown, Reid, Atkinson, Wilkins, Howard, Freeman, J. D. Taylor, Mabee, Jones, Platus, Lloyd.

Juniors 35, Seniors 4.—'Twas a fine cold afternoon, that Thursday, the twentieth of November, when the Juniors and Seniors met to do battle for the rugby championship of the school. Whether the game was really championship rugby or not, it certainly was of an exceptionally "high" order, that is to say, the tackling was. The customary practice of tackling around the waist or below it was abandoned for the more spectacular method of getting the ball-carrier around the neck. The result was that the many injuries were for the most part not conducive to good complexions. Doolittle received a nasty cut over the eye, while Armstrong was the unhappy recipient of a lacerated lip. Schatz was kicked in the temple and landed in the middle of the following week—at least he says that he remembers nothing over the week-end. But, notwithstanding these few critical observations, there were some evidences of real rugby. Webb's tackling was of the finest flying leap variety, while Zavitz appeared to be in the game for the express purpose of gathering in loose balls. Van Slyke, Mallory and Schatz were among the best tacklers for the Seniors, while the steam roller tactics of Jamieson, Taylor and Doolittle, and the runs of Newton were chiefly responsible for the great gains of the Juniors. The teams were chosen from the following:

Seniors.—Van Slyke, Schatz, Oddy, Zavitz, Cowie, Brownlee, Rosenberg, Mallory, Dingle, Cain, Pearce, McCoy, Armstrong, Ruttan, Hodges, Stephens, Hillyer, Cohen.

Juniors.—Doolittle, K. W. Taylor, Jamieson, Gilmour, McLay, Webb, Groat, Newton, Smith, Carr, G. Farmer, White, McGrath, Eberle.

In spite of the ominous approach of examinations we hope that those of our readers who expect to share in them may have time during the holidays for other "pleasures" besides "plugging," and to all we wish the best of successs during the coming year.

Our Graduates

EDITOR: E. J. BENGOUGH, B. A.

EVIDENTLY the printer wants to get away betimes to eat his Christmas dinner this month, for he calls insistently for copy at a very early date. It is less than four weeks since copy for this column was made up last time, and the result is that with the shortened interval of time, less material has accumulated. Things seem quiet in the graduate world, to judge from the few items of news which we are able to publish below. Perhaps it is time again to request that graduates lay aside their well-known modesty and write to the Editor giving news of their achievements.

The University Memorial Committee is at work securing detailed information concerning the war service of graduates, undergraduates, and former students, which is to be compiled in a memorial volume. A questionnaire has been sent out, and every day brings responses. There are still a number, however, that have not replied. There are some, too, for whom no definite addresses are on file. Can you assist by furnishing addresses for any one or more of the following? If so,please write at once to the Registrar.

B. R. Allen, '03
J. D. Morrison, '14
A. W. Chisholm, '16
D. A. Bates, '13
F. G. Poole, '12

'90.—Rev. A. J. Vining has recovered from his lengthy illness sufficiently to take up work again. He has been appointed Educational and Financial Secretary of Franklin College, Franklin, Indiana, and expects to enter upon his new duties on January 1st. His wife and family will remain in Toronto until later, at least until the close of the present academic year. Franklin College is to be congratulated upon having secured the services of an enthusiastic and energetic Secretary.

'96.—Rev. John MacNeill has been elected President of the Baptist Convention of Ontario and Quebec, with the special function of leading the Baptists of these provinces in the Inter-Church Forward Movement which is being carried on this winter.

Dr. MacNeill is being released very largly from his pulpit duties at Walmer Road, so as to be free to travel and give the benefit of his inspiration to the larger constituency.

'96.—Rev. A. N. Marshall, of First Baptist Church, Ottawa, was elected Vice-President of the Ontario and Quebec Convention at their recent meeting.

'08.—R. A. F. McDonald, Professor of Education at Bates College, Lewiston, Maine, distinguished himself last summer as Director of the Summer School for Teachers conducted by Bates College in July and August. More than seventy High School teachers were enrolled. The School was intended primarily for professional training of teachers in service, and it confined its attention to the secondary School field, laying particular stress on the Junior High School movement which is now prominent in the United States. In addition to the regular staff of the College, Specialists were called in from different parts of the country, and professorial work was offered in ten different departments. It is likely that the School will become an annual feature at Bates College.

'10.—Miss Violet I. Dickens has withdrawn from the staff of the Technical High School, Toronto, and is now in journalistic work with the Toronto World.

'14.—L. S. Cutler writes from St. John's College, Oxford, that he passed his B. A. examination there last June, taking his degree on October 16th. He will not remain for the B.C.L. as previously intended, but is planning to return to Canada in the spring, and will proceed to the LL.B. degree in Alberta Sidney reports that he quite frequently sees Ralph Freeman, who is at Balliol College.

'14.—Announcement has been received of the marriage in Chicago of the Rev. N. W. D. Davis to Esther Victoria Erickson. We understand that the ceremony was performed by Rev. Paul Rader, in the Moody Church. Mr. Davis plans to return to Nigeria shortly, and will visit his home in Toronto en route.

'14.—Miss Margaret Hair has given up teaching for the present and will spend this year at her home in Villa Nova on account of the illness of her mother.

'15.—Lloyd M. Houlding was married to Miss Muriel Lorena Draper, '15, of London, on October 23rd last. The Monthly extends congratulations. Lloyd is Boys' Work Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at London.

'16.—Rev. Glen Wardell is now pastor of the church at Ohsweken, Ont. He was formerly located at Picton.

'16.—V. S. Stevens, after completing a year on the staff of Ridley College, St. Catharines, is back in Toronto, teaching in the Parkdale Public School.

'16.—P. P. Ziemann is now at Crozer Theological Seminary, Chester, Pa., and is also taking graduate work in Hebrew at the University of Pennsylvania. He reports life very profitable and enjoyable both at Chester and in Philadelphia; in his work in the latter place he is a classmate of A. E. Look, '19.

'19.—Miss Hilda G. Berst is teaching in Buffalo, N. Y., her address being 860 Prospect Ave.

'19.—Miss Etta E. Brooks is teaching near her home, at Copleston, Ont.

'19.—A. E. Look is taking work at Crozer Theological Seminary, Chester, Pa., with graduate work in Hebrew in the University of Pennsylvania.

Five McMaster graduates are working under direction of the Honorary Advisory Council for Industrial Research. K. H. Kingdon, '14, holds a fellowship under which he is doing research work in Physics at the University of Toronto. Stuart McLean, '17, holds a studentship, and is working in the same department at the same University. B. E. Gilbert, '16 and P. V. Rosewarne, '19, have studentships in Chemistry, and are carrying on work in McMaster. H. R. McLarty, '16, holds a bursary under which he is working in the department of Botany in McMaster.

EDITOR: MISS E. MARION STILWELL, '20.
ASST. EDITOR: MISS MARION V. ROYCE, '22.

"At Christmas play and make good cheer
For Christmas comes but once a year."

THIS Christmas; again the bells peal forth the message sung by an angel choir to the shepherds of Judaea on that night almost two thousand years past,

"Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began."

That season "so long waited for hath come at last." The purity of the snow-clad landscape, the tang of frosty air, the merry tinkle of sleigh-bells, the glad chimes from belfry towers, festive wreaths of holly, gay shop-windows: all proclaim the anniversary of the coming of the Christ Child. Truly as Christina Rossetti said,—

"Christmas hath a darkness
Brighter than the blazing noon;
Christmas hath a chillness
Warmer than the heat of June.

Christmas hath a beauty
Lovelier than the world can show!"

The hearts of men are warmed; a glow of enthusiastic joy permeates every being, and instinctively we turn toward the hearth of home.

Yes! We are looking toward home and the prospect of spending the joyous Yuletide with "oor ain kith and kin," but *our* vision is extended. *We* see past the Christmas turkey to the New Year's goose, while still beyond, from out the obscurity, looms up a spectral scene, gradually approaching. The deathlike silence is appalling; many heads are bent in contemplation (or is it regret?); nervously trembling hands wipe the perspiration from perplexed brows. In the dimness we discern a "prof.," his countenance lighted by that smile of erudition. Does he secretly gloat over the ignorance of his victims or is it a smile of sympathy like that which illuminates the otherwise passive features of his worthy predecessors gazing down from the walls?

A vision? Alas, an examination hall!

Parents, ever solicitous of their offsprings' well-being, warn against study and too strenuous work during Christmas vacation. "You have patiently 'plugged' all autumn, and need not worry now," they argue. Ugh! 'Tis irony! Shall we scream? Why not rather forget it all, and obey the command, "Children, obey your parents."

We do so. Examinations sink into oblivion, and "still doth Christmas gild the year's mischances."

"They stood beneath the mistletoe,—
He knew not what to do,
For he was only five feet tall,
And she was six feet two!"

"ALONG THE ROAD.

I walked a mile with Pleasure,
She chattered all the way,
But left me none the wiser
For all she had to say.

I walked a mile with Sorrow,
And ne'er a word said she;
But, oh, the things I learned from her
When sorrow walked with me.

—*Robert Browning Hamilton.*

A CANADIAN MILLET.

There is a small corner of French Canada that the world has come to know and love through the art of a man who sees beauty in simple people and humble farmyards; in misty mornings when cows are being driven through grassy lanes; in old men ploughing, and old women laboring in harvest fields. This man, Horatio Walker, was born in Canada, which perhaps partly accounts for the realistic, yet romantic beauty of his canvases. It has been said that he has done for the farmers of Canada what Millet did for the peasants of Brabizon and Normandy—caught the wonders and greatness of their patient toil. Millet saw something wonderful in the way a man bent over his hoe, or rising, wiped the sweat from his brow, something that sings with Biblical majesty and force of measure—and fixed it immortally. Labor is forever dignified since Millet showed us its poetry and its bearing upon human life, and Horatio Walker has shown us a similar beauty, poetry and dignity, even when depicting the humblest barnyard or shearing pen. . . .

We wonder why we have never before seen the charm of an old slab fence, the color in a pile of split wood, the Bird-of-Paradise color in a common wild turkey. Though his subjects are so often purely pastoral, and though they are handled with realistic truth, still they are never without poetry or emotion.

* * * * *

Always there is a sense of color in his canvases, even when the evening or the morning is misty. He loves the keen green of spring, the flaming vermilion of a rooster comb, the faded red of a boy's blouse, the moist green of a patch of moss and the wonderful tone of a workman's blue jeans.

—*Touchstone.*

APPOGGIATURA.

Strange acetifying reformers
Have underrated beer;
Our modern drinkers
Are acting mighty queer;
We have our painless treatment
Served while in a dream;
Our women dip our grape-nuts
In evaporated cream.
We have our wireless telegraphy;
We sail o'er land and sea;

We play machine pianos
But we never touch a key.
The "flu" we used to have,
It's vaccination now.
We are eating creamery butter
That never saw a cow.
Progress is our motto,
Modern times have come to stay;
But, thank Heaven, we treat our freshies
In the same old-fashioned way.

—*Manitoban.*

JOTTINGS.

"A fool and his foot are always in it."

"The longer I live the more I am inclined to the belief that this earth is used by the other planets as a lunatic asylum."—*Bernard Shaw.*

"Optimism is Worry on a spree."—*Judge.*

"Poetry is a gift, we are told, but most editors won't take it even at that."

"An optimist is the fellow who doesn't know what's coming to him."—*J. J. O'Connell.*

A RONDEAU OF THE HEARTH.

The hearth again assumes the sway
Surrendered to the sun of May:
It lures me from the quiet nook
Where oft I dallied with a book,
To watch the chequered sunlight play
About the bank on which I lay,
Foreseeing not, in brilliant day,
How snug, at summer's end, might look
The hearth again;
And since distraction miss the way
Hither, to lead my mind astray—
From this fair volume that I took
Afield so lately—and forsook,
A reader's homage now I pay
The hearth again.

—*J. Cartwright Frith.*

"The way the wind blows in the world of books":

"What," a waggish customer asked a London bookseller the other day, "are the six 'best sellers'?" The man of books told him. "Then," quoth his visitor, "I think I'll have the six best *cellars*! Give me Charles Lamb and the other five of them."

Again: we are further enlightened by an interview between Robert W. Chambers and "The Gossip Shop."

"Do you think books can be made as universally popular as the movies? Or do you believe at all in books as a democratic recreation?"

"You might as well ask me which is to be the more popular, preachers or potatoes. I expect the world will continue to nourish itself with both."

"What eight or ten authors present and past most interest you?"

"Shakespeare, Homer, Pepys, Scott, Dickens, Macaulay, Dumas, Kipling, Fabre, Roosevelt."

"What do you think is the most conspicuous shortcoming of publishers in the presentation of their wares."

"Solemnity." —*American Bookman*

TRY US

Would be contributor—"What are your rates per column?"
Editor—"For insertion or suppression?" —*Life*

Editor, '20.—"You wish a position as proof-reader?"
Ass't Editor, '22.—"Yes, ma'am!"

"Do you understand the requirements of that responsible position?"

"Perfectly, ma'am! Whenever you make any mistakes in the column just blame me, and I'll never say a word."

—*Contributed*

ECHOES OF 'MAC.'

"You are the greatest inventor in the world!" exclaimed a newspaper man to Alexander Graham Bell.

"Oh, no, my friend, I'm not," said Professor Bell. "I've never been a reporter." —*Ex.*

I'm only a cheerful pessimist
Making many a "bloomer,"
But at least I'm dolefully happy
And saved by a sense of humour. —*Air-Pie.*

The "Manitoban" this month is particularly bright and original. We were interested especially in the column "Gibling Giblets" through which students are given an opportunity to express thoughts long repressed. As an example:—"Professors, Assistant Professors and Lecturers take notice; the University needs your support at its rugby, football, and other games. Think it over and come along."

"Which is preferable, a sickly smile and a curt nod, or a cheery 'good morning' and a whole-hearted 'how do you do?' when you meet on the stairs? Girls, it's your privilege and pleasure to speak to the boy first, you know."

A hint to the wise is sufficient.

We acknowledge also the *Dalhousie Gazette, Trinity University Review,* the *T. C. D.* from Dublin, the *Ubyssey* and the *Argosy.*

Old but lively.—Supporting our contention that this Bolshevism is "Old Stuff," we quote Volumnia in Shakespeare's "Coriolanus," act four, scene one, line thirteen, to wit:

"Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!"

—Little Rock, Ark., *"Democrat."*

AN ARABIAN PROVERB.

He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not, he is a fool. Shun him.

He who knows not, and knows that he knows not, he is simple. Teach him.

He who knows, and knows not that he knows, he is asleep. Awake him.

He who knows, and knows that he knows, he is wise. Follow him.—*Ex.*

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TORONTO SECTION CANADIAN DELEGATION
STUDENT VOLUNTEER CONVENTION, DES MOINES, IA.
DECEMBER 31 to JANUARY 4.

The
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OPPORTUNITY.

(On reading John I. Ingall's poem on Opportunity).

Think not, because thou hast not heard
Her first knock, she will knock no more;
'Tis vain; yea, even 'tis absurd
To say that at man's cottage door
She knocks but once, then on her way
She passes, never to return,
And leaves us hopeless and a prey
To failure, wheresoe'er we turn.

It is not true; I cannot think
That but one chance to each is given
Of being great, ere on the brink
We wait for transport o'er to heaven.
If such, howe'er, it proves to be
Then I'm afraid the pearly street
Will not be much for us to see
Paved with the flagstones of defeat.

I do not think that, having knocked,
She speeds in haste from you and me,
And leaves our door forever locked
To future Opportunity.
I think she early knocks; then waits,
Till all our preparation's done,
Then leads us, through the golden gates,
To get the crown our work has won.

—*C. G. Teeter*, '19.

A TREASURY OF WAR POETRY.*

NE of our McMaster graduates, Professor George Herbert Clarke, of the University of Tennessee, has made a fine contribution to culture and patriotism by sifting the enormous mass of War verse and collecting the good grain in "A Treasury of War Poetry." The first series, which appeared in 1917, had a large sale, over thirty thousand copies having already been sold in the United States and Canada, the second series, which was published last autumn, bids fair to rival the first in popularity. Together the two volumes constitute a golden treasury of the best poems evoked by the moving events of the Great War. Professor Clarke's editorial work has won the generous and fully merited approval of the critics both in America and the Old Country.

To graduate and other older readers of "The Monthly" the name of Professor Clarke will be familiar, but to the present generation of undergraduates some information concerning this distinguished son of McMaster may be useful. Matriculating from Woodstock College in 1891, he graduated from McMaster with the Class of 1895. In the following academic session he served the University as Librarian and proceeded in the department of English to the degree of Master of Arts. During his five years' sojourn here George Herbert Clarke not only eagerly pursued academic learning but also bore a large share in all undergraduate activities. In those days the Arts Department had only just begun; consequently, its ideals were all to be fashioned and the foundations of its present traditions truly laid. *Quorum pars magna fuit.*

His connection with "The Monthly" was especially close. At Woodstock College, under the late Principal Huston, he

*A Treasury of War Poetry, first and second series. Edited, with introductions and brief biographical notes, by George Herbert Clarke. Boston, Houghton Mifflin Co., Toronto, Thomas Allen.

had helped to establish the "Literary Monthly," and when he and a number of others came to McMaster, thereby showing their faith in its future, they and the late Chancellor Rand transformed that magazine into " The McMaster University Monthly." As an evidence of their journalistic wisdom it is enough to say that "The Monthly," though it has been modified in details, is to-day conducted on essentially the same lines as were laid down by that band of youthful but far-seeing enthusiasts. Under the inspiration of the late Chancellor Rand, himself a cultured poet, McMaster became a "nest of singing birds," to quote the comment of Professor D. R. Keys, of the University of Toronto, who for two years was an Honorary Lecturer in English and who added the influence of his love of poetry and generous culture to Dr. Rand's. In these latter days our undergraduates have proved their worth, not as poets, but as soldiers of the King, though the late Bernard Trotter, while an heroic warrior, carried on and enhanced the poetic tradition of the University. But in the peaceful days of the nineties the young undergraduates wooed the muse assiduously, and G. Herbert Clarke, B. W. N. Grigg, Stambury R. Tarr (obit.), O. G. Langford, Leonard A. Therrien (the composer of " Thy Praises, McMaster), Eliza Pond Wells (obit.), Blanche Bishop (obit.), Ethel Botterill Patterson, and others enriched the pages of "The Monthly" with their graceful and thoughtful verses. It is no wonder that with such an apprenticeship George Herbert Clarke should have developed his poetic gift and have won an international reputation as an accomplished critic.

Since leaving his Alma Mater he has been professor of English at Mercer, the Baptist University of Georgia, and for over ten years at the University of Tennessee. His poems have found a ready welcome in such well-known magazines as *The Outlook, The Independent, The Canadian Magazine, The Century Magazine, The Athenaeum* (*London*), and *The English Review* (London). Before the war they were collected and

published in a volume entitled "At the Shrine and Other Poems," which was reviewed at the time in "The Monthly." His work as an editor is not unknown even to the undergraduates of to-day, for his edition of Bacon's Essays is annually thumbed by the Third Year, and his edition of Shelley, with its sympathetic and informing introduction, is valued by the students of Special English.

During the war his patriotism was aroused, and partly rendered more ardent because he was living in the then neutral United States. Born in England and educated in Canada, he naturally felt a strong call to serve the dear Motherland, and therefore devoted his Sabbatical year to war service in England. Rather old and physically not fit for strictly active service, he had hoped to work with the Red Cross, but finding no open door he secured appointment first as an editor in the British War Trade Intelligence Department and later as a member of the Publicity Department. He visited the Western Front and part of the battle cruiser squadron and on his return home used the information he gained to enlighten the citizens of Tennessee regarding the activities of the sleepless British fleet.

While in London he conceived the idea of making an anthology of war poems, and employed his leisure hours in scanning the books, magazines, and newspapers available at the British Museum. The fruit of his labors there and at home is his "Treasury of War Poetry, 1914-1919." In the judgment of competent critics these two volumes are among the best, some good judges consider them the very best, collections of war poems. They include the work of about 180 writers, mostly English for obvious reasons, but in a goodly number of cases Canadian, American, and Australian. Professor Clarke's editorial policy, as he says in the introduction to the First Series, has been "humanly hospitable, rather than academically critical, especially in the case of some of the verses written by soldiers at the Front." Consequently, while exercising discrimination, he has given his anthology a comprehensive character

that enhances its value as a survey of the poetical product of the War.

Space permits only a brief and superficial statement of the character and contents of the volumes. In them will be found, besides two excellent introductions, such now familiar poems as Rupert Brooke's noble sonnets, "The Soldier" and "The Dead"; Thomas Hardy's "Men Who March Away"; Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's rousing ballad, "The Guards Came Through"; our Canadian John McCrae's "In Flanders Fields"; Allan Seeger's "I Have a Rendezvous with Death"; Henry Van Dyke's "The Name of France;" Helen Gray Cone's "A Chant of Love for England"; Henry Newbolt's "The Vigil"; Julian Grenfell's "Into Battle"; John Masefield's "The Island of Skyros"; Rudyard Kipling's "For All We Have and Are"; Alfred Noyes's "The Searchlights"; Joseph Lee's "German Prisoners"; L.W.'s "Christ in Flanders"; Laurence Binyon's "For the Fallen"; and a host of others too numerous to mention, however worthy. The regrettable absence of Masefield's classic, "August, 1914," is, we happen to know, due to no fault of the editor.

Canadians will be glad to observe the generous quota of poems by Canadian poets. Duncan Campbell Scott, the late William Wilfrid Campbell, Robert W. Service, Marjorie Pickthall, Frederick George Scott, Bliss Carman, Katherine Hale, George Herbert Clarke, Isabel Ecclestone McKay, J. Edgar Middleton, Arthur L. Phelps, the late Bernard Freeman Trotter, and of course the late John McCrae, are all represented by at least one selection. From our own Bernard Trotter, two of his best are given, "The Poplars" and "The Kiss." Moreover, a comparatively long sketch of his life is included in the notes and his connection with McMaster not overlooked. For this we are grateful to Professor Clarke.

A few of the selected poems had appeared in the "Here and There" department of "The Monthly" before the publication of these two volumes. It would be pleasant to give our readers

a further taste of the varied riches of the Treasury, but our space is limited. We have therefore decided to quote two poems with Oxford for their theme, believing that these will have a special interest for undergraduates.

THE SPIRES OF OXFORD.

I saw the spires of Oxford
  As I was passing by,
The gray spires of Oxford
  Against the pearl-gray sky.
My heart was with the Oxford men
  Who went abroad to die.

The years go fast in Oxford,
  The golden years and gay,
The hoary Colleges look down
  On careless boys at play.
But when the bugles sounded war
  They put their games away.

They left the peaceful river,
  The cricket-field, the quad,
The shaven lawns of Oxford,
  To seek a bloody sod—
They gave their merry youth away
  For country and for God.

God rest you, happy gentlemen,
  Who laid your good lives down,
Who took the khaki and the gun
  Instead of cap and gown.
God bring you to a fairer place
  Than even Oxford town.

—*Winifred M. Letts.*

SUBALTERNS.

A Song of Oxford.

They had so much to lose; their radiant laughter
  Shook my old walls—how short a time ago!
I hold the echoes of their song hereafter
  Among the precious things I used to know.

Their cup of life was full to overflowing,
All earth had laid its tribute at their feet,
What harvest might we hope from such a sowing?
What noonday from a dawning so complete?

And I—I watched them working, dreaming, playing,
Saw their young bodies fit the mind's desire,
Felt them reach outward, upward, still obeying
The passionate dictates of their hidden fire.

Yet here and there some greybird breathed derision,
"Too much of luxury, too soft an age!
Your careless Galahads will see no vision,
Your knights will make no mark on honor's page."

No mark?—Go ask the broken fields in Flanders,
Ask the great dead who watched in ancient Troy,
Ask the old moon as round the world she wanders,
What of the men who were my hope and joy!

They are but fragments of Imperial splendour,
Handfuls of might amid a mighty host,
Yet I, who saw them go with proud surrender,
May surely claim to love them first and most.

They who had all, gave all. Their half-writ story
Lies in the empty halls they know so well,
But they, the knights of God, shall see His glory,
And find the Grail e'en in the fire of hell.

—*Mildred Huxley.*

From these, McMaster men and women may infer the quality of "A Treasury of War Verse," and may well be inspired to add the volumes to their bookshelf or, failing that, to seek them out in the Library, where, thanks to the kindness of Professor Clarke and his publishers, they may be found. A careful reading of them will promote a love of good poetry.

W. S. W. McLay.

STUDENT VOLUNTEER CONVENTION.

HAT title appears, at first glance, to be a misnomer. The great gathering at Des Moines, of seven thousand students from more than forty nations the wide world over, can hardly be called a convention of student volunteers, i.e., those who have volunteered as foreign missionaries. The designation, foreign missionary, holds implications that are somewhat odious to most of those delegates. It was a *student* convention with all the content of that word in such a term as student body, for example. And those seven thousand students were typical representatives of the three hundred thousand others in the colleges from which they came. Des Moines witnessed the most cosmopolitan assembly of young people ever brought together—students from every continent, of every race and color, but bound together in the unity of the faith in one common Lordship, that of the Man of Galilee. Someone has asked if those who represented foreign schools were not all taking postgraduate work in American institutions. It is true that some of the representatives were in course in American colleges, but equally true is it that some of them crossed many a league of land and sea to come from their own lands for five brief days at Des Moines, and some even had to have an interpreter with them.

> "They came from the East, they came from the West,
> 'Twas the call of the Christ, and at His behest
> They are ready to dare, and do and die,
> If only it bring the kingdom nigh."

The Canadian delegation arrived a day early in order that the first national assemblage of Canadian students might face the problems of the Canadian colleges. Little did it matter that this conference was held for the first time on American soil. There was a great national consciousness that was merged, the next afternoon, into a still greater international consciousness. But the spirit of that first Canadian student gathering made one feel that a new day had dawned for Canadian institutions.

We are no longer the foster-child of the American movement, for we stand upon our own feet. The Canadian Student Movement was born Tuesday, December 30th, 1919, at Des Moines.

When the great convention was called to order on Wednesday afternoon by Dr. John R. Mott, practically every delegate must have been on hand. The Coliseum, seating ten thousand people, was crowded to the roof. The Canadian delegation was given the second eight rows, right across the hall in front of the speaker, second only in place of honor to the Foreign Delegations who occupied the first eight rows. For some time before the session opened, the different States had been giving State yells and greeting one another. In a place like that the identity of the individual colleges was necessarily lost. On the C.P.R. special from Toronto we represented *McMaster;* in the Canadian Delegation we were from *Toronto;* but in the general sessions we told all and sundry that we hailed from C-A-N-A-D-A Rah! and five hundred strong we shouted from our boots—Johnny Canuck, Johnny Canuck, If you're not with us, you're out of luck! C-A-N-A-D-A! Canada! But in the exchange of greetings, there was the finest thrill of pride when Michigan greeted us with, "Yea—Canada! Fight! Fight!! Fight!!!" And the other States seemed to rival one another in greeting Canada's delegation. It was typical of the sentiment many times expressed, that revealed the high position Canada holds in the estimation of all Americans, whose esteem and generous reception we appreciate. But at the request of delegations the yells and greetings before the sessions were omitted after the second day. But friendly relations were sustained in other ways. The Toronto Delegation heartily accepted the invitation to dine with Michigan on Friday in one of the churches where meals were served. And again the California Delegation, immediately behind, moved up to take alternate seats with us just to get acquainted. These are examples of what has been termed the convention spirit, and, as Prof. Hallam, of Toronto, has said, the spirit, not the size, of the convention was the most tremendous thing about it. It might be summed up, perhaps very im-

perfectly however, in two words that are on the world's tongue these days—Unity, Brotherhood.

The greatest features of the program, of course, were the addreses, and it made no difference to the Convention Committee where the man was—if they wanted him they got him, even from the heart of Africa, and though he spoke but twenty minutes. But the messages would not have been so well received were it not for the spirit of song. The male quartette sang at every session, but the vault of heaven must have re-echoed with the hymns that were used. They were not flighty bits of sentimental jazz about living on a mountain and feeding on bananas, but they were good, soul-stirring hymns that cleared the deck for action. When that great assembly sang "Faith of our fathers, holy faith, we will be true to thee till death," or "Lead on, O King eternal, the day of march has come," one couldn't miss the seriousness of purpose that was spreading like contagion from those who were back of the convention to those who were attending and the words seemed to well up from every one of ten thousand hearts—

"Thy cross is lifted o'er us,
We journey in its light;
The crown awaits the conquest,
Lead on, O God of Might.' "

Dr. Mott, the chairman, gave just one address, the opening one; but what a mastering message, animated by the spirit of that man of God He gave us a vision of the world in new terms. He said in part: "How old the world was when the convention last met in Kansas City six years ago! How new the world is to-day! It is a different world. The world to-day is an exhausted and over-wrought world. The people of the world are on edge with nerves worn threadbare. Bolshevism, one of the by-products of that condition, seeks not to break the world vertically into compartments but to separate the world horizontally into two parts. It is a suffering, sorrowing world (recall the war's eleven millions of graves!), a confused, bewildered world in which so many have missed the way, but it is a plas-

tic world—plastic to a degree not hitherto seen—but also a world soon to set and in what moulds this convention,and the students back of this convention, must answer. It is humble, teachable world that is asking three questions: How did we miss the way? What is the way out? How long, oh God, how long?—and comparatively speaking it is an unselfish world; not as unselfish as the world of 1918—still less of 1917; but as to the world before the war, a very unselfish world. And it is an expectant world—expecting us not only to get a vision that will never fade but to get a new challenge, a fresh commission. God has done a hundred years' work in the last five years and now

> "The work which centuries might have done
> Must crowd the hours of setting sun."

God speaks to each generation. He is going to speak to this one in a voice never heard before—a call to us and to others through us to positions of leadership in that sense that Jesus meant when He said, "He that would be greatest among you, let him be servant of all." The principles of Jesus are needed upon the great energies of finance, commerce, national and international politics. Builders are needed for the rebuilding of the world upon the foundation stones—the lives of other college students laid down for their great faith in their cause and in us? But the evangelization of the world in this generation is an idle dream, still more the Christianization of it, unless we are united in the Lord Jesus Christ, not in undenominationalism, but in interdenominationalism; for the former is merely a process of reducing us to the Least Common Denominator. But an other objective is a fresh accession of superhuman power. The last five years have been an almost infinite process of exclusion of the great possessions of civilization save one—Jesus Christ. We need a fresh touch of His hand of reality that religion may have its first place in our colleges—that Christ's Kingdom may become co-extensive with the inhabited world. The hours of greatest creation have been the hours of greatest suffering. "Behold I am recreating all things." This convention is personal

and its means the recreating of lives here, where men and women get the spirit of courageous faith in God, that He is and that He works and faith that He will use even me."

After Dr. Mott's address, Dr. Speer followed right along telling us that "our chief danger is that we do not think courageously enough of God. The need of the day is for men and women who will think boldly and trustfully enough of God, for God is better than our best thought of Him, and at that, we can let ourselves go in our thought of God as in nothing else. All that we can say about the transcendence or the immanence of God is true but less than the truth. Jesus was the first in history who absolutely trusted the unseen. Who believed that Love was at the basis of all things and who believed in the ability of that Love to help Him, and Jesus illustrated God as ready and willing and able to help us. He revealed not only a new and successful approach of man to God but the reverse as well. But we have never began to make use of God. Who dare postpone the answer to our faith if we should believe that there be some standing here who shall not taste of death until they see the Kingdom come with power?"

That was the first session. Try to grasp the meaning of two such sessions each day for five days, besides afternoon conferences on special phases of world work. Think you that even ten times this space could begin to approach the task of reporting the results of that convention, the purposes reinforced, the decisions made, the lives recreated? Truly it may yet be a student *volunteer* convention.

—K.

HOW OLD IS THE WORLD?

Dr. William Harvey McNairn.

THE great problems of the origin and final destiny of things have always loomed large in the minds of thoughtful men. Was there a beginning, and will there be an end of the world in which we dwell, are questions of perennial interest to-day, as they were in the time of Plato. From these age-long speculations of the philosophers, aided to a greater or less degree by the observations and experiments of scientists, there arose two antagonistic theories which have long dominated the course of thought. According to the one, the world is of comparatively recent origin, and it proceeded from the mind of the Creator full grown, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter. The other looked upon the world in its present form as a single link in an endless chain of transformations. Of this series there was "no indication of a beginning and no prospect of an end." Either hypothesis not only renders futile any attempt to calculate the age of the earth, but indeed, involves an admission of the uselessness of such an investigation.

But to both of these theories philosophical objections of the most convincing kind can be offered. If there be any meaning in the phenomena of nature which the human mind can decipher, we can read in the records of the rocks a past history extending back for millions of years. On the other hand, the evidence of astronomy and geology alike reval to us a world and a universe which are slowly but inevitably running down. The final end and catastrophe of the world may be slow in coming, but come it must. And if an end, then a beginning. And since there are certain phenomena which are susceptible of accurate examination, and which seem to offer a measure for geological time, the problem ceases to be a transcendental one, and becomes the legitimate subject for scientific investigation and speculation.

It is not surprising therefore that so profound a problem should have attracted the attention of men of science. It has

been most carefully investigated from various aspects, and several of these studies have promise of important results. While it is impossible as yet, to arrive at any definite conclusion as to the number of years which have passed since the earth first took its present form, yet it is of interest to review the advance of human knowledge in this direction, and to weigh the probabilities of an eventual answer to the great question.

But we should first have a clear conception of what it is that we are really trying to solve. Apparently we have no means at present of calculating the time since first, in obedience to creative laws, the earth began its course. It may be that this is one of he questions which the human mind can never answer. And so we do well to confine ourselves to a discussion of what is called geological time, or that period which has elapsed since the geological forces as we know them, weathering, river erosion and the rest, first began to be exerted. This is of special interest as it also represents the time during which conditions have been favorable for the existence of life.

Three lines of investigation merit our attention, even in so short a study of the problem as the present. The first based upon the results of physical research, the second draws its facts from the observations of the geologists, while the third and most recent of the three depends upon the newly discovered phenomena of radioactivity.

II

There is but one fund of energy in the universe. The faintest ray of light which reaches us from a star in the Milky Way, and the agreeable warmth that radiates from our own fireside are but separate manifestations of the one great, eternal force. At the present time this energy is concentrated at certain points within the universe which we call stars. This concentration is however but temporary, for the stars are ceaselessly radiating light and heat and thus reducing themselves to the surrounding dead level.

Our star, the sun, has no refuge from this inexorable fate

—it is not eternal. Sooner or later its fierce heat will all have been dissipated into space, and it will become cold and dead,

> "And that old common arbitrator, Time,
> Will one day end it."

And the life of our planet is bound up with that of its parent sun. From this luminary is derived the force by virtue of which rivers run and waves rise and fall and those geological processes are carried on which result in the destruction of old rocks and the formation of new: without it water would cease to flow, the oceans would congeal to continents of ice and life would become extinct. It necessarily follows that the age of the sun is a measure of the maximum life of the earth. Is it, then, possible to measure in years the length of time during which our sun could continue to radiate heat at approximately the same rate as we now experience, neither too hot nor too cold for the existence of life? Lord Kelvin's affirmative answer to this question in 1862 was so incisive and so surprising that the scientific world was at once roused to vigorous argument.

It is evident that if we know the temperature of the sun and the rate at which its heat is being dissipated into space, we have a means of determining how long the atmosphere of the earth has been cool enough for the existence of living things. But it is not so simple a matter as this statement of the case would indicate. It is believed that the cooling of the sun is accompanied by a corresponding shrinkage. Paradoxical as it may seem, this in turn, gives rise to additional heat, and so the rate of cooling is retarded. Now, taking this into consideration, and putting the present temperature of the sun at 6000° F., Kelvin concluded that it has been only a matter of about 18,300,000 years that the sun has been at its present degree of heat. It has been conceded that the rate of radiation in the past may have been somewhat different, which might result in a possible lengthening of the time to 30,000,000 years. Many attempts have been made to discredit this result, and many and ingenious have been the suggestions of possible sources of energy which would serve to extend the life of the sun and earth, but it must be confessed

that none of them stand the test of rigid analysis, and this result still stands unshaken.

III

When we consider the endless diversity of living forms, the imperceptible rate at which change has taken place during historic time, we are impressed with the implication of a long series of ages. This was clearly perceived by the great biologists who adorned Great Britain at the time when Kelvin's results were first published, and from that period on their voices and those of their successors have been constantly raised in protest against the inadequacy of the time allowed them by the physicists.

Let me illustrate the point of view of the biologists who insist upon the necessity of having very much greater resources of time in order to enable them to account for the development of species, by reference to the best known family history, that of the horses. In this case we have a record of approximate completeness, extending from the early Eocene to the present. The earliest member of the family was called Eohippus, a small animal, some eleven inches in height, whose remains have been found in the Bad Lands of the Western States. In the rocks immediately overlying those in which its bones occur, there is a series of fossil horses each species of which is a little larger than its predecessor until we have in the modern horse a height up to 64 inches. The total increase is therefore some 53 inches. If the growth still continues, it is so slow as not to show any perceptible results within historic time. Now if we allot time according to a conservative geological system, the Eocene appears to be between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000 years before the modern horse appeared, or allowing five or six years to a generation of horses, we would have about 1,000,000 generations. This means that there would be an increase of about 1 inch in 100,000 years or 20,000 generations, which would be gradual enough to satisfy the biologists. But if this inch be allowed there is a mile which should be conceded for consistency's sake. The horses stand very near the head of the animal kingdom. They represent perhaps its high-

est physical development, and if it has taken five or six million years to add this cubit to their stature, in what terms shall we estimate the years that must have been required to have produced all this wonderful complexity of form and function from the seed of an ancestor void of organs and microscopic in size?

A similar vision of the immensity of past time is given to the geologist, as he contemplates the work of the cosmic forces as recorded in the rocks. He reads there the story from birth to maturity of lofty ranges of mountains. He sees their summits raising themselves five miles above the sea by degrees so gradual as to be imperceptible. He sees them gradually disappear, for the everlasting hills themselves are not proof

> "against the tooth of time,
> And rasure of oblivion."

Little by little the solid rock is crumbled to sand. Grain by grain that sand is carried by wind and rain and river to the great sea, until where once the mountains stood there stretches a rolling plain. Even this great cycle of changes does not represent the whole extent of geological time, for the growth and decay of mountains has taken place many times since the beginning, and in fact, may be completed within a comparatively short division of the whole. How inconceivably long then have been the ages which have passed since first the rivers began to flow and the earth became an abode of living things. And it is surprising that both the biologist and the geologist should have been so impressed by these concrete facts that even the apparently flawless reasoning of th physicists has failed to convince them?

In order to attain some measurable representation of the extent of geological time, recourse was had to two different geological processes: the formation of stratified rock and the accumulation of salt in the oceans, and both of these have been studied with the greatest care and with results of steadily increasing accuracy.

The calculation of age from the thickness of sedimentary rocks is based upon the fact that the material of which they are composed was carried down by the rivers and deposited under

the shallow water which surrounds the continents. If we could measure the total depth of all such accumulations, and if we could gage the average load of mud and sand and gravel that goes down to the sea with each year's quota of river water, the problem that we are trying to solve would resolve itself into one of simple division.

But the measurement of this total thickness is an exceedingly slow and complicated process. As long as the accumulated sediments continue to be submerged, their depth cannot be determined, but as the sea level is constantly changing, what was once the bed of the ocean, now becomes dry land. Even under these conditions it is not possible to attain our objective until a river has cut a gorge, or the hand of man has quarried away portions, so that the edges of the rock layers come into view. If we could find somewhere such an exposure of rock which had been accumulating ever since the sea first received the contributions of the streams, it would be an easy matter to measure the total thickness of sedimentary rock, but no such simple measurement is at our disposal. The observations of innumerable small sections must be laboriously fitted together to construct one comprehensive whole, and thus the total accumulation of sediments determined. The latest and best figures available put it at 335,000 feet, or about 64 miles.

We have now to determine the rate at which these sediments are accumulated. This is a problem even more difficult than the previous one. It involves careful observations of the amount of solids carried each year by the rivers. These studies are still being carried on notably by the American Geological Survey, and constantly bring us closer to the standard of essential accuracy. Next we require to know the total area over which these sediments are being deposited, and thus the annual rate attained. This has been set by some observers at 3 inches per century, which would make the time requisite to form the total 134 million years; by others it has been placed at 4 inches per century, which would give us 100 million, and by others still at five inches, with a consequent reduction of time to 80 millions of years.

The other method, a most ingenious one, was first made use of by Professor Joly of Dublin University in a paper published in 1899. It is based upon the theory that the saltness of the sea is due to the fact that ever since it began to flow, the rivers have been carrying salt in solution down to the oceans, and while the water comes back in the form of the rain, the bulk of the salt still remains and so the sea ever becomes salter. It is evident that if we knew the amount of salt now in the ocean and the rate at which the rivers have been delivering it, the length of the time occupied by the process is a matter of very simple calculation. Unfortunately however the initial figures are most difficult of attainment. The best measurements at present available set the amount of sodium in the seas at 14,130 billion tons, and each year the 6500 cubic miles of water which the rivers contribute, have dissolved in them 175 million tons. These are the basic figures, but certain allowances have to be made. The salt breezes do carry a small portion of salt with them, and a part of the accumulation of past ages, does not remain in the sea but is stored away in the form of rock salt. After all necessary corrections have been made, the final result gives a period somewhere between 80,000,000 and 150,000,000 years, with the weight of evidence tending rather toward the smaller figure.

(To be concluded in next number)

"THE WAYS OF A MAID"

December 24th:

AND her name is Marjory . . . I might have suspected something when Billy sent to me here in the city for the gold wrist watch. But Billy always was extravagant; and I, innocent *homo*, thought it was for his mother. Quite naturally so; for it has been a firm tenet of mine, frequently expounded to J. D. and Billy, that this business of sending gifts to persons of the opposite sex is all extravagant rot. And as for flowers or chocolates, I should have to be most insanely in love to bestow them on a young lady. They're positively sentimental . . .

. . . . . .

And now the truth is out. J. D. made the announcement when he met me at the station this evening. Where was Billy? He was spending Christmas at the home of his fiancee.

Good Heavens! Billy—his fiancee! I choked, dropped by bag, and grabbed J. D. by the collar. Was he crazy? Billy,—gone away over Christmas,—when he, J. D., and I always held a reunion in the old home town at this season of the year,—when the "Three Thirds" always gathered at the club to renew those sacred memories of youth and college days?

Yes, said J. D.—somewhat peevishly, I thought,—he *was* gone, and wouldn't be back until Saturday. Did I think I had the only claim on Billy?

I was speechless. Then words came in a rush . . . I knew this would happen. Poor, easy-going Billy,—a perfect mark for some willowy, sentimental, cold-cream blonde, with a scheming old dowager mother. Moreover, he's good-looking, influential, and keeps a bank account . . . But, great goodness! what would he do with a wife? Billy the carefree, Billy the happy-go-lucky,—he'd actually mislay her someplace . . . J. D. laughed most provokingly and said he would see me in

the morning. J. D. is not himself. He seems to lack his old time energy. He should get away from this town oftener . .

. . . . . .

And her name is Marjory. Delilah alone could be worse—but probably more appropriate. Marjory—Ugh! reminds one of the days of butter substitutes and all that . . .

But, Christmas without Billy; that's unthinkable. And it will be more than Christmas without Billy,—no more week-end celebrations in the City; no more hikes in the Rockies; and, most unkindest cut of all, no more summers at the shack with the cool lake breeze, the smell of the woods, the fighting black bass and pickerel, the loon's weird call and the quiet pipe in the sunset glow and evening shadows . . . no more Billy!

. . . . . .

December 25th:

This has been a tiresome Christmas. Rose late and took dinner at two o'clock with Aunt Grace and Uncle Charles and sundry nieces and nephews;—the usual boresome programme. I registered great enthusiasm, as was expected of me, at sight of the gifts showered by an over-indulgent Santa Claus on the already spoiled youngsters. Thank goodness I had no hand in perpetrating such excesses. Then we ate until it hurt, of the usual menu of indigestible atrocities. I am heroically looking forward to being indisposed tomorrow.

I escaped finally and spent the evening with J. D. at the club. We smoked and talked late. J. D. is getting fat, and contented-looking,—not half the brilliant conversationalist that he was in the old happy days . . . He thinks a wife will wield a considerable "mollifying influence" in Billy's young life. I am more than ever convinced that he is secretly encouraging Billy in this mad scheme . . .

. . . . . .

And no Billy the whole day long. None of his merry banter and hair-brained schemes for the Thirds. None of his twitting of J. D. to stir his biting sarcasm and my ill concealed glee.

None of his—well, none of himself. I hate Christmas!

. . . . . .

December 26th:

I am to dine at Ethel Lewiston's to-morrow at six-thirty. She phoned to-day. I remember going to school with her years ago. It will be an awful bore, but J. D., Billy, and the "creature" are to be there. That's why I was invited. I feel that I am going to be very unsociable, and even rude. J. D. is elated at the prospect,—the more fool he . . . Ethel is a notorious match-maker. I shouldn't be at all surprised if the whole thing is a bit of her work.

. . . . . .

December 27th:

Billy introduced me as "the elder Third". I wanted to kick him. I'm only three years his senior and J. D. is fully two years mine. She smiled and said she was glad to meet the third "Third";—I was exactly what she expected as necessary to complete Billy and J. D. in the formation of a perfect unity. She isn't a bit what I expected. She is small, dark, and not in the least "willowy" or "clinging". She's anything but pretty; her face is——well,—wrong architecturally, and her nose turns up. As a matter of fact she strikes one as being rather independent and self-sufficing,—hardly an abductor of defenseless males.

I think I squirmed some at first. But she kept on talking and I must have listened,—most of the evening, in fact. Caught J. D. grinning at me once. I wanted to punch his head . . . Her favorite theme was Billy. Possibly that is why I listened so intently. She likes Billy. Well, who wouldn't?—handsome young rascal, merry and fresh as a spring morning, and with plenty of money,—a bit frivolous and headstrong though. Think he needs some restraining influence. Marjory seems as steady as a rock . . .

. . . . . .

Had quite an argument with J. D. on the way home. I've always maintained, and still maintain, that every man should

get married when once he finds *the* girl. J. D. actually seemed amused, and, for a wonder, had no come-back. J. D. certainly has lost his kick.

. . . . . .

December 29th:

I am very tired to-night. The week-ends dissipation was somewhat strenuous; and the office always does pall on one after a few day's absence from the city. The revised statutes seemed unusually cold and musty to-day. I must admit there is no great "mollifying influence" in my particular sphere of existence . . . Funny how Billy always has been the first "Third" to rebel against our pet dogmas "and give free rein to his individuality"—as J. D. was wont to put it somewhat ironically. Funny, too, how Billy is nearly always right, and nearly always swings the rest of us . . . But that is too horrible! . . . Still, J. D. acted rather queerly when we parted. Bah! I'm going to bed.

. . . . . .

January 1st:

New Year's greetings from Billy and Marjory. The firm is sending him to South America in March. J. D. withdrew in his favor and will wait until next year. Good old J. D.! Of course Marjory must go too; hence the setting of the day for the end of February. Marjory —I rather like that name—thinks she can be ready even with such short notice. Will I act as best man? I will.

—X.

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Editorial Notes

"*How Old Is the World?*", by W.H. McNairn, M.A., Ph.D., Professor of Geology and Mineralogy, the first three sections of which are published in this issue, is an article that has attained noteworthy prominence in the scientific world, as well as being widely read by the general public, less interested in science, but always seeking an answer to this question. Originally having been delivered as an address before the Royal Canadian Institute, it was published first in Popular Astronomy in February,

1919, and later in the Scientific American Supplement of April 19th, 1919, the Literary Digest of June 14th, 1919, and the Toronto Star Weekly, June 28th, 1919.

The last two selections will appear in the February number of the Monthly.

A mere fraction of what might be told is contained in the report of the Student Volunteer Convention at Des Moines, written by one of our delegation. A new, or at least, an enhanced vision of what life means, its opportunities for service, meaning of course responsibility, has been gained by the delegates, who now are earnestly engaged in passing on their inspiration.

We take this opportunity of thanking all who, by their financial assistance in the sending of some of our own number to get such a world-vision,have brought blessing on this University and on those whose privelege it is to benefit from its influence.

A Task

To be honest; to be kind; to earn a little and to spend a little less; to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence; to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered; to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation; above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself; here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

Around the Hall

Editor: O. H. McDonald, '21.

The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New Year, blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take its own.

Tennyson.

WELCOME Leap Year,—Nineteen Twenty!

This is not the first leap year which we have spent in McMaster. We have safely tided ourselves over the stormy season of 1916, and now we hasten to give our younger friends the benefit of our invaluable experience. Our advice is as follows:

When invited out for the evening always assume an attitude of modesty and make a reply such as, "Wait till I ask mamma."

Never accept flowers or chocolates from an unmarried and unbetrothed lady. Such acceptance is conclusive evidence at law of reception with intent to encourage.

An offer by an unwedded lady to assist in the matter of certain much-needed sewing and mending should be unqualifiedly repulsed, unless she is willing to accept payment for same at the prevailing rate of charge.

Payment of church collection on your behalf by a single and unbetrothed lady should be regarded as distinctly dangerous.

Beware of the rink. The skating of more than three bands in succession may be held as conclusive proof of intention of acceptance.

Any offer or invitation from an unattached member of the opposite sex for company after rink, after Lit., to or from church, to Lit. Banquet, to or from the library or the chapel, should be regarded with the utmost suspicion and great wisdom exercised in accepting or rejecting such.

Never allow a young lady to pay your car fare, unless it is implicitely understood that such action does not constitute a "casus matrimonii."

Finally, the editor of this department will be pleased to receive requests for advice or information from any troubled youth, to treat same as strictly confidential, and to give answers out of the wealth of his experience through the medium of these pages.

POINTS OF INTEREST NO. 4.

The Examination Hall.

The next in our series is the Examination Hall,—a most absorbingly interesting point of interest . . It was Saturday morning. We had been relieving our crammed brain of its heavy load of Church History. We sat back exhausted. Our fingers were cramped. This was the fourth day of the agony. We looked about us. The atmosphere was tense with the throbbing of many brain cells. Our neighbor was hanging on to his table with all the desperation of a drowning man.

"Fatal learning leads him to the block,
Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep."

Another, in the intensity of his cogitation, sat with his pen gripped between his teeth, and stared into space. Poor fellows, they were writing calculus! . . We looked at our paper once more. The Theory of Gnosticism?—We have it! And again we plunge madly into the task before us.

Interyear Debate

The second debate in the interyear series was held on Friday evening, December 12th, when the Year '20 men, by dint of much persuasion, and considerable eloquence, convinced the judges that "a commission form of government would be in the best interests of the City of Toronto," and incidentally that "there are twenty-eight men on our city council, and not twenty-five." Mr. J. G. VanSlyke and Mr. E. W. Armstrong were the successful debaters of the Senior Year, while Mr. A. S. McGrath and Mr. H. O. Eastman ably upheld the interests of the Juniors. Dr. Findlay, Dr. Gilmour, and Dr. Bates acted as judges. A piano solo by Miss Hounsom, '20, added to the pleasure of the evening.

The Tuck Shop

To remain in the deserted corridors of McMaster during the Christmas holidays, foodless and alone, and under the horrible necessity of making one's own bed, was the depressing lot of certain of our unmarried brethren. But necessity is the mother of invention,—postum is the foster-child of coffee,—and mine host Robert is the father of the saving thought which warmed the cockles of our stomachs.

Under his all-wise supervision a "co-operative beanery" thrived twice daily in room 25, and great was the economy and efficiency thereof. Service was strictly "a la carte" and help yourself; and such was the accuracy displayed in the estimated cost of the various delicacies that the careful patron could subsist on 31 3-8 cents per day, apportioned at the rate of 13 5-16 cents for breakfast, and 18 1-16 cents for tea. A most elaborate system of accounting was maintained, with the understanding that patrons should share in the profits or losses upon the conclusion of the "tuck shop." As yet no final result has been announced, owing to the auditors being unable to account for 7-8 cents worth of butter. Rumor is hinted of graft in high places, and a pronounced case of bankruptcy is feared. Moreover, one ill-natured patron threatens to sue the management on the charge of having caused him a pain "in the proper place." Truly hard is the lot and dry is the bar of the proprietor of the modern hostelry.

A unanimous decision for McMaster! Such was the happy verdict after our first intercollege debate of the year. Castle Memorial Hall was well filled for the occasion,—McMasterfolks very much in evidence,—St. Mike's, though not very largely represented, made themselves heard, at least. It was resolved "That allowances should be paid by the Government of Ontario to the widows of the province with dependent children of school age, if the means of support of said widows be insufficient to keep children at home." Mr. P. Mallon and Mr. J. B. Ryan, of St. Michaels, upheld the affirmative side of this question, while Mr. W. F. Nelson and Mr. George Gilmour—in true Gilmourian style—argued for the negative. The affiirmative succeeded in convincing the judges that widows' pensions were better than nothing,—but as the negative introduced social insurance as an improvement on widows' pensions, they succeeded in winning the debate. The judges were Mr. Justice Riddell, Mr. John Callahan, barrister, and Mr. James Murdoch, of the Board of Commerce. Mr. Justice Riddell's kindly speech of criticism and encouragement was enjoyed and appreciated by all present. Most acceptable musical numbers by the Misses Latimer and Miss Vera Brownlee, added to the enjoyment of the evening. Our next debate in the series will be with Victoria. "Back to Mac., old shield!"

McMaster vs. St. Michaels

"I would be true for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure for there are those who care;
I would be strong for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave for there is much to dare;
I would be friend to all,—the foe, the friendless;
I would be giving and forget the gift;
I would be humble for I know my weakness;
I would look up and laugh—and love—and lift."

Athletics

Editor: Lloyd D. Dingle, '20.

"Forspent with toil as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe;"
—*Shakespeare.*

IN view of the fact that there is such a large number of aspirants for positions on the hockey team this year, the Athletic Executive has yielded to the insatiable demand for hockey by placing teams in two leagues. The McMaster I. team team has been entered in the Intermediate Intercollegiate series, and is grouped with Varsity II, St. Michael's and O.A.C. I, while McMaster II is to meet Weston and Alphas in the Intermediate series of the Toronto Hockey League, an association that is making its initial appearance this season. The first game is scheduled for January 15, and, since the term examinations are not finished until the 14th, it is unfortunate that they are not held prior to, instead of after, the Christmas vacation, for there is very little time available for hockey practice until the day before the first game, and consequently the teams are under a great disadvantage in the opening games. The schedules are as follows:

January 20th.—O.A.C. at McMaster.
January 23rd.—McMaster at St. Mike's.
January 27th.—Varsity II at McMaster.
February 6th.—McMaster at O.A.C.
February 10th.—McMaster at Varsity II.
February 17th.—St. Mike's at McMaster.

January 15th.—Weston at McMaster II.
January 17th.—McMaster II. at Weston.
January 21st.—McMaster II. at Alphas.
January 23rd.—Alphas at McMaster II.

Women's Department

Editor: Miss Marjorie Mallagh, '20.
Asst. Editor: Miss Helen Gilmour, '21.

"God bless you, merry gentlemen!
May nothing you dismay!"

CONCERNING leap-year: the simple fact as stated by history is that according to the Georgian rule of calculation, every year of which the number is divisible by four without a remainder is a leap-year, excepting the centurial years, which are only leap-years when divisible by four after omitting the two ciphers.

The origin of the English name is harder to trace. Many theories have been advanced, none, however, being quite satisfactory. A fanciful idea is that Old Father Time, instead of passing over his accustomed ground during the year, takes an extraordinary leap to the extent of a day more. Probably the most worthy supposition as to the origin of the term is that at first, the extra day in the fourth year and the one before it were as one in the eyes of the law. Accordingly the regular day was considered that one, and the additional day though civilly held as a day was not such. It was missed or leaped over altogether, so that the legal year as opposed to the civil year was in reality a leap-year.

A much more delicate question is that of the origin of the well-known privilege extended to the ladies during this period. Myth and history are both at our service, the former attributing it to no less a personage than St. Patrick himself.

According to the old legend, as St. Patrick was perambulating the shores of Lough Neagh, after having driven the frogs from the marshes and the snakes from the grass, he was accosted by St. Bridget. This holy lady with many tears and lamentations informed him that dissension had arisen among the ladies in her nunnery over the fact that they were debarred the privilege of making the first offer of marriage.

St. Patrick, a sternly single man himself, was yet so moved that he offered to concede to the ladies the privilege of proposing one year in every seven. But at this St. Bridget demurred and vigorously embracing the good man, assured him

that she dare not go back to her associates with such a small concession. To this St. Patrick replied that if she would but repeat her embrace, he would give her leap-year, the longest of them all.

St. Bridget, thus encouraged, immediately bethought herself to approach St. Patrick upon the subject ,but as he had taken the vow of celibacy, he had to patch up the difficulty as best he could with a kiss and a silk gown.

"And ever since then," concludes the legend,—which it is needless to say is not to be found in Butler's "Lives of the Saints," or any other work of hagiological authority, "if a man refuses a leap-year proposal, he must pay the penalty of a silk gown and a kiss."

So much for legend. History, however, also has some information. In 1288 a law is said to have been enacted in Scotland that "it is statut and ordaint that during the rein of hir maist blissit Megeste, for ilk yeare knowne as lepe yeare, ilk mayden ladye of bothe highe and lowe estait shall hae liberte to bespeke ye man she likes, albeit he refuses to taik hir to be his lawful wyfe, he shall be mulcted in ye sum ane pundis or less, as his estait may be; except and awis gif he can make it appeare that he is bethrothit ane ither woman he then shall be free." A few years later a like law was passed in France, and in the fifteenth century the custom was legalized in Geneva and Florence.

W.L.S.

Perhaps the girls were depressed by the thought of portending exams and had forgotten that Christmas, too, was coming with all its joys and good times. Probably for this reason the Juniorettes prepared a truly cheer-up Christmas program for the meeting of December 12th.

First of all, a glimpse was given into the boyhood of Charles Dickens. As he dozed in front of the fire on Christmas Eve there came to him a vision of the Spirit of Christmas, and many familiar Yuletide spirits. In keeping with this idea, Miss Helen Gilmour sang in her usual charming manner, "The Fairy Queen."

In place of ordinary Current Events, there appeared a branch of Holly Berries, which, upon examination, disclosed many interesting topics of the day. As usual, the Freshettes

suffered most, as their past actions, good and bad, public and private, were revealed to one and all.

From the world of cruel facts we were again transported to the realm of fancy, as we witnessed "The Fairies' Plea," a delightful little play, in which Queen Titania, Puck and their associates were about to suffer at the cruel hand of Father Time, when they were rescued by none other than the poet Shakespeare, who promised in response to their plea, to give them immortal life and fame. As usual, the meeting closed with the McMaster song, followed by the class yells.

The East to the West

Two hundred million Chinese women! Moreover ,women who are now alive to their need of education! In the coming days China is going to take her place among the nations. What is her influence to be? Is she, as one Chinese speaker at Des Moines phrased it, to prove a "blessing or a yellow peril?" .. ....

In 1908 there was an intellectual revolution in China; in 1911 a political one, and now the people are ready, yes, eagerly asking for a spiritual revolution. Two hundred million women in China to-day! They are standing with hands outstretched towards the women of America. What is our answer to be?

The strongest appeal was put by a Chinese woman herself somewhat in this way: You American women are richly endowed with liberty, great opportunity and the knowledge of Christ. The women of China admire you because of your great possessions; respect you because of your use of them; and love you because of a common womanhood. You have sacrificed for the sake of the women of Europe. Why not for China? We need Christian leadership, and that can only come through education.

Not from China alone does the cry for help come, but from every land and from those who are in darkness in our own country. The cry is not only for teachers and preachers but "for everyone who will aid in making Christ a live factor in every-day life.'

"Service" should be the watchword of every woman. "How shall be best use our lives in Christ's service? Where?" At the women's meeting the last afternoon, Mrs. Sherwood Eddy ask-

ed these questions and answered them herself: "Trust God to put your surrendered life where you can best use it."

Is it not an inspiration to know that even in those dark countries of Asia, it will be no longer a handicap to be born a woman, if we in this western land will put forth every effort to make true the convention motto, "The Evangelization of the world in this generation."

WHO'S WHO?

No one need be told the most honored person in the present Women's Student Body is Miss Helen Kerr, its President, or less officially, "the Head Girl."

An outsider might ask how Helen attained this important position and from the girls would come the reply—just by being herself— because in that self are all the necessary qualifications for the President of our Women's Student Body.

As a Freshette, Helen's happy disposition and merry laugh could not help but cheer any dispirited soul, and her habit of not worrying even over exams was a reproof to all pessimists. It was as Secretary of the W.S.B., in her Junior year, that Curly demonstrated her executive ability, and making up accounts and gathering in Victory Bond money became her pastimes.

The reward for her labors came in March, 1919, when at the annual elections she received the greatest honor that can come to a McMaster girl. All the numerous tasks and duties following upon this office, Helen performs quietly, smilingly, with no ostentation; making each girl feel her duty to school affairs, while always disclaiming any credit due to herself.

PRETTY POINTS.

The girls are practising hard for the annual W.L.S. play, this year, "The Comedy of Errors," which they hope to present the first week in March. When talking to friends of the University, mention this—it may help you to sell a few more tickets later on.

"*The authorities* consider the relations between professors and students at McMaster to be such that heat is unnecessary in the classrooms."—*One of the "Profs."*

An innovation was introduced at the Juniorette program for Women's Lit. in the form of "someone" who operated the magic lantern from the discreet distance of the gallery. An investigation might be carried on regarding this sudden deviation from the beaten path of custom.

Professor.—"Alcohol can be made from nearly anything these days. It is even made from sawdust now."

Student.—"Is that what they call wood alcohol?"

Although it seemed at first as if all efforts to join the Women's Inter-College Hockey League was destined to be ineffectual, our membership was finally accepted. Notwithstanding the fact that this is our first year in the League, we hope to maintain a respectable standing, although it will require every effort on behalf of the girls, as there were no practices before the examinations.

Query? The significance of the percentage of students who wrote the exam. in Spanish to those who registered in the new course.

O Thou, whose name doth now inspire
Dread in our hearts, and evils dire;
We live—to see thy funeral pyre.
Exams!
Alas! The spectre now draws near,
We stand and view with awful fear,
That haunting ghost, so sad, so drear,
Exams ! !
We pray, have pity on us all,
And grant that, in McMaster Hall,
Shall vanish now till doomsday's call,
Exams! ! !

—*Perpetrated by a Freshette.*

The McMaster Women's Chorus

So rapid and vigorous has been the development of this important organization that notwithstanding its recent origin, the McMaster Women's Chorus is now looking forward to its initial public appearance. Rehearsals and plans are progressing with the enthusiasm which characterized the organization of the society, and the first week in February has been decided upon as the approximate date for the concert. A splendid program has been arranged, and it is the aim and desire of the Chorus not only to charm its audience but also to collect a goodly sum for the Women's Residence. Definite announcement of the date will be made later, and we feel sure that it will be wise to secure your tickets the day the sale begins.

Our Graduates

EDITOR: E. J. BENGOUGH, B.A.

"THE PLAY'S THE THING."

(*Enter Alma Mater with an attendant*).

Alma Mater. How fares it with our scattered family?

Attendant. Methinks I see a group approaching yonder.

Alma Mater. 'Tis well; then we shall greet them bye-and-bye.

(*Enter a group of men, carrying each a great book.*)

Attendant. And whence and whither do ye pass?

One of the Group. We be poor parsons, and we itinerate.
We change our place but not our occupation.

Alma Mater. But why continue not in one locality?

One of the Group. Many are the reasons, amid varied circumstance:
One man grows tired of his community.
Another finds the climate likes him not.
Some men seem born to move; some achieve, by movement, greater things,
And some have movement thrust upon them.

Alma Mater. And who are ye, my children? I find you out of knowledge grown. Thou, brother with the military mien, I know thou hast been to the wars.

N. A. Harkness, '04. Yea, Mater. I left the Wolfville Church,

In lovely Nova Scotia, to do my part for King and Country.
Now I go west to Kitsilano, which is the lilting name
Of a church in the sunset town, Vancouver.

Alma Mater. And thou, methinks thy face is more familiar.

E. G. Dale, '14. My name is Dale, of Year Fourteen,
Till now of Boston, but henceforth Delhi,
Both in this fair Province of Ontario.

Alma Mater. And here is Lyster Harton, of Port Colborne, art thou not?

J. L. Harton, '16. Till now, 'tis true, but toward the east I go.
Henceforward Oshawa shall be my home.

Alma Mater. And here I see a face of earlier days.

W. Daniel, '98. And I by change do cease to move. I have been
Toiling over mountains in the Province by the sea,
Preaching to scattered towns, and overlooking many churches.
Now go I to Vancouver as pastor of the Grandview Church.
(*Exeunt*).

Attendant. Good Mater, yonder come another group. As they approach,
I see them heavily bespectacled, and with the mien
That speaks the pedagogue.

Alma Mater. Then hail them, and discover who they be.

Attendant. Sirrahs, have the goodness to step hitherward. Our Alma Mater
Would enquire your name and destination.

J. G. Whiten, '05. It is our pleasure so to do. As senior of the group,
I shall be bold to introduce myself at once,
Then those who bear me company.
My home has been for years beside the Sea of Peace,
And now I live in the city of Westminster the New,
Teaching the young idea how to shoot,
In our High School named for the Duke of Connaught.
In the same school with me are these two friends.
(*Presents* R. G. Dunbar, '13, and E. H. Lock, '14).

Alma Mater. And where is Miriam Cline*? Was she not also there?

Whiten. Yes, but now she studies further at Columbia,
And she will soon obtain the Master's hood.

Alma Mater. And how about our old friend, Ernest Chave?

Whiten. He for a time worked with the men-at-arms,

*Miss M. M. Cline, '15, 224 Spring St., New York City.

But now he too burns midnight oil.
Chicago is the scene of his endeavor,
Where he pursues his Ph.D.

Alma Mater. And hither comes George Ramage, with a sprightly step,
And yet, meseems with visage worn with care.
My son, come tell what load thou carriest?

G. E. Ramage, '15. It is indeed an honorable burden.
From teacher I have advanced to Principal
Of our High School in good St. Mary's town.

Alma Mater. And here a son yclept Bill Way. How goes it now with thee?

W. S. Way, '17. In Brockville, Madam, do I bring young minds
To worship at the shrine of History.

C. T. Thoms, '16. And I also am a Pedagogue.
Working in an honorable Institute.
At Oakwod in Toronto for a year, I made a change.
Methought the symbol O.C.I. was talismanic,
So I kept the same, though changing place.
Hence I am now in Ottawa,
Teaching the sons and daughters of the Capital.

Alma Mater. And here there comes a family I know. I see my old friend Troward Marshall;
And with him is his wife, Grace Iler. We always liked her well
But Troward liked her better. Here also is her sister, Helen.
How do you now, and dwell ye all together?

T. H. Marshall, '08. Yes, Madam, we live across the lake at Rochester,
And coaching is our calling—not the ancient kind
With horse and chaise, but the tutoring of students.

Alma Mater. Some one go quickly and enquire where go friend Jury
And his little wife.

G. S. Jury, '09. (*calling back*). Pray do not stop us; we are off to catch the ship.
We sail at once for Burma, where the College of the Baptists in Rangoon
Is calling us to teach the young Burmese. Adieu.
(*Exeunt.*)

(*Enter several pairs.*)

Alma Mater. And who are these who saunter on in pairs

And seem enwrapt in conversation each with each?

Attendant. These are sons of thine who recently have taken wives.
Wouldst know which ones they be

Alma Mater. Assuredly.

Attendant. Here, then, is E. D. Campbell, of Year Twelve.
When he came back from overseas,
He wed a certain damsel, Leila Ford,
Whose native town was Clinton, near at hand,
But who taught in Ottawa.
Well, being wed, they spent a honeymoon at East Aurora,
Which, as Elbert Hubbard gravely said,
Is in the State New York.
Then, going West, our good friend Earl
Resumed his previous occupation.*

Alma Mater. May fortune smile upon thee and thy wife, my friend.

Attendant. And here is Alvin Mitchener, of Year Fourteen,
Who lectures in the M. A. C. at Winnipeg.†
Last fall he came down east to Guelph, and Married Myrta Marguerite,
Daughter of one Joseph Gowdy of that town.

Alma Mater. And my congratulations to you and your wife.
And now I recognize another of the group.
Why, yes, it is the fair-haired Percy of the Lewis clan;
Who is the lady whom he leads and is engrossed in talk?

Attendant. Madam, it is scarcely past a month since he and she were wed.
Yes, he's Percy Lewis, as you say,
The doughty doctor back from overseas.
And she is Margaret—though also known as Dell—
Daughter of one Lauder, of Durham town.
They live now in Toronto and we hope
To see them oft.

Alma Mater. Not to intrude upon your honeymoon,
We add to those from other friends,
Our warm felicitations.
And now, unless my eyes deceive,
I yonder see my daughter Freda Wells.

*Teacher of Chemistry, Biology and Agriculture in Calgary High School.
†Lecturer in Entymology, Manitoba Agricultural College.

She rests upon the arm of one who seems her husband.
And moves her lips as though she conned a lesson o'er.

Attendant. Madam, your discrimination is most apt.
The man indeed is our friend's husband,*
And therefore, our friend. Their home is miles away
In far New Mexico, in the town of Santa Rosa.
And as you saw her conning o'er a lesson,
'Tis that she must acquire the Spanish tongue.
For converse with her neighbors.

Alma Mater. To you, my friend, I give congratulations.
You have a worthy wife. I would my wishes utter
In the speech of Barcelona, but here at home
I have not yet completed Spanish 1.

(*Enter R. D. Campbell,* '16).

Attendant. Yonder goes one of our good friends of ante-bellum days,
None else than Bobby Campbell. He runs and jumps
At hurdles in his way. Come hither Bob.

Alma Mater. How fares it now, my friend?

R. D. Campbell. I live again at home in Ormond since the war.
And, now 'tis 1920, I recall
That I am asked to jump at the Olympic Games.
But I have much to overcome;
I tip the scale at twice a hundred pounds, and needs must train.
I therefore pray you to excuse me,
While I go and run. (*Exit.*)

Alma Mater. You see how well worth while it was
To come this morning for this pleasant stroll.
We meet our friends, both old and new, and store our minds
With many a kindly thought of how they do.
We shall come here another day, that while we pause,
We may repeat the pleasure of to-day.

Attendant. Indeed we shall. (*Exeunt*).

Curtain.

*D. A. Grassette.

Here and There

Editor: Miss E. Marion Stillwell, '20.
Asst. Editor: Miss Marion V. Royce, '22.

"Life is the mirror of king and slave,
It is just what you are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you."

OW often in the busy college life duties pall upon us and a great feeling of the weariness of things rolls over us like a huge tidal wave! After all, why care how we perform our tasks? How many of our fellows will remark whether we give our best or only our second-best to the work in hand? Yet, in the very midst of our temptation to slight things, we are reminded that not even the humblest duty well performed goes unnoticed and unrewarded. True, very few of us may find an opportunity to do great things, but all of us may have a share in the thousand and one seemingly insignificant duties which are constantly arising.

If we give the best that is in us to our college activities, surely it will but train us for that larger life which awaits us beyond the college walls. None of us know just what this training means to us, but is there not a suggestion in that exquisite poem written by Dandridge?

Shall we know in the hereafter
All the reasons that are hid?
Does the butterfly remember
What the caterpillar did?
How he waited, toiled and suffered
To become a chrysalid?
When we creep so slowly upward,
When each day new burden brings,
When we strive so hard to conquer,
Viewing sublunary things.
When we wait and toil and suffer,
We are working for our wings.

Bacon has said there are three classes of books—books to be tasted, books to be chewed, and books to be digested. Nowadays there is a fourth class, declares the *N.Y. Evening Post*,—

books to be airily referred to as though we knew them. These are the "books we lie about." Most of us are not honest enough to admit our literary omissions. By dint of repeated references . . we come to believe ourselves. And if a wish to know often fathers the innocent thought that we do know, does not a wish to seem to know often father hypocrisy in boasting of our reading? . .

All too true, is it not? The trouble is, however, that such knowledge does not stand us in good stead in that time of testing examinations. Then we are forced, whether or no, to make an inventory of the masterpieces we have honestly and thoroughly read.

Scene I.—Frosh. (to Soph.).—"Say, there's something preying on my mind."

Soph. (consolingly).—"Never mind, it'll soon starve."

Scene II.—"What you don't know won't hurt you."

Soph's father (soliloquizing).—"Then that boy of mine is immune from all harm."—*Ex.*

Here is a challenge that calls for daring pioneers:

The things that havent' been done before
  Are the tasks worth while to-day;
Are you one of the flock that follows, or
  Are you one that shall lead the way?

Are you one of the timid souls that quail
  At the jeers of a doubting crew?
Or dare you, whether you win or fail,
  Strike out for a goal that's new?

Selected.

"Is this the Adam's House?" asked a gentleman of a Bostonian.

"Yes," was the answer. "It's Adam's House till you get to the roof, and then it's eaves."— Brandon College Quill.

"Silence is golden, you know."

"Well, I don't know about silence being golden, but I've heard of people making money out of a still."—Boston Transcript.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich may write verse that is a bit uncan-

ny, but he is certainly a "poet of parts." His imagery is vivid and forceful, and grips the reader's mind powerfully.

Somewhere, in desolate, wind-swept space,
In twilight land, in no man's land;
Two hurrying shapes met face to face
And bade each other stand.
"And who are you?" cried one, agape,
Shuddering in the glimmering light.
"I know not," said the second shape,
"I only died last night."

Readers who casually think of Japan as a semi-mediaeval land will be enlightened, if not amazed, when they see, "The Trans-Pacific," a new monthly periodical published in Toyko by an American, Mr. B. W. Fleisher. On its first page the title appears in English, on the last in Japanese, and on turning the pages either forward or backward one finds articles in English, and Japanese respectively, with half-tone illustrations, up-to-date typography, and all the ear-marks of a wide-awake American magazine. That such a periodical should be "made in Japan" will give the average American a new idea of the progress of the Island Empire.—*Outlook.*

An English traveler in Japan was rather amazed at the way in which English is used on Japanese notice-boards. The following are a few examples:

Garments made to order from your skin or mine.

Respectable ladies may have a fit upstairs at any time.

It is forbidden to throw the stone; a man is being wounded. He was being wounded for many years.—*E. and W.*

One winter's day a very bow-legged tramp called at a house to warm himself at the kitchen stove. The little boy of the house looked at him carefully and said: "Say, mister, you'd better stand back, you're warping."—*Brandon College Quill.*

We have always understood that pleasantries are constantly being exchanged between editors of rival papers, and we have it on good outhority that the following is a bona fide example of such missives:

An editor in Kankabee,
Once falling in a burning passion
With a vexatious rival, he
Wrote him a letter in this fashion:
"You are an ass uncouth and rude,
And will be one eternally."
Then in an absent-minded mood
He signed it. "Yours Fraternally."

"To have written one good poem at nineteen is more than most men have achieved though they lived the three score and ten; and that is what has been done by Edward Wyndham Tennant, who, after a year's service at the front, in the Salient and elsewhere, was killed in action on the Somme on September 22nd, 1916. His mother, Lady Glenconner, has written a memoir of her son, which, with his letters and poems, and some good portraits is dedicated to all mothers—and they are many—who have suffered the same loss. That poetry came easy to the lad is plainly seen from the following poem which Lady Glenconner prints among his childish verse, written at the age of nineteen.

A FACE,

I know a face, a lovely face
As full of beauty as of grace,—
A face of pleasure, ever bright,
In utter darkness it gives light.
A face that is itself like joy;
To have seen it I'm a lucky boy;
But I've a joy that have few others,—
This lovely woman is my Mother.

"Every reader may form his own conclusions as to what Edward Tennant might have done had he lived. He himself wrote, "Sometimes I think that if I live I shall be a poet one day, not by looking at what I have done, but because of feeling what I may do, of thinking of all I could do. I know that my poetry is not complex and impressionistic enough to suit the modern style of criticism."

His best known poem is probably the charming "Home Thoughts of Laventie," beginning:

Green gardens in Lavantie!
  Soldiers only know the street
Where the mud is churned and splashed about
By battle-wending feet;
And yet, beside one stricken house there is a glimpse of grass,
  Look for it when you pass.

Beyond the church whose pitted spire
  Seems balanced on a strand
Of swaying stone and tottering brick—
  Two roofless ruins stand.
And here behind the wreckage
  Where the brick wall should have been
  We found a garden as an—

the garden which reminded the tired young soldier of Home—what a perfect place.—*Spectator.*

Why are manuscripts rejected?

Have you ever known that humiliation, that agony of soul, that follows the rejection of a cherished manuscript, perhaps your first attempt. Surely 'twas "Love's labor lost." Hour after hour of concentrated effort, the very best within you, utterly disregarded! All your hopes for a future of fame crushed by the fatal hand of some cruel editor! A death-blow!

Then, to what causes did you attribute this unfortunate refusal of your offering? Was it envy or malice on the part of the editor? . . . . .

Albert Shaw, the editor of *The American Review of Reviews*, says of these disappointed though prospective writers: "I think that most authors of sufficient ability and training to be considered at all understand that it is not an editor's sole function to sit as an impartial judge of manuscripts submitted to him for acceptance or rejection! . . . . .

Many an article is submitted to an editor which he, himself, likes but which does not suit the purpose of his particular magazine . . . I have had the pleasure in the course of long editorial experience of seeing a vast number of fairly good articles appear in other periodicals after I have rejected them.

. . .

Many manuscripts are rejected because they are diffuse when they should be condensed and terse, but editorial offices are exceedingly hospitable toward genuine, workmanlike offerings.'

"Yes, sir, when a man writes from his own mind he writes very rapidly. The greatest part of a writer's time is spent in reading in order to write; a man will turn over half a library to make one book."—Dr. Samuel Johnson.

Biblically Expressed:—

A prosperous dentist fixed the teeth of a young parson, an old schoolmate of his, and declined to accept more than a nominal fee, since his friend was struggling along on a very small salary. In return for the favor, some time later the minister gave the dentist a book. It was a disquisition of the Psalms, and on the fly-leaf the young clergyman had inscribed this appropriate greeting: "And my mouth shall show forth thy praise."—*Harper's.*

We acknowledge gratefully the receipt of *Queen's Journal, Dalhousie Gazette, Acadia Athenaeum, Manitoban, Brandon College Quill, Camosun* and *Bessie Tift.*

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*Obit., December 8, 1919.

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YOUR SONG.

Sing me a song in the morning clear
At the birth of a glad, new day,
When faith is young, and life is dear,
And time is in its May;
As I roam at will, over vale and hill,
Nor dream in my heedless way
But to-morrow the sun will be shining still,
And the gilt and the gloss will stay.

Sing me a song in the strong noontide
In the heat of my passions' day,
As I heap my fill of lust and pride
And debts that I must repay!
Your heart to mine in a song may call,
With the voice of yesterday,
That I may not lose my soul and all
Though far I be gone astray.

Sing me a song when the shadows fall
In the end of the long, long day;
As I list awhile for the silver call
That is sent for the soul, they say;
When I bid goodbye to the world and all—
For I must away, away—
My heart will her ancient hope recall
And a faith that lives for aye.

—Robert James Lang, '16

THOMAS TROTTER.

1. Early Life and Influences in England.

HOMAS Trotter was born in Thurlaston, eight miles from Leicester, England, August 11th, 1853. His early education was received in the National School of his native village. When only 11 years old he became errand boy and general factotum in a Leicester shoe factory, the head of which was a friend of his father's. Presently he became book-keeper in the firm and in his fourteenth year he accepted a similar position in a larger firm and held it until the family moved to Canada.

He came of godly stock. His mother was a Christian woman of quiet strength, good sense and deep affections. His father also was a Christian and a Baptist who knew what it was to suffer for conscience sake. When the lad set out for his new life in the city, the father accompanied him half the way and, before they parted, knelt by the roadside and commended him to God, praying that he might be kept pure and good and true amid the temptations of the city. His Aunt Ann, a saintly woman, also influenced him greatly. There had been preachers in the family and, from his birth, she made special prayer that he might be given to the ministry and she cherished the conviction that her prayer was heard. There was a large family of elder and younger brothers and sisters, so that the home was a school in itself full of life, interest, stimulus, and discipline, made the more precious by an atmosphere of refinement and courtesy. No wonder he usually spent week-ends at home after going to the city.

He was happy also in his Leicester surroundings. He lived in the lovely Christian home of a family who were members of the Frair's Lane Baptist Church. The elder son and he became fast friends. One man in the church influenced him strongly during these formative years through a "Young People's Mutual Improvement Society" he had organized. They met for an

hour and a half before the morning service to study Bible characters. They also met on a week evening for the discussion of moral and economic questions in essay and debate. Thomas Trotter's first essay was on Daniel. Impromptu speaking and careful preparation were both cultivated. The existence of a Band of Hope in the church accounts for the fact that before our friend was fourteen years old he had become a Blue Ribboner. All this was intellectually helpful and tended toward faith in Christ.

But other influences were also beating in upon his opening mind. Debaters of the Bradlaugh and other schools were busy in the parks. And he had his struggle with unbelief. A Christian woman living in the other half of the semi-detached house overheard him one evening pleading for half an hour that God, if there was a God, might reveal Himself to him. She felt that such prayer would surely be answered.

These early years in England brought a many-sided development, gave practical experience, trained to self-reliance and grounded him in the moral life. In his sixteenth year the family moved to Leicester and a year later he accompanied them to Canada.

2. In Toronto. Conversion and Call to the Ministry.

In 1870 they came to Toronto and Thomas secured office work with the firm of Wheeler and Wilcox. The home was on Berkeley Street and on the first Saturday Rev. D. Savage with Mr. and Mrs. Firstbrook called and invited them to their church—the Methodist New Connexion on Temperance Street. There, too, stimulating influences were about them. A retired minister named McClure, a saintly and scholarly man, had organized a Young People's Mutual Improvement Society and, through it, helped him greatly. The Pastor also was an earnest-souled man. The result of these good influences was that within a year Thomas Trotter became a Christian.

Naturally he felt inclined to join that Church. But the intimation of his purpose so to do was such a grief to his father

that he determined to study the matter for himself. The result was that in the latter part of 1871 he was baptized by the Rev. A. H. Munro into the Alexander Street Baptist Church. There he came into goodly fellowship. Mr. Munro was a thoughtful preacher. There were homes that knew how to be hospitable to young life. It was the students' church. So that there was much that was quickening and culturing in the church life for which many of us have felt life-long gratitude.

One of the University students, J. C. Yule, afterwards Professor at the Institute at Woodstock, especially influenced young Trotter. He was then student pastor at York Mills and used to get his fellow-students and others to assist him in Sunday School and prayer meetings. Amongst the others was Thomas Trotter. One day as they drove out together, Mr. Yule said to him: "Thomas, have you ever thought that God wanted you for the Ministry?" He was surprised and said: "Why, no." And yet it had occurred to him. Down in his soul there was probably a desire for it, but he had not taken it seriously. It seemed beyond his reach. He had not allowed himself to aspire to it. But here was a challenge from one whom he greatly trusted and honored. So he faced the question in a new way, with the result that inner impulse and outer council combined to make it clear that God was calling him to the gospel Ministry. With joyful and whole-hearted obedience he responded.

3. His Student Career.

Deeply convinced of the need of thorough preparation he entered the Canadian Literary Institute at Woodstock in September, 1873, and his brother John followed at Christmas. His father died in the following June and shortly afterwards the family moved to Woodstock. The romance of faith is illustrated in the experience of these two brothers as they bore the double burden of working their way through college and of assisting their mother in caring for the younger children. God honored their faith and opened doors for them in many wonderful ways.

These years in Woodstock were full of enriching experiences.

They were the closing years of Dr. Fyfe's influential and fruitful regime. He did much to mould the Trotters into superb Christian manhood. He said of them on one occasion that he could always count on them to support Christian ideals. To Professor Wells also he frequently expressed special indebtedness. And the healthy, happy, varied student life made large moral and spiritual contribution and established friendships that were treasured through life.

When he came to the University of Toronto, the outstanding personality was Professor Young under whom he took the special course in philosophy and who influenced him profoundly. He graduated in Arts in 1882. His theological course was completed in 1885 in Toronto Baptist College. Dr. Castle was Principal. His associates were Professors Newman, MacVicar and Welton throughout, and, for a time, Professors W. N. Clarke and Theodore H. Rand, and Lecturer J. W. A. Stewart. Of these men and their varied gifts he always spoke in terms of warm appreciation.

During these College years he held student pastorates in Teeswater, Onondaga, Boston, Shelburne (N.S.), College St., and Beverley St., Toronto and Ingersoll. At Shelburne, in 1877, he was ordained and through his ministry there Mr. Coumans, a Roman Catholic and father of Rev. H.B. Coumans, our present Home Mission Superintendent, was converted to God.

4. His Public Career.

In 1883 he accepted the call of the Woodstock Church. That pastorate continued in great power and blessing until September, 1888. The spirit of the Church was greatly revived, conversions were numerous, and every department of the Church's life showed enthusiasm and enlargement. When, owing to a long illness, he resigned, it was with profound sorrow and sympathy the Church accepted the resignation.

In 1887 a great joy and inspiration came into his life when he was married to Ellen Maud Freeman, a daughter of Rev. D. Freeman, M. A., of Nova Scotia, and for some years Lady

Principal of Woodstock College. Two sons, Reginald and Bernard, two daughters, Marjorie and Frances, were given them in the course of the years. All survive except Bernard, who, as a Lieutenant in the 11th Leicester Regiment of the Imperial Army, gave his life for the Empire's righteous cause, and left a legacy of poems that will keep his name alive in our Canadian literary annals for many a year to come.

After a year's rest Mr. Trotter became pastor of Bloor Street Church, Toronto, whence, in 1890, he was called to the Chair of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology in McMaster University. But his passion for the pastorate was too strong to resist; and in 1895 he resigned to take charge of the church at Wolfville, N.S., the seat of Acadia University. Personal preference had to be sacrificed again two years later when Acadia called him to her Presidency. For nine years he discharged the duties of that exacting position. The College was in financial difficulty. He set himself to relieve it. He visited the churches, and by the energy of his conviction on Christian Education and the eloquence of his appeals, he rekindled the old enthusiasms and added over $300,000 to the College funds.

The strain, however, was too great; his health again gave way. In 1906 he resigned and after a year's rest, accepted a call to the Ashland Avenue Church, Toledo, Ohio. The years in Wolfville, Mrs. Trotter says, were "full of color and romance; the three spent in Toledo were idyllic." Nothing but the conviction that he would probably be able to serve longer and better in the McMaster professorship than in a large city pastorate, for the full demands of which he lacked the necessary physical vigor, made possible his decision to accept the recall to Toronto.

He resumed work as Professor in Practical Theology in McMaster in January, 1910, and rendered seven and a half years of the noblest kind of service. His own happiness in it is indicated by Mrs. Trotter in these words: "It has been such a delight to Mr. Trotter to renew his fellowships of early days among the churches. He felt that this last period of work back in Ontario gave him a sense of completeness about his life."

5. The Closing Months.

About 1914 symptoms of some internal ailment began to appear. For two years, however, it caused but little trouble and the rest of us knew nothing about it. But while he was at his summer home at Midlothian Wharf, near Burk's Falls, alarming symptoms developed. A thorough examination in Toronto gave good hope and he continued his work, not without suffering and growing weakness, throughout the following session. Shortly after the close of lectures in April, 1917, he underwent a serious operation. The shock of that was followed by the shock of Bernard's death in France. The recovery from it was slow. Yet in the summer time there seemed to be real improvement and ground for hope. That hope was disappointed. The long and painful struggle closed only on June 7th, 1918.

How he bore this fiery ordeal is best stated in Mrs. Trotter's words: "It was easier to be told that his work was done than it would have been ten years ago. It wasn't easy even now but months ago he reached, I think, a position of perfect acquiescence in the Father's will. And patience had her perfect work, as shown in the constant bearing, without a word of complaint and with the greatest sweetness, of an accumulation of physical miseries such as a well man can't begin to imagine.

"I marvel greatly not only at his wonderful physical vitality but even more at his mental vitality. He retained his interest in everything outside of himself to the very end. He not only wanted the latest war news, but he wanted to see and pass judgment on every new article of dress that came into the house. His room was the centre of the family life. No doubt he suffered more than he need have done but for his great fear that the opiates prescribed would cloud his mind and hinder his intercourse with those around. He was very anxious not to lose his enjoyment in having us read to him. We had great variety in our reading, but almost never a day without some Bible reading. He generally prescribed the book and the chapter, and oftenest, I think, asked for the 11th and 12th of Hebrews. He

seemed to feed on them. The last time I read them to him he said, "That is the great thing to keep clear faith in the unseen." He greatly enjoyed volumes of prayers by Spurgeon and McLaren and favorite hymns were often called for."

The triumphant assurance of his faith is seen in his wish that the usual symbols of mourning should be absent from his funeral.

6. Character and Service.

Thomas Trotter was a man of rare native gifts both of head and heart. He was an enthusiastic lover of nature, of good literature and art, and of his fellowmen. His was not a great original mind: he absorbed from every quarter with fine instinct for the best and with an alert intelligence; but he reminded all and sent it forth again in new force and beauty.

He responded to all the claims and met all the tests of home. He was a devoted son, an unselfish brother, an ideal husband and, as father, the happy companion and wise counsellor of his children.

What a sunny, genial, cheery, kindly soul he was! What a radiant personality he had! How charming a companion to his friends! What a brilliant conversationalist! In that he was *facile princeps*.

There was no double-fold about him. He was sincere in spirit and frank in utterance. He was generous, chivalrous, and full of noble enthusiasms. Forgetting self, he thought kindly and appreciatively of others, and so had great capacity for friendship. His friendship uplifted and bettered us and it was easy to love him in return.

He was unaffectedly Christian. His Christian experience was quite definite. The bloom of it was always on his spirit. He rested solely, humbly, and happily in Christ, his Redeemer. His feeling, thinking and preaching were profoundly evangelical. Grace was no mere catch-word to him; it stood for the most precious and vital thing in his experience of God. He was a man of sturdy conviction, whilst always hospitable to new light. He

discriminated carefully between the important and the unimportant, between the central verities of our faith and the things that are unrevealed. And he had the courage of his convictions. When his judgment was clear, his course was clear.

It was the courage of one who believed in God. Dr. Trotter was a man of exceptional faith. He knew what it was to face difficulties. But where he felt God was leading he followed, trusting that God would open the way. And to a wonderful degree he experienced God's faithfulness. His striking sermon on the iron gate that was swung open at Peter's obedient approach was his joyful testimony to that faithfulness. Thus it was that he attained to that serenity of soul in the face of suffering which was the wonder and admiration of us all. In a letter I received from him in August, 1917, referring to his illness and the necessity of facing the worst he wrote: "I am happy to say that my mind was adjusted to it in perfect quietness and trust." And in the following April just before he went to the hospital he told me that, of course, for the sake of his family and of the work in McMaster he would like to live; but for himself he confessed to "a certain eagerness for the great adventure." And not when the agony came nor when the blow of Bernard's death fell did he complain or charge God foolishly. In all he declared "His mercies were more than his trials." And this was the spirit of the home that he and his beloved wife had built. Rarely, if ever, have I heard a tribute equal to that paid this home by a reporter who had visited it to gather information about Bernard, when she said to another reporter, a friend of mine, "Oh, Miss F., I have been in a Christian home to-day. It was wonderful and beautiful." He wished this message sent to his friends:

"On that wonderful day
When I am still on the bed,
Smile through your weeping and say,
'Gone by the upland way,'
Do not say I am dead."

The secret of it all is found in those other lines he so often quoted:

"Oh, on to the city so shining and fair
For he who has loved me and died for me's there."

, Dr. Trotter was a model preacher. He had the temperament, the clearness of intellect, resources in ideas and imagination, an unsurpassed charm of language, and a delivery that was both graceful and impassioned. He maintained a remarkably high average of pulpit excellence. Chancellor McCrimmon rightly characterized him "as a preacher with a vital message which he delivered with soul-searching and spirit-elevating function," possessing "extraordinary powers as a revealer of God's will, as an expositor of the glorious evangel, as a sharer of spiritual life and a counsellor with those whose immortality was thrusting them toward eternity."

His pastoral work was unusually efficient. He carried sunshine and cheer wherever he went. His calls brought comfort and counsel to his people. He was a true shepherd of souls.

He was also a wise and tactful leader and administrator. He was progressive and patient and recognized the law of growth in Christian life. So he never scolded, but cultured his people, won them to higher ideals and inspired them to large endeavor. His five years in Woodstock were years of great happiness and progress for the church. The testimony from other pastorates is similar. The Ashland Avenue Church's telegram summed it up in a few words "A loving friend, a dear former pastor, a wise, able, godly leader."

Of his work in the University let the Chancellor speak:

"As a teacher he was superb. Clear in exposition, forceful in presentation, systematic in arrangement, logical in procedure, he threw into this framework the truth he wished to impart with a vividness and concreteness that carried conviction to the student and roused him to enthusiastic discussion.

"All his associations with the University community carried blessing. Student and graduate treasure memories of the admirable way in which he led their devotions at Chapel service.

He performed no public duty in a perfunctory manner. The need of the student, the power of the glorious gospel, the intimate associations of the University, the inevitable importance of the passing moment, all impressed him so deeply and so powerfully that those whom he led to the throne of grace were profoundly moved by his solicitous and effectual intercession.

"Dr. Trotter cherished and prized all his relations with the University. As he lay on his bed of weakness his thoughts would travel morning by morning to the familiar scenes of the class-room, the Chapel, the faculty-room. The teaching gift which was his in such large measure would rise up within for expression. The long devoted and distinguished service he rendered McMaster University and Acadia University is incalculable in its spiritual effect. Only eternity will tell how he lives on and on forever in other men's lives, woven into the web of their existence, embellishing the pattern of their personalities."

And Dr. Rand, a former Chancellor, writes in this wise in THE MONTHLY for April, 1896:

"Students and professors felt the fine enthusiasm which clothed him as a garment. A good scholar, a good teacher, a good preacher, a good man! He is all these. He has head power, heart power, soul power. Power lives in him and has richest expression in warm and biblical preaching, luminous with the gospel of the Son of Man, who is the Son of God. He is a safe and wise man, quick with interpretative sympathy, loyal and true, incapable of betraying a trust and delighting in open and manly thinking and speaking."

It is not strange, accordingly, that he became a denominational leader. People loved and trusted him. They respected both his character and his judgment. He came early to the front. During the great educational discussion in connection with the founding of McMaster University he became an influential leader. His own experience as a student in the Canadian Literary Institute and afterwards in the University of Toronto and his close association in Woodstock with Dr. Theodore H. Rand combined to mature his conviction as to the value of

a Christian University. It was he who, at the Jarvis St. Convention in 1887, formulated and moved the historic resolution which was carried with such an overwhelming majority at the special Educational Convention held in Guelph in March, 1888, "That McMaster University should be organized and developed as a permanently independent Christian School of Learning, with the Lordship of Christ as the controlling principle." In that conviction he never wavered. To its realization he gave a large part of his life. To that let his memory ever summon us.

How quickly, too, he stepped into a position of commanding leadership in the Maritime Provinces, and how nobly he filled it. "The years of his splendid service for our University can never be forgotten" runs the telegram from the Faculty of Acadia University; "His noble Christian spirit and his heroic bearing under physical disability are to us a precious memory and legacy. Baptists of the Maritime Provinces remember with deep affection this faithful servant of God." And the Baptist ministers of St. John expressed also by telegram "their high appreciation of the splendid service he rendered the denomination and the church of Christ both as pastor and as educationist."

Professor Keirstead, his colleague for years both in Acadia and McMaster, thus sums up his character and his service in the East:

"The time needed a leader of ability, tact, and courage to gather funds for payment of debt and enlargement of the institutions. Dr. Trotter gave his strength without reserve to the heavy task and achieved success beyond the hopes of the educational leaders. The success of these forward movements placed Acadia in the way of progress and made sure the ampler day at which she has arrived. This service of Dr. Trotter is most highly appreciated by Baptists of the Maritime Provinces. On his retirement from the office, he received testimonials expressing the full confidence and gratitude of the Governing Board and the membership of the church.

"The executive work required most exhausting labors and

involved risks of health and of the continuance of life. But his faith did not waver and his energy did not fail until the goal was reached. His enthusiasm was contagious, and many a pastor became more efficient in his work from association with Dr. Trotter in efforts for the common cause. He was admired wherever he preached and his memory will be affectionately cherished.

"To the clarity and sweep of his vision and his unusual power of statement he added executive ability of a high order. His experience, as he said, while working with the late Chancellor Rand was of great advantage in the complex situation in which his office placed him. The results of his life work in the provinces by the sea, both in business achievement and in the abiding influence of his strong and attractive personality, are matters of thankfulness to those who know the need of men of light and leading to the welfare of institutions, on which the growth of Christian power rests."

We all know how easily he resumed his place on his return to our Convention after over twelve years' absence. His influence steadily grew both intensively and extensively. In the next great controversy of his generation, that by the Bloor St. Convention of 1909, his address was one of the most influential in leading the Convention to the decision then reached.

Rarely have our people heard their convictions so fully, finely and satisfyingly expressed as they were in his address on "The Baptist Message" on the closing evening of the Walmer Road Convention in 1914. Dr. Henry C. Mabie, who was present, pronounced it the best he had ever heard.

Naturally his fame travelled beyond the bounds of our own denomination and country. He was an honored and welcome guest across the line. And the recognition of him in University circles as a man of culture and power is shown by the honorary degrees D.D. and LL.D., conferred on him—the former by McMaster (1907) and Queens (1903); the latter, by Dalhousie (1906) and Acadia (1907).

The Board of Governors, the Senate and the Faculty of McMaster expressed themselves in a resolution which, after re-

counting briefly his life history, spoke of him in the following terms:

"Dr. Trotter was very widely known in Canada and the United States and wherever known was regarded as a man of high character, of strong and charming personality, of breadth and clarity of vision, of unusual gifts as a thinker and orator, as most faithful and efficient in his work as a minister and as a professor. He possessed executive power which made his services as President of Acadia University most successful and of abiding value to the denomination. His devotion to public duty was complete and his zeal in the cause he loved often carried him beyond the limits of his physical ability.

"His services as Professor were greatly valued by his students. In him they had a friend whose interest in them was deep and abiding. His lectures were clear, vital, illuminating and stimulating; his spirit was sincere, earnest, enthusiastic and contagious. His influence was intellectually quickening, morally strong and spiritually uplifting. His whole personality was one of rare charm and attractiveness. Truth was alive in him and so was commended to the conscience of the student. Indeed he was an ideal Professor in teaching gifts, enthusiasm for his work and that nobility of character which so superbly exemplified the principles he taught.

"By his colleagues he was greatly esteemed and loved. His brilliance in conversation and perfect manners, his fine chivalry and courtesy, his unfeigned goodness, noble candor and lofty Christian ideals, his quick human sympathy and eager interest in all phases of our University life made his comradeship very pleasant and enriching.

"The officers of the University felt that in him they had a great treasure—one who had profound convictions respecting the work of Christian Education, had much to do with launching the University on its career as an independent institution, was always loyal to its interest and ready to spend himself in its service and was welcome everywhere as an eloquent and effective expounder of its purpose and work.

"The qualities which so endeared him to the inner circle of

his immediate associates won for him an exceptionally large place in the confidence and affection of the denomination as a whole."

He has not left us any book as his memorial. He was too busy with the practical daily duties of life to give his thinking literary expression. But he has sown a life and spirit among us that should enrich, clarify and beautify our living testimony to the power of Christ and His Gospel.

It is no wonder there was such keen and widespread grief when he was stricken, that good friends did what they could in kind words and generous, loving deeds to cheer and comfort him during the long months of his suffering and craved the privilege of placing a worthy monument by his grave. Quick, too, was the response when Mr. James Short McMaster suggested to some friends that his portrait should be hung in Castle Memorial Hall. With some quotations from the address made by Mr. H. L. Stark in presenting the portrait to the University this article will close.

"Words are cold in speaking of this gracious life of ministry, of service, of sacrifice. Who would come into touch with him and not be better for it? Students were helped by his teaching, but were inspired by his life. High and noble ideals went hand in hand with gracious words and thoughtful kindly deeds.

"His was a rare personality. Richly endowed by nature, his gifts had early been laid upon the altar. Thus consecrated, these gifts bloomed like flowers in the Master's garden, while he himself grew in likeness to Him whom he loved and Whom he served, and men took knowledge of him that he had been with Jesus.

"Shall he not yet speak to us from these walls in accents sweet and low, and bid us be loving, kind and true? Shall his face not still reflect the glory of his Master and remind us that we too may grow in this likeness? Shall his hand not ever point the way to service and sacrifice? Shall his presence not be to us a continual inspiration and a challenge to become, like him, a true knight of the century, a chivalrous Christian gentleman?"

HOW OLD IS THE WORLD?

Dr. William Harvey McNairn.

(Continued from last number).

IV

The discovery of radioactivity has had many unexpected results in all branches of science, not the least interesting of which are those bearing upon geology. It even appears that we have in this way a method of determining the age in years of any given rock stratum.

Among those elements, which are known to undergo the mysterious change due to disintegration of the atom, is uranium. By giving off particles of helium at a constant and definite rate, uranium is believed to pass over into radium and lead. If in any given uranium-bearing mineral we can determine the relative proportions of uranium, radium and helium, and lead if it is present, knowing the rate at which these changes take place, we should be able to determine the age of the mineral itself.

This method was first suggested by Sir Ernest Rutherford in 1906, who found, in a mineral he was studying, an amount of helium which would indicate an age of 241 million years. Unfortunately he did not state the geological horizon in which the mineral was found, so that the results, so far as our problem is concerned, were of value merely on account of their suggestiveness.

But the lack, which geologists felt was so much to be regretted in this research, was subsequently made good by the Hon. R. J. Strutt, in the careful experiments which he made to determine the ages of a series of minerals whose positions in the geological time scale were definitely known. His results were somewhat startling in the unexpectedly great periods of time which they indicated. For instance he allotted the very respectable antiquity of 141 million years to some rocks which were found overlying Carboniferous strata, or about half way down to the earliest fossiliferous deposits. However, these first

figures were not uniform, and it remained for subsequent investigators to add their quota. Of recent years these have been tabulated and indicate a certain amount of consistency, particularly in their unanimity in extending the reach of geological time to an extent undreamed of by the geologists. Who, for example, would have dared to suggest from geological evidence alone, that we have to do with periods of from 800 to 1600 million years?

It is perhaps too soon to accept unreservedly these methods and these deductions. No doubt the physicists are over sanguine when they say that "every uranium bearing mineral is like a clock ticking out its age in molecules of helium and lead." So that our judgement on this work too must for the present remain in abeyance, waiting for fuller and time-tested information.

V

We have thus obtained the opinion of three schools of investigators as to the extent of geological time. One tells us from 10 to 30 million years; the second, about 100 million and the third, anything up to 1600 million. We must admit that we have not advanced very far. The mean of 10, 100 and 1000 is a figure of little value. But we have not yet reached finality in any one of the three investigations. The bounds of knowledge are yearly becoming wider and we hope that even this profound and perplexing problem will one day be solved.

But there is a sense in which 10, 100, and 1000 are approximately the same—that is when they are compared with infinity. The number of the years of time and space and force we believe is infinite. In the great abyss there has floated for 100 or 1000 millions of years, perhaps even more, the minute speck of matter which we call the earth but in the light of infinity this is but a momentary phase. "The created world is but a small parenthesis in eternity."

It has already been explained that the information at our disposal does not, at the present stage of human knowledge, offer us much hope of finally determining the time since the earth first came into existence. It does however give us in some slight

measure a conception of what this may be. And following the reasoning of Professor Joly of Dublin, we are led to a most interesting and pregnant thought. To-night we see a myriad stars shining in the sky, and the photographic telescope reveals many millions more. It is true that there is evidence of dark bodies —dead stars, but most of them are still glowing. Since the life of a star is but an evanescent flash in the dark when compared with the infinity of time, it appears that the whole universe came into being at one time, and that all the stars, including our own—the sun, will be snuffed out altogether. Thus it follows that the measure of the age of our earth as the abode of life is a measure of the life of the universe, and our study of geological chronology has led us to a contemplation of cosmic time. The investigation is yet in its infancy. Who can foretell how great may be the discoveries which science will yet wrest from the storehouse of nature? What may we not learn about what Carlyle so eloquently speaks of as "that great mystery of Time, were there no other, the illimitable, silent, never-resting thing called Time, rolling, rushing on, swift, silent, like an all-embracing ocean tide, on which we all and the Universe swim like exhalations, like apparitions, which are and then are not; this is forever very literally a miracle; a thing to strike us dumb,—for we have no word to speak about it."

If you wish to be miserable, you must think about yourself; about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay to you, what people think of you; and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make sin and misery out of everything God sends you; you can be as wretched as you choose.

—*Kingsley.*

SHORTCUTS TO SUCCESS

" . . . Let me but take his shape—
Moko's, the Blest, the Educated Ape."

—Service.

HE explosion of our childhood proverbs as relics of a bygone era, is a step in the march of civilization which we do not always hail as an unmixed blessing. For years we have rejoiced in the fact that "Honis the best policy," but we turn our heads for a moment and lo, a profiteer who has stopped all gossip through his generosity to the Red Cross, has substituted the words "The Lord helps those that help themselves." After we have pinned our faith and a fair share of our fortune on the adage—"An apple a day keeps the doctor away," our equanimity is disrupted by a Vaccination Order and we use a crutch or listen to the telephone through the dextral auricle during the ensuing fortnight in consequence. But the maxim of our youth which has undergone perhaps the most thoroughgoing refutation, is that much-quoted but, alas, antiquated remark of the poet:

"Is learning your ambition?
—There is no royal road!"

Many of us have found infinite solace in those lines, confident that the Prince of Wales had no more chance with Tactius, Taussig, or Trigonometry than we, only to learn as we approach the threshold of practical life that we have placed our confidence in a myth which has the Santa Claus idea far outdistanced from the standpoint of imagination at least.

A well-meaning, but misguided contributor to last year's volume of this periodical, indited a scathing indictment of the Demon Sloth as the obstacle to all academic advancement and secular success. Undoubtedly he laboured under the popular delusion that the bard quoted above was not a writer of pure fiction. The facts, however, which recent investigations have incontrovertibly established and to which the succeeding paragraphs will attempt to allude, are making inevitable the "scrap-

ping'' of universities as sources of education with all their attendant paraphernalia, and the interment of their remains in a short paragraph of the more exhaustive encyclopaedias along with the stage-coach and the trireme.

Last week I met my friend Bloggs in the Ritz-Carlton. We hadn't met more than half-a-dozen times since we were classmates in the Third Reader and he had left to enter commercial life. On those few occasions Bloggs had pityingly inquired whether I were still attending school, and I had admitted the fact with a blush. But last week Bloggs was a quite superior being; he seemed to float in an atmosphere of accomplishment and, truth to tell, he had the advantage of me at the outset. Our dialogue, if I may be permitted a broad use of the term, was in effect as follows:

''Well, Cross,'' said Bloggs, ''What a long time it is since last we met. Not know me? Why, Billy Bloggs, of course! I could pick you out of a crowd in Sing Sing, I mean to say Hong Kong, let alone Montreal. You see, I always remember you by your cross-eyes—a system I learned by correspondence in half an hour. Landed on *terra cotta* from England just this morning. The *hoi polloi* on the boat certainly had a rough passage. My wife and I were across *tout ensemble* and *inter alia* we inspected gay *Paree* and the ruins of Flanders. Classical? Oh, a little. Picked the vocabulary from my Three-foot Shelf of Books in two evenings. Crossed the channel with Lord Haig. Excellent fellow. I entertained him with some Canadian anecdotes until the sea began to affect him and he had to go to his stateroom.''

Then Bloggs told me about himself: how he had become President of the Bank of New Brunswick and of the Business Men's Association of Deseronto, was contributing weekly editorials to the ''Saturday Morning,'' was likely to represent the United Farmers of Manitoba at Ottawa, and if the Party were successful he would certainly be selected to the Portfolio of Labour. His next birthday would be his thirty-first.

You can imagine how amazed I was and eager for an ex-

planation of such phenomenal development. Bloggs gave it to me in a few sentences.

Three years previously, when he was a struggling bank clerk, he had answered a few advertisements in current periodicals whereby his savings account had suffered to the nominal extent of fifty dollars. The results were instantaneous. The fruit of one evening's work had been the ability to repeat from memory any given day's ledger entries backwards or forwards and to call by his Christian name every policeman in the city of Toronto. He had required two evenings' study to make him an orator of county-wide reputation, and his ability to speak convincingly had won him a place on the directorship of the bank in which he had so long laboured at paltry wages. His three-foot shelf of books had given him a command of the classics as well as of philosophy and economics, which enabled him to instruct the United Farmers or the local Board of Education with equal facility. He could analyze a man's character from his hand-grasp or his walk, recite "In Memoriam" without misplacing a comma, and give the population of every village in China, all from an investment of time amounting to two or three evenings. The fact is that Bloggs had found the "Open Sesame" of both knowledge and power with practically no effort in a couple of months, while I, with my years of misdirected assiduity, have barely managed to grasp the major principles of classical Greek and Hebrew. As you may have guessed, though I have omitted hitherto to remark it, Billy Bloggs was once famous for his stupidity.

. . . . .

So runs the allegory. On your way to the official reading matter of the magazines you have read it hundreds of times. Perhaps your dearly earned lucre has found its way to one of those centres of distribution, in which case you may now be another Bloggs, who knows?

The human animal has two great weaknesses among others. Barnum is credited with the discovery of one and he phrased it: "The public likes to be humbugged." It must have been one Cain Adamson who first exemplified the other weakness when he

aimed at *large dividends on a small investment*. Men who take advantage of those weaknesses of their fellows are sure to have plenty of business. The two tricks are usually played together and they can be identified in most of the get-rich-quick schemes that are put on the market.

It seems inevitable that a scheme for the development of the mind, the expansion of that mystic thing, the personality, or the reinforcement of the will, should attract a multitude of customers. Many are conscious of weakness from the beginning—if not, the unctuous wording of a clever advertisement soon convinces them of their deficiency in the same manner as a medical work convinced the author of "Three Men in a Boat" that he was suffering from every malady known to medical science with the exception of housemaid's knee. The idea of strengthening the intellect without calling upon that faculty to take a part in the process is an inspiration in itself, especially to anyone who has attempted to improve his mentality in the old-fashioned way; that is the "get-rich-quick" part of the transaction. He pays the price of being humbugged when he acts on the specious argument of the full-page advertisement. He has been told repeatedly that the path to learning or any other kind of success, for the matter of that, is steep and high, but he persists in believing that somewhere lies a golden key unknown to the philosophers and alchemists of the centuries, a key which his professors have not had time to investigate, and one which he may have for a nominal sum—a Master Key for all the treasuries of knowledge and attainment.

If our gullible success-seeker could be content to pay his money and learn his lesson his investment would be a good one: but, alas, like other stimulants, this too is habit forming. While his work with its attendant responsibilities gradually accumulates, he mopes over the galvanic words of last week's "Pep," though he might have written them himself by making a symposium from any other six issues. In good sooth, the analogy to narcotics is a good one: the larger share of the evil lies not in the cost of the drug but the danger in its use.

This fragmentary disquisition must terminate here, for has not the postman but now left me the latest issue of "Bushels of Diamonds."

—H.

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Editorial Notes

For some time it has been the desire of the Faculty to publish a more complete account of the life and work of the late Dr. Thomas Trotter than appeared in the issue of October, 1918. Those who knew Dr. Trotter will appreciate the record in the present number, and to those who were not in attendance during his work here, the article will give some idea of the hallowing influential place he held among the students, in the University, and throughout the denomination.

In some of our exchanges we have noted altogether too frequent indications of editorial sloth. Although we are aware of a certain deliquency ourselves in editorial writing, yet we feel it to be more honorable to admit our fault by the very absence of material, than to attempt to camouflage our failure by the wholesale appropriation of articles original in other college journals *without giving credit to their source*. We do not seek superfluous menton of our magazine, but we do believe in the policy of "credit where credit is due," and consequently we most vigorously denounce the contemptible practice of plagiarism which is becoming too prevalent among College papers.

Names and particular instances could be mentioned, in which jokes and results of original research, and in some cases even whole editorials have been copied without identification.

Our hopes, based on the honor and fairmindedness of college students, are for the complete disappearance of this despicable policy. We feel sure that college editors can show the individual effort and initiative necessary to publish a magazine of their own, or at least that they will be just enough to give credit for clippings which they may use.

Around the Hall

EDITOR: O. H. MCDONALD, '21.

liberal college course is an attempt to give a student at least the beginnings of a knowledge of the human situation. It is an attempt to make him acquainted with all human experiences, human life as a single thing, just the life he has got to live in this world."—President Meiklejohn, of the Amherst College.

McMaster-Victoria Debate

Another victory for McMaster! And now we are in the finals for the Inter-College Championship! The debate took place on "Friday the thirteenth" of February, in Castle Memorial Hall. The subject was, "Resolved that the substitution of a system of proportional representation for the present system in the legislature of Ontario would be in the interest of the province." Mr. W. J. Smythe, B.A., and Mr. J. Millian, B.A., spoke for Victoria, taking the affirmative. McMaster, with the negative, was represented by Mr. S. N. Schatz, '20, and Mr. H. E. Wintemute, B.A. The judges were Mr. Justice Sutherland, Mr. A. R. Clute, and Mr. R. D. Warren. The McMaster men showed superiority both in style and in material. Victoria failed to denounce the present system, assuming it defective without proving it so, nor did they adequately explain the working of a new system. Moreover the strong points advanced by McMaster, especially with reference to New Ontario and the strength of the party system were not met. Justice Sutherland gave a short and kindly criticism of the debate. Both McMaster and Victoria were on hand with the college songs and yells. Mr. Homer Brownlee pleased the audience with a piano solo, and Mr. W. K. Brown gave a couple of splendid readings. McMaster will now meet Osgoode Hall in the finals. Here's hoping for our third victory!

Mr. L. C. Kitchen, '20, who was to have been Mr. Schatz's partner, was unable to debate on account of the influenza, and Mr. Wintemute, on very short notice, most creditably filled his place. Our victory, however, was in no small measure due to Mr. Kitchen's good work in research and preparation, and a share of the honor is his.

. . . . . .

We hear that a couple of Sophs. have become devotees of certain Molten idols at the shrine on Bloor Street.

We understand that in the search for judges for the debate, the secretary called up a certain well-known clergyman in the city. The clergyman was in the midst of a marriage ceremony. The phone rang so incessantly, however, that the marriage had to be held up while the call was answered.—much to the amusement (?) of all concerned., Our thanks are due to our executive for the patient work amid many difficulties in their efforts to secure the judges.

"Resolved that the Imperial Federation would be in the best interests of the British Empire." This was the subject of the debate of Friday evening, January 30th. The affirmative was supported by Mr. H. Wilson, B.A., and Mr. G. K. Tyler, of Theology, and the negative by Mr. S. Vose, and Mr. H. Dyce of the Freshman Year. The debate was well contested, both in the arguments advanced and in the refutations. Theology had the advantage in style, though the freshmen produced the better argument, the question of admitting India to an Imperial Federation being their strong point. The decision was given in favor of the Freshmen, Dr. Brown, Dr. Smith and Professor Curr, acting as judges. Dr. Brown gave a very helpful criticism of the debate, and Miss Chapman, '23, played very acceptably. This puts the Freshmen up against the Seniors for the finals. Look out for your laurels, year '20!

Interyear Debate

Dr. A. C. Dixon, formerly of Spurgeon's Tabernacle, spoke at the Chapel service on January 13th. Since then we have been favored with visits from Rev. Norman Davis, '14, now in Mission work in Nigeria; Rev. J. H. Boyd, of Waverley Road Baptist Church, Principal Wearing, of Woodstock, and Dr. John MacNeill, who spoke in behalf of the Forward Movement.

Chapel Visitors

The Lit. has not had much of a chance to make itself heard this year, chiefly on account of the number of debates and social functions which have interfered on Friday evenings. The first Lit. of the New Year, however, was well attended, and the program was interesting. Miss Mimms and Miss Latimer of year '17 contributed a piano duet. Then Mr. E. D. Renaud recited Henry Drummond's French-Canadian poems, "Le Vieux Temps" and "De Stove-pipe Hole" which were heartily ap-

Lit. Jan. 23rd

plauded. Mr. John Long, in the absence of Dr. Swedelius, who was to have sung, endeavored to fill up the gap in the program,—with more or less success. A few Jazz selections by the well-known "Whouphanphouph Orchestra" brought the meeting to a close.

Seniors' Party

On the cold and stormy evening of January 16th, the Seniors might have been seen ploughing their way through the snowdrifts to the home of Miss Cecilia Hounsom for their first Leapyear party. The ladies entertained the gentlemen very successfully during the evening, even presenting them with beautiful floral decorations. Towards midnight refreshments were ushered in,—to which the usual justice was done,—and then came a closing sing-song. Professor and Mrs. McLay were present, and added greatly to the pleasure of the occasion. The Seniors say this has been one of the best parties they have had.

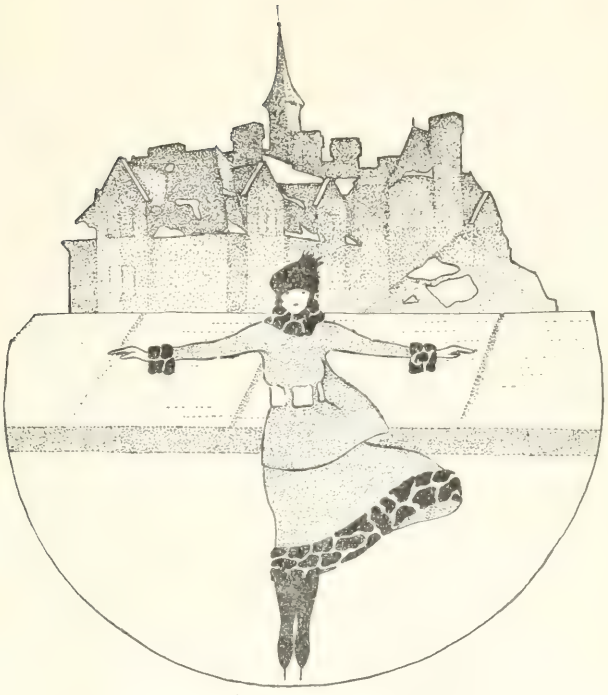
Juniors' Party

The Juniors had selected the same stormy night as the Seniors for their party. First it was to have been a Leap-year skating party, then a sleighride party, but as there was too much snow for either, it was finally just a plain party at the home of Miss Cline and Miss Hooper. A real live little party it was, nevertheless. The charades, with "Jimmie and the schoolma'am" will not soon be forgotten, nor the inside workings of the kitchen by those fortunate ones whose tenders for dish washing was accepted. The cars didn't appear to be running when we came home,so a few of us had some long healthy walks in the wee sma' hours,—and most enjoyable walks, we assure you, with such pleasant company!

Soph. Skating Party

January 14.—The air was sharp and nippy, the rink was cut and chippy, we Sophomores were gathered on the ice. The band played its selection, the moonlight was perfection, as round the course each couple circled thrice. And when the music finished, and our time was sore diminished, by two and two we strolled along the street. We reached our destination,—which was Hunt's by acclamation,—and proceeded to surround a sundae treat. Having gathered round the tables, we discoursed of facts and fables, till the dainties, of necessity, were gone. As we rose again for roving, we took delight in moving votes of thanks to chaperon and chaperonne.

Contributed by "ye bard of '22".



POINTS OF INTEREST NO. 5—VARSITY RINK.

We have long since concluded that the Varsity Rink courses in skating are among the best in the whole McMaster curriculum.

Skating A is designed for those who enter the university without having previously mastered the elementary rudiments of the art. This is mainly a laboratory course in (i) the science of gracefully rescuing a partner who has "taken a header," and (ii) the art of humbly apologizing and making amends for a similar performance on one's own part.

Skating I (for which *Skating A* or its equivalent is prerequisite) This course is designed for students in the first year in arts, and deals with "strategic" skating, or in other words, how to hold a skating party without the sophs finding out.

Skating II is for Sophomore students. It deals chiefly with the freshette problem, and tactics appertaining thereto.—also

elementary training in "escortation" to Hunt's or the Regent Inn.

Skating III. This is a special course given during the session 1920 only, and is adapted to the abnormal leap-year conditions.

Post-grad Work. For graduates there has been instituted this course in the principles and practice of efficient chaperonage. By "efficient" we really mean "sufficient," as it is possible to have too much of a good thing.

Freshman Sleighride

For almost two weeks the Freshmen and Freshettes had been searching their brains to answer the cruel examination papers set by our learned profs. But at last the profound task was completed, and on Wednesday evening, January 14th, Year '23 just had to celebrate.

All met at the home of Miss Lillian Richards. There they climbed aboard a waiting sleigh and were whirled away through the suburbs of North Toronto. Mr. Long, '15, and Miss Duncombe, '20, very leniently chaperoned. They too had once been freshies and knew what it was to have tried university exams for the first time. Two hours later the merry party arrived at Miss Richards' home again. When Daintiness had powdered until noses had faded from rosy red to white, and when Manliness had straightened ties and smoothed hair, everyone did their share to lighten the load of a table creaking under a heavy load of goodies. But the small hours of the morning came all too soon, so bidding their hostess goodnight, they departed for home, to dream restlessly of examinations and sleigh-bells.

MAKING MISTAKES.

When a plumber makes a mistake, he charges twice for it.

When a lawyer makes a mistake, it is just what he wanted, because he has a chance to try the case all over again.

When a carpenter makes a mistake, it is just what he expected.

When a doctor makes a mistake, he buries it.

When a judge makes a mistake, it becomes the law of the land.

When a preacher makes a mistake, nobody knows the difference.

But when an editor makes a mistake—good night—Ex.

Women's Department

EDITOR: MISS MARJORIE MALLAGH, '20.
ASS'T. EDITOR: MISS HELEN GILMOUR, '21.

THE day is not so far distant when the higher education of women, which we now view with such complacency was looked upon with the greatest suspicion by the majority of men and desired by but few women. Although it was not until 1878 that any British University admitted women to degrees, the beginning of the twentieth century found women firmly established in most of the universities of the empire, sharing, in the majority of cases, equal privileges with the men. Step by step the pioneer work has been done until to-day we have not only great co-educational institutions, but colleges and universities especially equipped for the education of women.

Another great stride in this progress is marked by the visit of two eminent English educationalists who are just now touring America with the purpose of sowing the seeds of an international alliance among college women of the world.

Dr. Caroline F. E. Spurgeon, President of the Federation of University women in Great Britain is one of the two women in Great Britain who holds a chair in a university, being professor of English Literature at Bedford College of London University. Dr. Spurgeon says that one aftermath of the war in England has been the rush of women to the colleges, from which literally thousands have been turned away because of lack of facilities to care for them. She also said that English women are more inclined to specialize than are students on this side of the water, and on the whole took their college training much more seriously. In referring to the English woman's knowledge of politics, Dr. Spurgeon acknowledged that she thought the English woman to be better qualified for the ballot than women of the same class in America, because she has been brought up in an atmosphere of politics with the men of her family since she was a child.

The second woman is Dr. Ida MacLean, who is a physiological chemist, a graduate of Newnham College, Cambridge, and treasurer of the same federation of which Dr. Spurgeon is President. Both these women rejoice that the English intel-

lectual woman is no longer considered a frump upon whom one might gaze as upon a strange sort of beast that had strayed out of the zoo and found its precarious way to a drawing-room. Dr. MacLean's hope is that education may be so internationalized and such keen sympathy and understanding fostered through its channels, that it will have a definite effect upon the future peace of the world.

It is as a result of the energy and example of such leaders as these that a new aristocracy has arisen among women; the aristocracy of intellect,—the sole passport to which is the value of work done. Wider knowledge has brought to women a broader and deeper sense of duty and of responsibility, and a quickened realization of citizenship, which has made them better members of society, and doubtless this wider outlook has been to a great extent the outcome of their admission to the universities.

W. L. S.

Practically the entire Women's Student Body assembled on Friday January 23rd, to see "The Last Flicker" of Year '20. The first number was a pantomime of Lochinvar, and as "Young Lochinvar rode out of the west" (mounted upon a chair) all eyes were glued upon him. In the most approved manner he securely tied his prancing steed to the pillar with a piece of pink baby-ribbon. The audience rose to its feet as the climax was reached when the hero, seizing his bride, rode off, and the entire asembly of wedding guests mounted chairs and galloped noisily off the stage in hot pursuit.

The soft, pretty duet by Miss Helen Mabee and Miss Marion Stillwell, achieved a decided contrast to the preceding excitement. Current Events took the listeners back to childhood as the news of the day was adapted to the Pickwick Club formed by Meg, Jo, Amy and Beth in "Little Women."

The grande finale, "When Shakespeare Came to Town," warned everyone from too ardent admiration of the immortal dramatist, for it depicted a happy home almost wrecked because every member of the household desired to impersonate a Shakespearean character at a Literary Society concert. Miss Helen Kerr, as a practical friend of the family, was disgusted with the performances of Romeo, who persistently made love to a Juliet who was perched upon a very unsteady step-ladder; with Titania and her lone fairy; with the two rival Lady Mac-

beths who wailed loudly at the "damned spot"; and with the maid who recited passionate speeches to a broom-handle.

The ardour of these literary enthusiasts was quenched by the cancelling of their concert, and the curtain went down, bringing to an end the dramatic career of Year '20. Three cheers for the Seniorettes!

WHO'S WHO?

Marion Stillwell has literally grown up with the Women's Literary Society, having served on its executive for two years and finally been chosen President. From her first year Marion seemed destined to be a leader in school activities. Her efficiency, cheery optimism and unusual organizing ability brought her many offices, and she has cheerfully accepted the accompanying responsibilities. Marion's original plans and innovations are largely responsible for the unusual success of the Society this year, and her enthusiasm has proved contagious.

A McMaster representative of the Des Moines Convention, a member of the Y.W.C.A. cabinet, Editor of "Here and There," and a promoter of all that is best in college life, "Stilly" has surely justified the popularity which has been accorded to her.

Afternoon Tea

It was at a "meeting after chapel please" that the Head Girl read to the girls an invitation from the wives of the faculty to afternoon tea on Thursday, January 25th. All eagerly anticipated the event, the Freshettes with characteristic excitement. The guests were received by Mrs. A. L. McCrimmon, Mrs. W. S. W. McLay, Mrs. J. G. Brown, and Mrs. W. H. Michell, and were allowed to wander at will among the beautiful art exhibits. During the tea hour a piano duet by the Misses Marjorie and Dorothy McLay, and a violin solo by Miss Marjorie Latimer, were much appreciated. As the afternoon drew to a close, the Head Girl expressed the girls' appreciation of the interest taken in them by the professors' wives.

"If we didn't have Trade Unions, what a dreadful time we'd have." We always knew it, but now it has been proven once and for all by Miss Helen Cline and Miss Mabel Pugh, our representatives in the debate with St. Michael's. This was the first in the Women's Inter-Collegiate series, and was held at "Lillian Massey" on Wednesday, January 21st. Miss Grace and Miss Cray valiantly upheld the negative, but the advantages arising from Trade Unions for employer, employee and democracy at large were so numerous and so clearly defined that for all future time "to Unions we'll be true."

Inter-College Debate

Those who of necessity listened to the numerous rehearsals of of the McMaster Women's Chorus might be reminded for their consolation that:

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage,
Break a rock, or cut a cabbage."

"So to every one that openeth
A high way and a low
And every one decideth
Which way his soul shall go."

Just how vital is this choice of a high way or a low to a Canadian 'teen age girl was shown to the members of the Y. W. on Friday, January 16th, by Miss Marjorie Trotter, Superintendent of Baptist Girls' work in Ontario.

Y. W. C. A.

It is written that Jesus "increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man," and it is this perfect fourfold development which is placed before the eager, enthusiastic 'teen age girl. An organization, "Canadian Girls in Training" has been formed to carry on this important work of helping our Canadian girls to "live" in the fullest and best sense of the word, and of giving them the opportunity to develop physically, intellectually, spiritually and socially into true Christian women. This, however, can never be accomplished without leaders, and Miss Trotter in closing made an appeal to McMaster woman to help in carrying out this interesting and comparatively new phase of Christian work.

On Friday, January the thirtieth, the members of the Y.W. C. A. were privileged to hear reports from three of our delegates to the Des Moines Convention—Miss Marion Pearce, Miss Frances Trotter and Miss Maude Fleming. Each gave a

glimpse into a different phase of that truly wonderful conference, and it was almost as if for the time being we were a part of the great audience which had heard such stirring and inspiring addresses.

Another delightful feature of the programme was the reading of a letter from our own Muriel Brothers, written from "somewhere in the China sea." In a vivid and fascinating manner she described her varied experiences since leaving Canada, and gave a wonderful picture of life and customs in Japan. Her wit and charm were in every line, and it was as if we had had a real, live visit from our "Little Brother."

Mission Study

This term the four delegates from the Des Moines Convention are leading a union class in the study of "A Crusade of Compassion for the Healing of the Nations." This book should have a special appeal, as it deals with the pioneer work of medical women missionaries in China, India, Africa, and the Far East, and the very important way in which they are able to reach the women of these countries.

Athletics

Another example of the pride that goeth before a fall! McMaster opened the Women's Inter-Collegiate Hockey League with a victory over the Faculty of Education to the tune of 5-0. Wednesday, January 31st, was a typical Canadian winter afternoon, and enthusiastic rooters from both Mac. and F.O.E. were out aplenty to add zest to the game. Two easy ones slipped in during the first third, two more, harder won in the second, and a fifth in the last period tell the story. Good combination on the part of the forward line, marked by the splendid work of Miss Marjorie Starr, and energetic checking by the defence were responsible for the victory. Perhaps McMaster's pride could be forgiven—this was the first success ever scored by her women's hockey team.

Joy, intense as it was, was short-lived. Let "The Varsity" tell the story of the "fall." One correction, however, is necessary—it must be acknowledged that the score was 4-0. We're honest even if we are poor!

"Regardless of a temperature of ten degrees below zero, the Women Meds. Hockey Team defeated McMaster University 3-0 on Saturday morning at 9 a.m. Mac. played hard and fast,

but the Med. defence was invincible, and the forwards relentless. The puck remained in or near the Mac. goal throughout the game. Through the brilliant work of the Med. centre, Mary Tom, 2T2, three of the four goals were scored—the fourth was the result of a keen shot by the right wing, Dora Adams, 2T3. The Mac. goalkeeper stopped many a hard shot and stood right at attention every second of the game; likewise the Med. goalkeepr, Bob. Robertson, 2T3, although she had little to do, acquitted herself nobly upon every occasion. The low temperature made playing difficult- both teams and rooters suffered from frozen extremities. This victory marks the third in a week for the Medical Women's Athletic Association."

McMaster also knows something about another of those three victories of the Meds. It was a basketball game—but we're trying to forget about it!

Some Advice from the Women's Hockey Team.

Never be on time for a practice—it shows bad form.

If playing centre, save your strength for the start-offs,—don't chase around much after the puck.

If playing wing, never stay in your own position—lest your team should know where to find you.

If on defence, don't go out and get the puck—just back into the goal and relieve the goalkeeper of all responsibility.

To the goalkeeper: Never stay in goal when a shot is being made—you might get hit! Such a time is the goalkeeper's only chance of warming up a bit, and a short skate is therefore advisable.

To the team in general:

Always carry a powder puff. It will often soothe the feelings of an opponent whom you have knocked down.

Don't be selfish with the puck—let everyone have a chance.

If, in your frantic efforts to obtain the puck, you should accidentally bump into an opponent, be sure to stop and tell her you're sorry—otherwise she might think you had acted with malice aforethought.

Finally, if you get rattled and are unable to remember the proper procedure, one of two courses is open to you—either knock the puck forcibly enough send it spinning down to the other end of the cushion, or if this should require too much energy, sit on it and take a little rest.

Contributed by a well-wisher.

Athletics

EDITOR: LLOYD D. DINGLE, '20.

"Fracti bello, fatisque repulsi."

IT has been said that the advantages gained from competition in athletics are to be found in the development of that spirit in the individual which makes him a "good loser," perhaps to as great an extent as in the building up and growth of the physical powers, and, as in the case of a team, the cooperation and discipline necessary during the training of a well-balanced and effective team. Whatever else they may have shown, the McMaster senior team have shown that they are "good losers," for they have received enough reverses to discourage the most hopeful set of players that ever chased a puck. During two hockey seasons McMaster has not won a single league game. Every contest has been very close and the team has never been completely outclassed, yet the very closeness of the score, the mere fact that one or two goals might turn defeat into victory, only makes the disappointment more excruciating, the continuous defeats more discouraging.

On the other hand, the McMaster II team have met with remarkable success and are now the winners of their group. The third member of the group, Weston, withdrew from the league, leaving McMaster and Alphas to fight it out between them. This team was quickly disposed of in two games which, for Mac, amounted to scarcely more than practice games, thus giving the latter team the championship and the right to meet the Victorias in the semi-finals. It is to be hoped that the McMaster II's luck remains with them.

EXHIBITION HOCKEY.

On January the sixteenth the senior team met S. P. S. at the Arena in a practice game. The first goal was scored by S.P.S. on a single-handed rush. McMaster, however, then settled down to work and tied the score when Pearce went through alone. Dodge scored the second goal on a long shot, and Pearce netted the final counter from a scrimmage in front of the nets. After the first period Mac showed some good combination, but were unlucky around the nets and lacked scoring abil-

McMaster 3
S.P.S. 1

ity. Although winning the game without much difficulty, the team did not show up as well as it might and is capable of much better work than was displayed.

Line-up: Goal, Kitchen; defence, Doolittle (Capt.), Mabee; forwards, Dodge, Pearce, Dingle; subs., Reid, Jamieson, G. H. Mallory.

INTERCOLLEGIATE HOCKEY.

Our hockey team went down to defeat in the first Intermediate Intercollegiate game on January 20th, when, after being in the lead during the entire game, they were outscored as usual in the last two minutes.

O.A.C. 3
McMaster 2

The first period produced nothing startling until after twelve minutes' of play Guelph gave up feeling their way and scored off a rebound which had not been cleared in time. Just before the bell rang Dodge batted the puck into the O.A.C. net after a furious scramble, tying the score.

The second session was McMaster's all the way, with Guelph shooting away off the mark. Mac hammered away and staged a neat piece of combination from Pearce to Dingle to net, which put us ahead and smiling.

In the final period the real speed of the game was shown, but furious play brought no results until, two minutes before the end, O.A.C. coaxed the puck over the top of the net from behind and scored a mystery goal. This fluke goal seemed to demoralize the McMaster team, and Guelph clinched the game by banging the puck home a minute later.

McMaster: Goal, Kitchen; defence, Brown, Doolittle (Capt.); forwards, Pearce, Dodge, Dingle; subs., Mabee, Hodges.

A good, fast game of hockey was played at the Arena when McMaster met St. Michael's College on January 23rd. The teams were fairly evenly matched, but St. Mikes had a more smoothly working combination, and this won the game for them.

St. Michael's 6
McMaster 4

Only one goal was scored in the first period and that fell to St. Mike's. In the second round the Saints netted another, while Dingle notched one for Mac. The third period opened with the score 2-1 in favor of St. Mikes, but McMaster was not discouraged and started in to overcome this lead. Several good chances of scoring were missed, however, and St. Mikes tallied a third goal from a scramble in front of the nets.

A few minutes later Pearce scored for McMaster, but the Saints came right back and beat Kitchen on the rebound of a shot that was difficult to clear. They scored again soon after, while Doolittle got away on a beautiful rush and bulged the twine. With only a few minutes to go, McMaster put every man up in a last effort but the result was only one more for Mac, and in the meantime St. Mikes broke away with a three-man combination which gave Kitchen no chance to save.

McMaster: Goal, Kitchen; defence, Brown, Doolittle; forwards, Dodge, Pearce, Dingle; subs., Mallory, Mabee.

Playing their third intercollegiate match in eight days, McMaster lost to Varsity II at the Arena on January 27th. Varsity used several players of senior intercollegiate calibre and looked best all through. A complete lack of combination was noticeable. There was some heavy checking at times, but no penalties were handed out by Steve Vair, who handled the game very satisfactorily. Varsity scored twice in the first period and also netted two goals in the second session, while Pearce scored Mac's only goal near the end of the second period. Varsity played with no substitutes, and for this reason were late in coming on the ice, as they wanted the game to be as short as possible. As a result, there wasn't sufficient time to finish the game, and the final period was only six minutes in duration. Reid, in the nets for the first time, played a stellar game.

Varsity II 4
McMaster 1

Line-up: Goal, Reid; defence, Brown, Doolittle; forwards, Dodge, Pearce, Dingle; subs., Jamieson, Bearss.

The hopes of the senior team that they would force Guelph to take last place in the standing of the group were blighted forever on February 6th, when they were defeated on the O.A.C. rink. As a result of this game the manager has put the team up for sale and tenders will be received by the secretary.

O.A.C. 3
McMaster 1

In the first period Doolittle netted one goal. Before the period ended O.A.C. tied the score.

There was no score in the second period although Doolittle broke through several times and only the worst luck possible, which took the form of the O.A.C. goalkeeper, kept him from scoring. In the last period Dingle scored the winning goal for Guelph when he knocked a shot by an O.A.C. player into his own nets. The game was clinched when the third goal was

scored. Reid gave a splendid exhibition of goalkeeping. S. Lepofsky acted as referee.

McMaster: Goal, Reid; defence, Doolittle, Brown; forwards, Dodge, Pearce, Dingle; subs., Mabee, Mallory.

On February 7th, Varsity II again defeated McMaster in a fast, clean game. Mac. outplayed Varsity in the first period, but missed several excellent opportunities for scoring, Doolittle, who made his initial appearance on the forward line, netting the only goal of the period, on a lucky shot through the defence. Varsity staged a strong come-back in the second period and, after five minutes of fast playing, scored the first goal, soon, however, adding three more in quick succession. Doolittle, who had returned to his position on the defence, felt more in his element, and towards the end of the period went the whole length of the ice, drew out the goalkeeper, and scored. In the final period Varsity batted in a goal from a scrimmage before the nets. Although neither as heavy nor fast as the Varsity team, which was composed mainly of senior intercollegiate players, McMaster played an excellent game and used team play to advantage throughout. Doolittle and Reid were the stars. Lou Marsh was the referee.

Varsity II 5
McMaster 2

McMaster: Goal, Reid; defence, Brown, Jamieson; forwards, Dingle, Doolittle, Dodge; subs., Mallory, Mabee.

Varsity: Goal, Beattie; defence, Westman, Carew; forwards, Evans, Smythe, Dunne; subs., Gouinlock, McIntyre.

TORONTO HOCKEY LEAGUE.

The second team won their first victory on January 20th, when they met Alphas at Dovercourt Park rink. As McMaster was unused to the rink there was very little hockey in the early stages of the game, and there was much huddling together. Toward the end of the first period, however, McLay took the puck from a scrimmage, passed it to Jones, who scored the first tally. In the second period there was no scoring, but in the final session Mac broke away and scored four goals, two of which were contributed by Hildebrand, one by Jones and the other by Bearss, who made a spectacular end to end rush. Jones showed up well on the forward line, while Bearss was responsible for some effective rushes.

McMaster II 5
Alphas 0

Line-up: Goal, Reid; defence Bearss, Mabee; forwards, Eberlee, McLay, Jones; subs., C. S. Farmer, Hildebrand.

In the second game of the series, which took place at Varsity rink, on January 28th, the McMaster second team experienced no difficulty in piling up a large score against the Alphas, who were held scoreless. The opposing team were very slow, and the Mac forwards backchecked them to a standstill. Bearss and Eberlee proved to be a stone wall defence, while Reid in goal was invincible. Bearss and McLay each netted four goals, and Farmer, Jones and Hodges scored one apiece. McLay backchecked exceptionally well, and Bearss was a hard man to stop.

McMaster II 11
Alphas 0

Line-up: Goal, Reid; defence, Bearss, Eberlee; forwards, McLay, Jones, Hodges; subs., Farmer, Hildebrand.

Our Graduates

EDITOR: ELVEN JOHN BENGOUGH, B.A.

LEST any of our readers apprehend a repetition of last month's infliction in this department, the Editor hastens to explain that he will this month confine himself to statements in prose. In the case of those who may not yet have recovered from last month's poetic effusion, it is recommended that a kind and thoughtful friend be secured to introduce the patient gently to this column, by reading slowly and in a modulated tone of voice a few of the least exciting paragraphs. With such treatment carefully administered, it is anticipated that the patient will gradually, but surely, recover and will ultimately be able to attempt reading the page for himself.

In securing the items noted below, the Editor has had the cooperation of a number of the Alumni, who in casual correspondence, or in special letters, have given information about the doings of themselves and others. Such cooperation is heartily appreciated, and the extension of the custom will be warmly welcomed.

Some representative graduates meeting in Toronto recently discussed a number of activities that they thought might or

could or ought to be undertaken by or on behalf of the Alumni. Among the suggestions offered was that of an Alumni Bulletin of Information to be issued to all graduates. This has been suggested before but so far no practical scheme has presented itself. Perhaps the readers of this column might take counsel together on the matter. Write to the Editor giving your opinion on such points as the following: Is a Bulletin needed? If so, what should it contain, speaking generally? Who should publish it, the Alumni or the University? How should it be financed? What should be its relation to The Monthly? If a large number will express themselves on such points as these, it may be possible to work out a plan to meet the situation.

'91.—Rev. George M. Lehigh has been for the past two years pastor of First Baptist Church, Phoenix, Arizona. Mr. N. W. D. Davis in the course of his missionary deputaton work recently visited Mr. Lehigh's Church and reports a great work being done there.

'90.—Rev. George H. Brock, after nearly thirty years' service in the Telugu Field of the American Baptist Mission, is in America on furlough, making his home at Newton Centre, Mass.

'96.—Rev. John MacNeill, as President of the Baptist Convention of Ontario and Quebec, is one of the principal leaders in the Forward Movement which is culminating as we go to press. During the past weeks Dr. MacNeill has done a great deal of travelling, and his inspirational addresses have been greatly appreciated wherever given.

'99.—Professor E. W. Parsons, in addition to handling his lecture work in Rochester Theological Seminary, is acting Pastor of East Avenue Baptist Church in that City, a church of a membership of over two thousand. It is said to be an open secret that the church would welcome him as their permanent pastor.

'04.—R. A. F. McDonald is Director of the Summer Session of Bates College, Maine, which announces its second session for July--August next. This summer school furnishes professional training for teachers in service, and confines itself to the secondary school field. Work is offered for credit toward teachers' certificates, and towards Arts degrees.

'05.—Rev. Huson W. Wright, who went to Hamilton a few months ago as pastor of Victoria Avenue Baptist Church, is meeting with good success in his work. Congregations are reported to be continually increasing.

'06.—Dr. Thomas Wearing, Principal of Woodstock College, will have the sympathy of his many friends in the recent loss of his wife, who died of pneumonia after only five days illness. Mrs. Wearing was a sister of H. B. Parker, '05. The remains were taken to the old home in Coaticook for interment. Mrs. Wearing was highly esteemed by all who knew her, and she will be missed in the College, in the Woodstock Church, and most of all in the family circle; where she leaves three motherless children, the youngest only a few months old.

'10.—We regret to report the death, on February 3rd, of Walter Lawton Iveson, M.A., lecturer in Chemistry in the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph. A bad cold developed into pneumonia, and after a brave fight of a week, he succumbed to the disease. Lawton, as he was familiarly known to his McMaster friends, was in the civil service in Ottawa before joining the O.A.C. staff seven years ago. He married Miss Eileen Hoover, of Guelph. His sister, Miss Sadie, now of Ottawa, is a graduate of 1911 and Miss May (now Mrs. J. E. Anderson, '11) was a student here for a time. Another sister is the widow of the late Capt. W. E. Hindson, who was a McMaster man. There are thus many links between McMaster men and women and the Iveson family, and all will join in sympathy to the widow and to the family who are bereaved by this untimely death.

Miss Amy E. Campbell who was a partial student in 1910-11, and whose poems have appeared occasionally in The Monthly, is now an editorial writer on The London Advertiser. Some recent articles from her pen, on "Winter Mists" "Icicles," "The White Road," etc., are delightful descriptions, filled with poetic imagery, pointing out the beauties of nature even in the winter streets of a city.

Two appointments recently made by the Ontario Government are of special interest to McMaster men. V. Evan Gray, M.A., '11) has been appointed Superintendent of Insurance and Loan Companies, with headquarters in the provincial parliament buildings. For the past three or four years Evan has been in Ottawa as President of the Ottawa Branch Alumni Association, and incidentally Assistant to the Commissioner of Taxation in the Dominion Finance Department. Mrs. Gray was Miss Ruth Donovan, '11.

At the same time there was announced the appointment of Frank Sanderson, M.A., LL.D. as Consulting Actuary to the Ontario Insurance Department. Dr. Sanderson is a graduate of the University of Toronto, who accepted his Doctor's degree from McMaster in 1909. He has been for years a member of our Board of Governors, and is now Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Board and also of the Investment Committee. He is an eminent Actuary, having been with the Canada Life Company for about twenty years, and latterly having practised as a private consulting actuary.

'11.—C. Stanley Robertson has withdrawn from the engineering profession, at least for a time, and is now engaged with his father in the wholesale produce business in Hamilton.

'12.—Fred G. Poole is now with the Y.M.C.A. in London, Ont. Lloyd Houlding, '15, is on the same staff.

Ex-'12.—Rev. G. W. Allen is now pastor of the Baptist Church in Maxville, Ont. Last month he launched a publication, known as the "Maxville Messenger," a sixteen-page paper devoted to the promotion of the interests of the church and of the local enterprises of the community, as well as furnishing general family reading. We understand that with the second number the circulation has reached 300, largely in the local community, but spreading out also even beyond the bounds of the province.

Ex-'12.—On Saturday morning, February 7th, fire broke out in Egerton Street Baptist Church, London, Ont., and totally destroyed the building. Rev. A. C. Bingham, the pastor, is facing the situation with stout heart. The next day the congregation met in a hall and Mr. Bingham preached stirring sermons on the texts, "Tried by Fire" and "Baptized in Fire." The MONTHLY extends best wishes to the church in their recovery from the blow they have suffered.

'13.—Rev. Walter M. Turnbull, Dean of the Nyack Theological Seminary, Nyack, N.Y., is carrying on an aggressive work. Last year his school sent sixty missionaries to the foreign field. One of those who left for India was his brother, J. R. Turnbull, '15, who for a number of years has been Principal of Wilson Memorial Academy, a related institution.

'14.—Rev. N. W. D. Davis is about to return to his work in Northern Nigeria, where he is a missionary under the Sudan Interior Mission. At the time of writing he is waiting for a sailing and anticipating a call to leave at any time.

'16.—Rev. H. B. Hughes, who obtained his B.D. degree in McMaster, returned almost immediately to his home in New Zealand, where he has a pastorate in Invercargill. During the National Prohibition Campaign, which culminated in the vote taken in December, Mr. Hughes was Area Organizer for the Wellington Area, comprising nine electorates, with some 100,000 voters. Toward the end of January he expected to return to Invercargill, and in February he is representing McMaster at the Jubilee Celebration of the University of Otago, in Dunedin. Otago was founded in 1869 and is an affiliated College of the University of New Zealand.

'18.—Professor T. R. Glover, of Cambridge, who received the degree LL.D. two years ago from McMaster, has been elected Public Orator of Cambridge University. Prof. Glover is a Canadian and was until a few years ago on the staff of Queen's University, Kingston.

In the published list of those who passed at Christmas in the Third Year Law School examinations, we find the names of three McMaster men, namely, V. W. Price, R. L. Kellock, and E. R. Ashall.

The staff of Brandon College has embarked upon a campaign of Extension Lectures. A series was begun in Brandon under the joint auspices of the Education Society and the Board of Trade. The first lecture was given last month by Mrs. Olive A. C. Wilkins, B.A., Professor of English Literature, who spoke on The History of the Folk Song, illustrating her subject with vocal solos. Subsequent lectures will be as follows: "The Results of Excavations in the Orient," by Professor C. H. Lager of the Hebrew Department; "Canada's Place in the Empire and World Politics," by Prof. C. W. New of the Department of History; "Molecules, Atoms and Electrons" by Prof. T. R. Wilkins; "The English-Speaking Peoples and their Relation to World Peace," by President Whidden. We understand that a series by the same speakers but on different topics is being given in Souris, Man., and other lectures in other towns. Newspapers to hand from Brandon indicate that the course has met with a very enthusiastic reception. Of the five lecturers names, readers will recognize four as McMaster graduates.

Here and There

Editor: Miss E. Marion Stillwell, '20.
Asst. Editor: Miss Marion V. Royce, '22.

"It is the glory and good of Art
That Art remains the one way possible
Of speaking truths, to mouths like mine at least."
—*Browning.*

ART is never new, yet there is no doubt that it is enriched by impulses from great experiences of life which impart to it, even force upon it, unusual forms of expression. The artist is to just as great a degree as the poet or the player," the brief abstract and chronicler of his time."

Since the beginning of things, great revivals in art have unerringly followed just such world movements as men have been and are now experiencing. It was just after the time when Greece was freed from the shadow of the tyrannical dominion of Cyrus the Great, that the marvellous, still compelling, broader art spirit of that island nation sprang forth. They were struggling for world liberty; their very souls were roused. The Italian Renaissance, too, was the outcome of a great religious awakening, a striking variation in the "unceasing strife that typifies human existence."

Just so has the recent European War been a marvellous stimulus to the art of to-day.

Four tragic years of ceaseless struggle have "touched the aesthetic life of the world." Not the profit, but the concrete message of the war is being revealed in art, and in an extraordinary way. Art in general has experienced unlimited inspiration, but there are some very striking and interesting phases in the revival.

Forms of art hitherto unpopular have been brought to the front. The poster man, particularly, has felt its impetus; the war has made his craft an acknowledged one and placed it on a higher plane. No longer do his activities consist in mere street-car advertising; he has portrayed heroic figures typifying industry, agriculture, and the more serious aspects of life. His subjects during the war have been found in the artistic quality of men wielding sledges, building bridges, doing the

real work of real men. Who could estimate the unlimited utility of recruitng posters?

Illustrators, too, have found the field of their work broadened by the stimulating influence of war, and it has given to the cartoonist the opportunity of dealing with the broader field of international politics. He now caricatures kings and great men of other lands as well as the prospective candidate for the mayoralty in his home town.

The art of sculpturing has found a new birth, too, not only in the awfulness of war, but in a great sympathetic tenderness and understanding. The soldiers become heroes, sufferers and idealists, especially in the hands of women sculptors.

Whether or no this is the sort of art that will make for permanence, time alone may tell; but at any rate men are finding in the artist the veritable interpreter of the war in all its visible aspects. We have seen him uphold his branch of war work wisely and efficiently, taking his pay in patriotism, and he must receive his reward.

A WINTER SONG.

Sing me a song of snowflakes fast
Aslant of the wintry gale,
Of vagrant leaflets sweeping past,
And caught by the sleet and hail.
Or rabbit hole and the snowbirds' perch
Of the icicled chestnut tree,
Of snowdrift art on the country church—
Oh sing that song to me.

Sing me a song of mirrored lake,
Of rustic bridge weighed down
With a bas-relief that elfins make
Of a mass of Heaven's down;
Sing of the bracing wintry air,
And the brook that tries to free
Its course, in sad and vain despair—
Oh sing that song to me.

First Father.—"My boy's letters from college always send me to the dictionary."

Second Father.—"That's nothing. My boy's letters always send me to the bank!"

—*Vox Lycei.*

The older we get, the more clearly we see what a complex thing is life. Many threads go into the weaver's loom, some

gay, some sombre—but all necessary parts of the warp and wool of the fabric. Clinton Scollard describes this in an exquisite bit of poetry:

Some rainbow shreds of Hope and Joy;
Faith's golden stripes without alloy;
Scraps of ambition bright to see;
A few white threads of charity;
Much of the purple cloth of Pain;
Love's fabric, like a golden vein
Between the strands of Hate and Strife;—
Such is the patchwork we call Life.

This spicy little tale, which we are quoting with a few amendments, comes from the Ubyssey.

Abou Ben, Freshie (sad his tribe's decrease), awoke one night from a deep dream of peace. The street light shining softly through the room, revealed a vision, veiled in foggy gloom, an aged Prof. with a large fountain pen, whose aspect greatly frightened Abou Ben. But to the presence then he boldly said: "What writest thou?" The vision raised its head and all around a scornful glance it cast, answered: "The names of Freshies who have passed." "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so," the old man said. The Freshie spoke more low—for, naturally he felt a little funny—"Write me as one who loves McMaster's Monthly." The old man wrote and vanished. The next night he came again, with a great burst of light, and showed the names, and, as you may have guessed, that Freshie, Abou Ben, led all the rest. .

Little we think,
Less we do.
Isn't it funny
How we pull through.

Von Lycei.

Nervous Freshman to Freshette (walking home from Lit.)—"Please excuse the way I limp, but I'm a little stiff from rugby."

Bashful Freshette (shyly).—"Where did you say you were from?"

—*Contributed.*

A Japanese student thus accounts for his absence from school: "Honored Sir; Having been amputated from my family for several months, and as I have complaints of the abdo-

men, coupled with conflagrations of the internals, with entire prostration from all desire to work, I beg to be excused from orderly work for ten or nine more days, and in duty bound I will always pray for the salubrity of your temper and the enlargement of your family."—*East and West.*

The earliest recorded meeting of any college alumni in the United States occurred just one hundred years ago, in 1820, when the graduates of Williams College first convened at Williamstown, Conn.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Simplicity is the keynote of the little poem, "The Prodigal," by Mrs. Louise Ayres Garnett, published in *Poetry*;—

God has such a splendid way
Of launching his unchallenged yea;

Of giving sphery grapes their sheen;
Of painting trees and grasses green;

Of crooning April rains that we
May wash us in simplicity;

Of swinging little, smiling moons
Beyond the reach of noisy noons;

Of storing in the honey bee
The whole of life's epitome.

God has such a splendid way
Of tempting beauty out of clay;

And from the scattered dusts that sleep
Summoning men who laugh and weep;

And, by and by, of letting death
Draw into space our thread of breath.

TRDE POLITENESS.

Jack and Jill
Went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
Jill fell down
But saved her crown,
For Jack politely caught her.
—*Fred Scott Shepard.*

"Take a tin home for the week-end.—Advertisement in a daily paper.

The house problem seems to be getting rather corrugated.
—*Punch.*

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*Obit., December 8, 1919.

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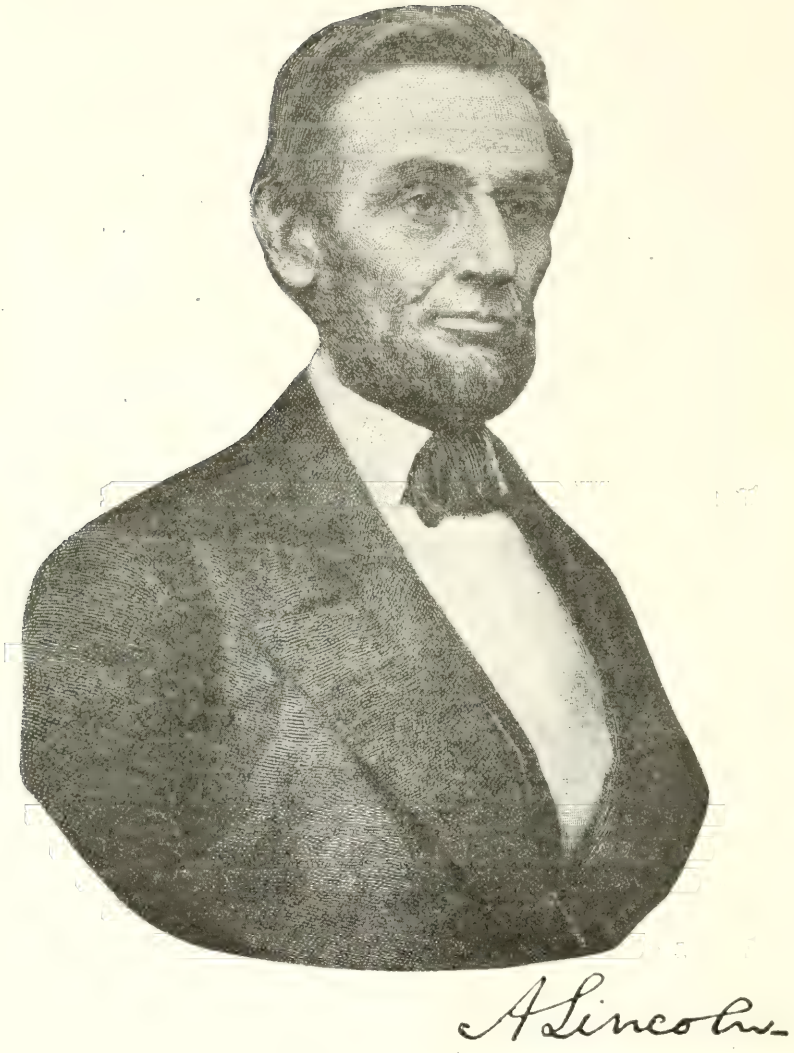
A Lincoln

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.*

NEVER in these later times has a man so written himself into the hearts and memories of men as has Abraham Lincoln. Elements in his character have stirred artists, poets, sculptors, and have also set him up as a hero in the minds of common men. Nor has this been so only in his native land. Lincoln has become a world hero. The French Saint Gaudens and Barnard of England have honored him in sculpture; Lord Charnwood is his most famous biographer; and now on the one hundredth anniversary of the great President's birth, another Englishman, John Drinkwater, presents his tribute in his play, "Abraham Lincoln."

In the autumn of 1918 "Abraham Lincoln" made its first appearance in the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, where it became a marked success. Its provincial fame soon reached the great London managers, but when they found that it did not contain a single one of the supposed popular merits, it was magnificently ignored.

.. At this time, however, a number of literary and dramatic enthusiasts secured the Hammersmith Lyric, a small, obscure theatre in a remote suburb of London. These men believed that the British public were capable of appreciating plays of a much better type than were being offered. Their attention was drawn to Mr. Drinkwater and his Birmingham play, which they succeeded in bringing to Hammersmith. Here its success was nothing short of phenomenal. Yet why should such a play have succeeded? It had no love interest. Its theme was a political situation of sixty years ago, its hero a foreigner to England. No author before John Drinkwater ever had the effrontery to impose such a play upon the London public. Americans will more clearly realize what John Drinkwater has achieved with the London public if they imagine someone putting on a play about the Crimean War at some unknown derelict theatre round

*Abraham Lincoln; a play, by John Drinkwater. London and Boston, Houghton Mifflin Co., 1919.

Two Hundred and Fiftieth Street, and drawing all New York to it.

It was my privilege and pleasure to see "Abraham Lincoln" during the first week of its appearance at Hammersmith. The simple impressiveness of the play will never be forgotten—it was wonderful!

Six scenes in the life of the great President are presented, and before each scene and at the end of th play a beautiful poetic chorus is spoken by two chroniclers in eighteenth century costume. We first see Lincoln in his Springfield home against the background of two neighbors, a figure homely and intimate, yet esteemed and honored. Then we see him against the background of the Republican delegation who come to offer him nomination for the Presidency, more formal and portentous, yet intimate and homely. A year goes by. Lincoln the President is in Washington, the hour has come to decide between peace and war. Lincoln hates war as much as he hates slavery. Yet the South claims the right to secede. To Lincoln the Union is the world's last hope of free government. The Union must be saved, —and war comes.

Through the dark days that follow, Lincoln fights his way alone, battling with his ministers, opposed by doubters and traitors, yet always believing, always with his vision. Four years pass,—"desolation of battle and long debate, counsels and prayers of men." At last comes the day of victory, and the surrender of General Lee in April, 1865.

> "Under the stars an end is made,
> And on the field the Southern blade
> Lies broken,
> And, where strife was, shall union be,
> And, where was bondage, liberty."

The final scene is in Ford's Theatre, Washington. Lincoln is acclaimed the victor and hero. He speaks to his people,—the assassion Booth appears,—the fatal shot is fired.

> "A wind blows in the night,
> And the pride of the rose is gone,
> . . . .
> Now he belongs to the Ages."

To one's mind come the words of Walt Whitman's "O Captain, My Captain," written at the time of Lincoln's assassination:

> "My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
> My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
> The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
> From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
> Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
> But I with mournful tread,
> Walk the deck my Captain lies,
> Fallen cold and dead."

To an American,—if a Canadian may speak as such,—Mr. Drinkwater's disadvantages in writing the play are evident. In the preface of the published play he says: "I am an Englishman, and not a citizen of the great country which gave Lincoln birth. I have, therefore, written as an Englishman, making no attempt to achieve a 'local color' of which I have no experience, or to speak in an idiom to which I have not been bred."

Some of the details of the play fully substantiate his confession. Susan, the servant maid, is not conceived as the American "hired girl." Custis, the colored man, talks perfect half-breed redskin. We almost expect him to say, "Heap big President, make good medicine for black man." General Grant comes out with the expression, "My word!" These small faults, however, so openly confessed by the author, and much more noticeable in reading the play than in hearing it spoken, have no serious bearing on the splendid interpretation of Lincoln's character which is presented.

What has been the secret of the great success which this play has achieved? Has it not been due to the wonderful skill with which Mr. Drinkwater has drawn a parallel between the circumstances of the American Civil War and our own great conflict of the past five years? Probably the great majority of those who see the play in London think of it not as an account of events sixty years past, but as something with a direct application to their own recent experience.

We see the suffering little woman in black who asks Lincoln,

"Isn't it possible for you to stop this war? In the name of this suffering country I ask you that." News has come that her boy has been killed. She hands Lincoln the paper. He rises, takes her hand, "Ma'am, there are times when no man may speak. I grieve for you. We are all poor creatures, ma'am. Think kindly of me."

In contrast is the gossiping wife of the wealthy war contractor. She knows nothing of sacrifice, yet she rejoices in the slaughter of thousands of "those shameful rebels,—those brutes in the South." We almost hear her say "horrible Huns." Then Lincoln's withering reply: "You, who have sacrificed nothing, come talking of malice and hate. It is you who dishonor the cause for which we stand; you who would make it a mean and little thing. Good afternoon."

We see William Scott, the twenty year old soldier who has slept on guard and is to be shot. Lincoln pardons him. He returns to his regiment on the night of Lee's surrender and is killed in the last hours of fighting.

Such is war. What responsive chords do these incidents strike in the hearts of war-weary England! How timely too are Lincoln's words when peace and victory are achieved!—"The task of reconciliation, of setting order where there is now confusion, of bringing about a settlement at once just and merciful, will demand all our wisdom, all our loyality.—With malice toward none, with charity for all, it is for us to resolve that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from this earth."

Throughout the whole play, however, the great strength, the great interest, and the great secret of its success is to be found in the character of Lincoln himself. Here we see one of the world's greatest and finest characters, one who was "the lord of his event," the great-hearted President who through all the years of darkness grew "but greater in resolution, more constant in compassion." Yet Lincoln is not represented as a plaster-of-paris saint, but as flesh and blood. "Paint me as I am."

said Oliver Cromwell, "wart and all," and Lincoln would probably have said the same. His whimsical humour, his brusquerie with Susan, the "hired girl," his exasperating love of Artemus Ward, these give him validity.

In the character of Lincoln are impersonated brotherly kindness, unbounded humanity, justice with mercy, firmness of conviction, unflinching determination, high courage. This character stands out as a great torch of light in a darkness of political strife, social injustice, selfishness, insincerity, and intolerance. Do not we who see the play find in Abraham Lincoln the salve to heal the complications of our present troubles? Do we not observe the reaction of our own great distresses through this spectacle of great simplicity? The portrayal of Lincoln is an inspiration which moulds the audience, as in Drinkwater's own words:

> "When the high heart we magnify,
> And the sure vision celebrate,
> And worship greatness passing by,
> Ourselves are great."

—Osgoode H. McDonald, '21.

MANLY E. MacDONALD.

The Sugar Bush.

A Canadian Painting exhibited at the Canadian National Exhibition, 1919.

WE SHALL STAND IF WE ARE FREE.

Greece, her glory long decayed!
  Rome, her grandeur passed away!
As a blossom did they fade,
  As a shadow with the day.

All the greatness, all the might,
  Fled as from a Samson reft:
All the heroes took their flight,
  Naught but common clay was left.

May the heights that we have clomb
  Since their fall, and now survey,
Be not one with Greece and Rome,
  Be as everlasting day!

Let us build our Parthenon
  And enshrine there Liberty.
Justice in our Pantheon;
  We shall stand if we are free!

—Max. C. Welch, '23.

THE CUR.—A SKETCH.

HE was a very ordinary little yellow cur—a very conservative little cur who had never subscribed to the indisputable right of the motor car; he had openly barked his protest at them all; and now he lay at the side of the curb, his little yellow sides still heaving, his mouth still open from that last fatal bark. Like many a nobler martyr to conviction, he had given his life while voicing his opposition to a new and hateful regime; but the big truck that had finished him rolled on its way, while the driver laughed, and forgot.

He was only a very ordinary little yellow cur, and a dead one at that; yet in a brief half-hour he laid bare much of human character, of comedy and of tragedy.

The first to pass that way was the milk-man on his route, one of those individuals who through stupendous lack of wealth, and a more stupendous inefficiency, both inherited from several generations of unwealthy and inefficient ancestors, found himself outside the gilded pale of the unworthy rich, and therefore styled himself a Socialist.

"The dirty blackguards! Us poor folk can't even own a yella pup without they runs it down with their — — motors. I'd have the law on 'em if 'twas my dawg, I would. Getap thar!" and off he jingled in his dilapidated cart, ruminating on the injustice of things in general, and of his own lot in particular.

Two ladies, pleasure bound and pleasure gowned came across the street, so engrossed in a discussion of overskirts and tunics, that they failed to see the little yellow dog till they almost stepped on him. Two ultra well-bred screams, and two somewhat undignified leaps deposited them out of harm's way, and they drew aside their skirts and hurried on, indignantly apostrophizing the civil authorities who allowed such conditions as dead yellow dogs to exist.

An old "Rags, bones and bottles" man came rattling along as they turned the corner. His old horse shied at the object at the side of the road, and slowing up, the driver climbed down

to estimate the possible financial value of his find. Just then a window across the street was raised, and a shrill voice called to him to come and get a bag of rags; one leaves a dubious proposition for a sure one every time, of course. The dog might still be there when he came out, moreover.

It was an insurance agent with a bend toward statistics who passed next. "That's the third dead dog this week" he estimated; "Now if that many dogs die every week, that's a hundred and fifty six in a year for a town of then thousand; then in the whole country of . . . " and he passed on reckoning up, perhaps, the relative annual mortality of dogs and human beings the world over—for, as I say, he had a bent toward statistics.

School was let out, and a whole mob of small hoydens came tearing down the street. The foremost of them spied the dog, and shied at him the stone he had been aiming at the telephone wires. In a minute the little heap became the centre of an excited mob, intent on disposing of it somehow, deterred only by the inability, common to most mobs, to choose among the many suggestions offered. A policeman hove in sight. A mob of small boys is to a policeman as a magnet is to steel. He reduced the crowd to respectable order, held an inquest over the dog, with the boys as witnesses, summoned that member of the civic powers who has to do with dead dogs, and made an entry in his book to this effect: "Disturbance noticed. Time 4.12 p.m. Place, Simcoe Street. Cause.—dog, yellow, dead. Tag No. 173. Owner—Marie Keegan, widow. Cause removed, order restored, crowd dispersed. Time 4.20 p.m." Whereupon, being a punctilious policeman, he rapped at the door of a bare-looking little house around the corner, and notified Maria Keegan, widow, that her dog, yellow, tag No. 173, was dead, and removed by the proper authorities; having made note of which, he proceeded along his beat.

And Maria Keegan, widow, who, by the way, was very poor, and very old,—and perhaps very lonely—sat staring wistfully down the street till darkness fell. The little yellow cur had been the only other member of the family.

—Enid A. McGregor, '12.

A GLIMPSE AT JAPAN.

By Muriel Brothers, '18.*

Our first intimation that we were near Japan was the outline of dim shadowy mountains gliding into the unseen, as our boat sped on. Then on the evening of November the Seventh, our giant's heart really ceased to throb and we were informed that we were just outside Yokohama Harbour.

. . . . . .

Our boat was now entering Yokahama Harbour proper. A huge breakwater surrounds it. At the entrance to the Harbour are two large lighthouses, a red and a white. At last we drew up at the side of a long pier. The rain was pouring down—just the way it does at home when it says, "I am going to pour, and pour, and pour, till I can't pour any more." I crawled up and peeked out the port hole, while the rest were getting their belongings assembled.

"Oh, what a 'sight' was there, my countrymen!". There were Japanese men in European dress, Japanese men in long flapping kimonas and wooden clogs, Japanese women with their glossy black hair and their dainty kimonas, some with a smiling bald-headed baby tied on their backs. Some had parasols of oiled paper, some had foreign parasols of cloth, some had no covering over their bare heads. Then there were the workmen with their straw hats, rain coats and shoes. They looked like miniature straw stacks become animate. There were the hotel men, with their blue suits, into the backs of which were woven in white Japanese letters the name of their firm or trade. That at one end of the pier was a regular sea of thin searching faces, seeking their prey from the Empress of Asia. They were the kuruma men. Their huge mushroom shaped hats, tight blue trousers, and blue digitated cloth shoes marked them from the rest. I watched our

*Extracts from a letter to the McMaster Girls, written while crossing the China Sea, en route to India.

passengers land. Some had a host of friends to welcome them. I saw one Methodist missionary greeted warmly by a number of Japanese men. But most seemed to melt into the crowd that represented the Grand and the Oriental Hotels.

Dr. Smith came on board again to say that Miss Priest and Mrs. Smith and myself were invited to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sneyd. Mrs. Sneyd's father is a member of High Park Church. Mrs. Sneyd knew Miss Priest, Dr. and Mrs. Smith, as a girl, in St. Catharines. I must tell you that was the most fortunate thing that happened to me in Japan. Mrs. Sneyd has the "we know the merry world is round and we may sail for ever more" spirit and did her best to help us make the most of our opportunities. Mr. Sneyd is a Y.M.C.A. Secretary in Yokohama and a graduate of Brandon College.

We finally arrived safely off the Empress of Asia. It took us about an hour to count up ourselves and our luggage. But at last we were off. With Mrs. Sneyd's help we were each one bestowed safely in that typically Eastern vehicle known as a kuruma in Japan. I have seen the following spellings for it in English since arriving—jin (on or off) riesha, rickishaw, rickshaw, ricksha, riksha, etc., a regular algebraic study in combinations and permutations. Now I am contented to spell kuruma. These vehicles are positively a case of "there's only room for one." You crawl in, the kuruma ya encases you up to the eyes in rubber, he grasps the shafts and away you go through the mud at a trot, while the black mushroom hat bobs up and down before you. It is a strange sensation—this of being dragged by a human being. I was divided between a feeling of wanting to put the wee man with the thin lithe body into the kuruma, and a feeling of having suddenly become great Pompey riding in triumph through the streets of Yokohama. There was a wee feeling of fear too. What if this strange man to whom you couldn't say an intelligible word, should fail to follow the rest of the party and you couldn't explain where you were going because you neither knew nor knew how to tell him, nor had money he would accept?

. . . . . .

Our first excursion of interest was shopping. We climbed down the forty-one steps leading down from the Bluff, then down a hill and found ourselves in the quaintest little street I ever saw. Low shops ran close together along both sides of a long muddy road. Here Europeans, Japanese women, men and children, walking, running, and playing, kuruma men, men with long bamboo poles from which were suspended tubs containing their wares, men on bicycles, push carts, horses dragging loads and themselves dragged by their masters, Ford cars and limousines, all jostled together. I even saw one small kimona-clad youth, sailing by on a Kiddie Kar. He who made most noise or did most jostling moved in the van. But we were contented to be among those who stood and waited. There were vegetable shops containing many strange looking fruits and vegetables, Japanese radishes, tangerines, persimmons, Japanese pears, grain stores, fish stores, (fresh and dried, but mostly smelly), cake shops with queer little cakes made mostly from bean curd, candy shops with candies not made from sugar, china shops that would make you long to play house, brass shops, toy shops, displaying many things Japanese, but also Teddy Bears, kewpies and wee models of Santa Claus, paper shops, and many other kinds. In with the rest, were little shops where one might buy some of our hideous (?) concoctions of felt, fur and feathers, the Singer Sewing Agency, stores where foreign drygoods were sold, a drug store and yes—really—an ice cream parlour—not Hunt's you know, but one that sold some imitation of the real thing. In all the stores, the sliding paper door opened right on the street. The thickly matted floor was raised a foot or so above the entrance. The proprietor smiling and obtrusive, waited patiently while you gazed longingly at his dainty wares. He couldn't speak English but he always knew your question was "How much?" When at last you made your selection he wrapped it carefully, tying it with paper string,shaped into a little handle,and bowed you out saying "Sayonara, Sayonara." (Goodbye). I hated to say goodbye to quaint little Motomachi with its flapping blue banners and their queer sprawly letters. I hated to say good-

bye even more when I had seen it by lantern light. We went down one evening when the people were going to a festival in the Buddhist temple at the end of the street. Everything was gay with lanterns, bicycles and kuruma alike had swinging lanterns, lanterns swung from the shops. I went home to dream of pretty softly coloured Japanese lanterns, swinging all about me.

Benten Dori was another scene of shopping. Now you girls know that, shopping and buying are by no means synonymous terms. When you shop, you look and look and look and probable end up by purchasing a yard of ribbon or a box of hairpins. Benten Dori is much more foreign than Motomachi. Every store caters to the foreign seeker for things Japanese. There are magnificent silk stores and places where beautiful china tea sets and jars, wonderful carved ivory and soft fluffy furs are sold. Benten Dori, moreover, has a little sidewalk. But nevertheless half the people walk on the road.

. . . .

We are off to Nikko, which we are told is a land of giant cryptomeria, flaming maples and glorious temples. The guard in his red-cap slams the door of the brisk little electric train and off we go. We are the only foreigners in the car. But we soon recognize in a trim young Jap, a fellow pasenger of the Asia. He seems glad to see us again and answers all our queries about, "Oh, what is this?" or "Why do they do that?" I ask him innumerable questions, forgetting that Japanese girls do not speak so boldly to strangers, but overcome by the old desire to see the wheels go round.

. . . .

Once more we are "all aboard." We have a journey of four hours ahead of us this time. Our fellow-passengers study us. We study them. Two toothless old folk sit across from us. Two quaint little maids—evidently daughters—saw them off. They stood outside the low windows like two young turtle doves, bowing and cooing till the train went out. Everyone in the car shows the old folk such difference, offering them fruit, candy

and tobacco. Browning must surely have seen Japan when he wrote:—

"Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be."

They sit up sedately and stiffly. But the rest of the men and women slip off the wooden shoes and crawl up on the low seats, sitting on their feet. Everybody, men and women alike, smoke. Some use cigarettes. More use the little, long Japanese pipes which have a bowl about half the size of a thimble. This is filled with very fine tobacco. Its owner takes three puffs at intervals of a minute or so, blows the smoke through the nostrils and puts the pipe away, but not too far away. It is soon produced again. Unfortunately for us no one seems to want fresh air and only our windows are open. Nearly everyone buys a lunch at some station. The bunch consists of a little wooden box of flaky rice, dried fish, a bottle of milk, a pair of chopsticks,—and perhaps, some persimmons. At last during the evening we reach Nikko. The taxis wind under the dark forms of giant trees bringing us finally to a wide low hotel, gay with lights, shaped like long Japanese lanterns. The whole staff assemble to greet us, bowing and smiling a true Japanese welcome.

We are awakened next morning by the beat, beat, beat of a downpour of rain. I thought the story books used to say "Sunny Japan." But she may be like 'My Lady of the Snows' and wear different guises. However, having been dampened before in lesser causes, we sally forth protected by huge paper parasols. Of course we have our own. I have *mine* especially. But—"just for fun."

What a morning we spend! We wander in a world where all is beauty, the beauty God created, the beauty He gave man the vision to create. On all sides are great hills, flaming red with maples, vivid green with pines. We walk along a splendid gravel road beneath giant cryptomeria, centuries old. We catch sight of a gateway, and soon we are in a fairy land of temples—temples of red and black lacquer, ornamented with brass. Every corner reveals a new one. Some of the gateways

we are not allowed to enter. They are to be entered only by "*our*" Emperor, once a year. But the ones we do enter are works of wonder. Always the gateway is guarded—sometimes by the two kings—sometimes by the sacred dogs, vicious things with horrid jaws. The workmanship is so carefully executed. The roof of one entrance has a huge dragon pointed on it—a dragon whose eye follows you wherever you move, (like the big enlisting poster with the man's finger pointing at you.) In one we notice that the carved pattern of one pillar is inverted—lest the Gods jealous of perfection, should destroy all. Over one gate is 'the sleeping cat,' carved from wood. It draws all rats away from the temples. In the designers we see so many of the imperial and religious emblems, the Chrysanthemum of sixteen rays, the seal of the first Shogun, the lotus in many forms. Two large figures impress us especially—the God of Thunder who carries in his hand, a mallet, and on his back standing out at intervals along a circle, many little drums—and the God of the Winds who holds under his arm a huge windbag, which he keeps firmly closed with his hand.

Later in the day we visit the famous lacquer bridge. It is beautiful in itself—an arch of red lacquer over a rushing mountain torrent with six maple-clad peaks towering above it. It has in addition the charms of the past hovering about it. Centuries ago the founder of Nikko in his journey across the mountains, found his way barred by the angry stream. Kneeling amid the trees and rocks of the mountain side, he lifted his face to heaven in prayer. In answer two serpents, intertwining, formed a bridge. Rushes grew up. The hero passed over. The lacquer bridge is a memorial. At one end is a little shrine, where the pilgrim pauses to express his gratitude. The lacquer bridge has another charm. It is that curious chasm of the forbidden which our grandmother Eve felt so strongly. For no one passes over save the Emperor, and he only once a year. President Grant was offered the privilege but tactfully declined. Wouldn't it be exciting to crawl out of bed when all the world was sleeping, climb the little red lacquer bridge that bars the way, and run

across the lacquer bridge? But what would "our" Emperor say then?

The next day brings more wonders. We are going to Lake Chuzenji and to Keyon Falls. We take the street car to within a distance of three miles. There we get kuruma and two runners each. At first the road follows the rapid tumbling streams which has lately been in flood. There it is rough and narrow, part of it is washed away. Now and then the kuruma ya puts the shafts down with a bump, and I know, although he does not say a word, that he means "Hoof it, yourself." Steep wooded mountains rise on every side. From peak to peak we see heavy cables carrying buckets of copper ore. We know that, though we may not see him, the busy little Jap is there, as elsewhere, forging his way along the path of progress.

After crossing the river we reach splendid roads, roads that zigzag back and forth across the face of the mountain until the summit is reached. Now and again, the men rest at a quaint little tea house. A smiling, bowing maid of Japan, brings us pale milkless sugarless tea in a handleless cup. Truly the smiles are sweet, but the tea is bitter—to me. After a long climb the men let the shafts down. We have reached the summit.

We look over the railing into a deep chasm. Is this the fall? It seems so small and it is so soon lost from the view. Was it worth the climb? A kuruma ya points to a path which we follow. It goes down, down, down the face of the cliff, to a fenced off ledge, directly in front of the fall. We are no longer disappointed. A rushing mountain stream tumbles over the rocks in one mad little race after another. Then it makes its master leap,—three hundred and seventy-five feet into the chasm below, a thin, filmy, shimmering curtain of lace lost finally in the hazy clouds of mist that rise from the seething cauldron and float up the bright maple-clad mountain side. From between the layers of softly-coloured jagged rocks which enclose it, horseshoe fashion, a dozen tinier falls break forth and plunge to join the great one in its new race for freedom. I turn from long gazing to find

on the ledge beside our party, a Japanese gentleman with hat lifted, as he looks steadily at the fall.

After seeing placid Lake Chuzenji, from which the river drains, we descend by the mountain roads to the valley and to Nikko. In our ears the fall still thunders. Before our eyes still gleams that vision of perfect beauty.

THE ABSENT LOVER.

THIS is not going to be a love story of the *usual* kind. You will note from the title that the lover is absent. This, according to a well-known principle governing such matters, only increases the magic power of the spell, under which you, my gentle reader, are slowly but irresistibly drawn, even as you read these opening sentences.

There is a full moon. The moon still gets full with an almost painful regularity, even though many other aspirants to fulness and its attendant bliss find it increasingly difficult to achieve this completeness of harmony with the universe in these days of restricted traffic in the juices supposed to lead to fulness. Oh, happy moon! In the hazy atmosphere of early spring, which is characterized by a certain dampness, in spite of all the efforts of the "drys," there is a suggestive mellowness about the appearance of our satellite. It fairly drips with sentiment. And some drops are sure to fall on me. I know they will. It's like the hay-fever, only the sensation is not so dry. It's equally inevitable, however. I know that my knees will get shaky and my eyes will be dimmed by a wet mist, as I consider that the moon is full again.

Spring will soon be here. There is something intensely thrilling about this. The pleasures of anticipation are so much keener than those of actuality, with this advantage added, that they may be prolonged almost indefinitely, provided you start early enough. I always start in the Fall. That word gave me a shiver.

but like a brave fellow I wrote it down. Down with the idea, too! There is just the merest suspicion of that peculiar haunting quality of Spring in the air. I know they have been exhibiting Spring models in ladies' wear for a couple of months already, but that doesn't really count nowadays when the ladies wear such airy things in January. But the air! I have always been an enthusiast about the air. Although I never joined the regular Air Force, some people thing I am up in the air a good share of the time. I like a lot of air. I use a great deal of air and it is not all hot air either! Where I live I know there is more air than in some other places, because there are fewer people to ocupy the available space. Perhaps that explains why I become so impressed with it. The air of Spring! Do you know anything to compare with it? I don't. But I do know that somewhere in this wonderful medium dwells the Absent Lover. Poets have always known this, which establishes it as one of the transcendental verities.

Soon that mysterious process known as the riisng of the sap will commence. When bread rises, they claim it is due to fermentation, but don't you try anything along that line with sap, unless it be of the variety called verbum sap, or the Internal Revenue Department or whatever they call it will descend upon you. Now I am not saying or even implying that the rising of the sap is due to fermentation, but I know that it can be encouraged to rise to greater heights by the judicious application of certain stimuli such as yeast. I like to think that this rising of the sap is symbolic. I used to be able to take a little Spring tonic myself just to keep in step with the processes of Nature, who according to Cicero, is our safest guide, but the source has dried up. Some forms of sap, however, run just as strong as ever; for instance, in the ever verdant Freshman. It seems doubtful whether the flow of sap will be up to the mark in other respects, now that things in general have got so dry. I do know that this winter a good many wells have failed to produce enough to water the stock. Of course this does not apply to oil wells, whose stock is nearly always amply watered.

However, we may hopefully look forward to the coming of Spring, with all its adjuncts, such as spring beds, spring lamb, spring halt, and spring chicken. Of these I personally much prefer spring chicken, and I have every reason to believe that my taste is shared by the Absent Lover. Let us hope at least that he sleeps on a spring bed rather than in a flower bed, and that he is not afflicted with the spring halt. I know that his step is springy. I wish I might get wound up sufficiently "tight" to write an ode to Spring, but the chances are against any such contingency.

And when Spring is here at last, the Absent Lover is still there. I don't know exactly where that is, but I know he is *there* rather than here, because if he were here, he would not be absent.

In view of his absence he has every opportunity of coming here, however, which he could not do if he were not absent. There are also other advantages connected with his absence. Distance lends enchantment, etc. This works both ways. Lots of us look better at a distance; so does the Absent Lover, wherefore the advantage is really mutual. From the aesthetic point of view the Absent Lover is, therefore, distinctly preferable. If he is altogether absent, that is, non-existing, his beauty and charm are beyond description. But there is also an economic advantage in his absence. If he is the right kind of a lover, and of course he is, he is not spending any money on entertaining others, thus effecting a saving by his very absence. And in these times that is a very important consideration. In view of all these things, I respectfully submit that the Absent Lover is the very best kind of a lover, be his absence relative or absolute. In conclusion may I not propose three cheers for the Absent Lover and may he remain absent henceforth forevermore.

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Editorial Notes

Mr. John Drinkwater, whose recent play, "Abraham Lincoln," is reviewed this month, is one of the leading literary men of the younger generation in England. He is still quite a young man, born in 1882, and in the days before the world heard of him was for twelve years a clerk with an Insurance Company. His short literary life has been filled with activity, and he has already written many poems, plays, and prose pieces. In "Poems 1908—1914," "Tides," "Loyalties," and "Olton

Pools,'' he has offered a sincere and beautiful gift to the poetic mind. His ''Abraham Lincoln'' has been perhaps the most notable play which has appeared in England during the past decade. Mr. Drinkwater is now in America, and his play having been presented in New York with wonderful success, he is now lecturing through the United States on ''Poetry and Life.'' It is to be hoped that we may hear him in Toronto.—During his leisure moments on this side of the Atlantic, Mr. Drinkwater expects to complete his play, ''Mary Stuart,'' and to start on a third, ''Oliver Cromwell.'' This is what he calls a holiday!

A long and interesting letter was recently received by the ''McMaster Girls'' from their President of '17-'18, Miss Muriel Brothers. In September last we bade Miss Brothers farewell as she left to enter upon work with the Canadian Baptist Mission in India. It has been Miss Brother's privilege to spend a short time in Japan en route. Extracts from her letter constitute the article, ''A Glimpse at Japan,'' which we publish this month. Dr. and Mrs. Smith, and Miss Priest, whose names are mentioned in the letter, are missionaries well-known to McMaster students and the Baptist denomination.

McMaster has this year upheld the honorable standard of the past in the realm of debating. In the Women's Intercollege Series, McMaster is now in the finals against Victoria, having defeated St. Michael's and St. Hilda's. In the Kerr Shield Intercollege Series, victories over St. Michael's and Victoria, bring the McMaster men in the finals with Osgoode. Our debaters for the championships have our entire confidence, and we are looking forward to a double victory.

The Monthly congratulates the McMaster Women on the success attending their efforts to advance the cause of the new Women's Residence. The Choral Concert and the ''Comedy of Errors,'' besides attaining a remarkable degree of success in their presentation, have substantially increased the funds for this worthy cause.

College News

Around the Hall

EDITOR: O. H. McDONALD, '21.

"For those first tiny, prayerful folded hands,
That pierce the winter's crust and softly bring
Life out of death, the endless mystery;—
For all the first sweet flushings of the spring;
The greening earth, the tender heavenly blue;
The rich brown furrows gaping for the seed;
For all thy grace in bursting bud and leaf,—
The bridal sweetness of the orchard trees,
Rose-tender in their coming fruitfulness;

. . . . . .

For meadows spread with gold, and gemmed with stars;
For every tint of every tiniest flower;
For round green hills, earth's full benignant breasts;
For sun-chased shadows flitting o'er the plain;
For gleam and gloom; for all life's counterchange;
For the hope that quickens under darkening skies;
For all we see; for all that underlies,—
We thank Thee, Lord!"

—JOHN OXENHAM,
in "A Little Te Deum of the Commonplace."

Final Interyear Debate

On Friday evening, February 27th, the final debate of the interyear series took place in Castle Memorial Hall. The subject was one of great interest: "Resolved, that divorce cases throughout Canada should be tried by judicial rather than by parliamentary procedure." The Seniors upheld this resolution, while the Freshmen argued for the negative.

Mr. W. F. Nelson, acting as chairman, opened the meeting with due formality, and without further preamble, presented Mr. L. E. Zavitz, the leader of the affirmative. Mr. Zavitz's speech was fluent and his manner pleasing. He told of the history of divorce, especially in England, and showed how parliament is not properly vested with the authority to try divorce cases. Mr. E. G. Hildebrand introduced the case of the negative. Although handicapped with a severe cold, he made a very good showing. Mr. L. J. Ruttan continued the argument for the affirmative. His material was well arranged, and his delivery was interesting, with several good humorous touches. In concluding the negative argument, Mr. E. D. Pardington

made one of the best speeches of the year. With excellent delivery, speaking without notes, he outlined the divorce system of the United States, and showed how undesirable had been its results. Mr. Zavitz, in his rebuttal, was remarkable. He fairly took the audience by storm.

The debate was very closely contested, and the judges' decision in favor of the Seniors was not unanimous. Dean Farmer gave a kindly criticism, praising the debate highly. Dean McLay, in presenting the Debating Cup, congratulated the Fourth Year on their hard earned victory, and said that McMaster need have no fear as to her debaters for the future. Miss Helen Mabee, '20, sang most acceptably after the debate.

Junior Collation

The Junior Collation, the formal farewell tendered by the Juniors to the Graduating Class, took place in the Walker House on the evening of Friday, March 12th. Anything which goes by the name of banquet—a term which implies the close proximity of foodstuffs,—is usually an unqualified success, and this function at "the house of plenty" was no exception to the rule.

After a full hour of feasting and conversation, Mr. W. O. White, the Juniors' President, welcomed the guests of the evening, and proposed the toast to "His Majesty, the King." Mr. A. S. McGrath, in fitting words, proposed "Our Alma Mater." In replying to this toast Professor Mitchell spoke of the bonds of union between the university students, and how, though not an alumnus of McMaster, he could still look upon her as a unit in that world-wide Alma Mater, the love of knowledge and the seeking for truth. The farewell toast to Year Twenty, was proposed by Mr. O.H. McDonald, to which Mr. H.S. Hillyer, the Senior President, adorned with his graduating moustache, blushingly and gratefuly replied. Miss Mabel Pugh, '22, recited, and Miss Marjorie Starr sang, thus adding greatly to the pleasure of the evening. Finally all joined enthusiastically in "Thy Praises, McMaster," then came the class yells, and with expressions of good will on all sides, the happy party dispersed.

POINTS OF INTEREST NO. 6—THE HOSPITAL.

First it was the flu. Our little hospital room was filled to capacity with an overflow meeting across the hall. We had a trained nurse whose chief duties consisted in starving the boys and keeping them in bed. Now it is the mumps,—variety is the spice of life. We stand at a distance and look at our two poor victims through the open door. We give them a cheery smile and ask "the state of their jaws this morning," while they with much difficulty attempt to smile back. Then we go down to dinner and eat vinegar pickles to see if we have any symptoms ourselves.

Faculty Wit:

Time—Morning before concert of Women's Choral Society.

Place—Chapel, with seats on platform in tiers, central chair specially elevated.

Enter Chancellor and professors for morning prayers.

Chancellor (waving his hand towards the high seat he is about to occupy).—"High on a throne of royal state, which far outshone the wealth of Ormuz or of Ind."

Dean of Arts (as Chancellor takes his seat and surveys the incoming undergraduates).—"By merit raised to that high eminence."

Another professor (addressing Dean, but with eyes on the Chancellor).—"Oh, that's the most unkind cut of all."

Sunday, February 29th, was the annual Day of Prayer for Colleges. In the morning the Rev. W. A. Cameron preached a special sermon to the McMaster students who attended Bloor Street Baptist Church in a body. Rev. T. T. Shields, of Jarvis Street Church, addressed the special Y.M. C.A. meeting on the following Tuesday, speaking upon "The Demands of the Christian Ministry." The purpose of these meetings has been that University men and women may be led to look forward to a life work from the viewpoint of Christian service, and they have been an inspiration and a help to us all.

Day of Prayer For Colleges

The Lit. Skating Party on February 18th was the grand Leap Year event of the season. The ladies had been busy asking their partners all day, finally about seven-thirty the merry throng gathered at McMaster to fill out their band cards and proceed to the rink. One of the Sophettes has contributed the following poetic description of the affair:

Lit. Skating Party

And when the opening band was o'er,
Her troubles soon began.
She asked her pal what hat —— wore,
"Do tell me if you can!"

At last she spied his smiling face,
And o'er the ice they sped,
Oh what a grand, and glorious place
Was Varsity, they said.

And thus the evening sped, quite fast,
On wings of time—and skates,
Till in the minds of all at last
Were dreams of heaped up plates.

So the party trailed down to Hunt's, where the ladies ordered a delicious little spread for their partners.

The dainty food soon disappeared,
All care was put aside,
The only thing the maidens feared
Was the coming street car ride.

Once on the car, how people stared
When the fares she had to pay
But all remarked how well they fared,
—Thus, the end of a perfect day.

Seniors' Skating Party

The Seniors had the honor of having the last skating party of the season. On Tuesday evening, March 2nd, they held forth at the Varsity Rink; then, after an evening of invigorating recreation, the party gathered at the Blue Bird Tea Rooms for lunch. Messrs. Long and Wintemute assumed the duties of chaperones in a very efficient manner. This was a very enjoyable affair, so the Seniors say.

Juniors' Parties

Year '21 have recently had two little parties. On Tuesday, February 24th, the Juniorettes took the Juniors out for an evening at Varsity Rink, following which the party were very pleasantly entertained by Miss Levi at her home on Beverley Street. Then on March 2nd, on the occasion of the return of their president, Mr. W. O. White, the Juniors gathered at Elm Street Y.W.C.A., where, as the guests of Miss Cain and Miss Burridge, a very happy evening was spent.

Soph. Party

"It has been suggested that St. Valentine's Day may be a survival of the ancient Roman festival of the Lupercalia, celebrated in the month of February, at which it was customary to put the name of the young women into a box, from which they were drawn by the young men as chance directed". These directions, taken from the Encyclopaedia, having being duly carried out, the Sophs and Sophettes set out for West Toronto, where, as guests of Miss Helen McAlpine, her mother and her aunt, Mrs. Galloway, St. Valentine's Day was most enjoyable celebrated. Hearts were everywhere, hearts to be played with, hearts to be matched, and finally harts to be eaten. Let the Sophs take heed to this last sentence of the above-mentioned quotation from our reliable Encyclopaedia,—"the young men were supposed to remain faithful for the entire year to the service of their Valentines."

Freshman Parties

The Freshmen also celebrated with a Valentine Party. On Thursday, evening, February 19th, Miss Lillian Richards entertained the year at her home on Lonsdale Road. The Freshmen had a glorious time until the eats came to be served, and then it was discovered that the ice cream had entirely dis-

appeared from the back porch. (It is rumored that some of the Sophs had a feed that night in some dark corner). However, more ice cream was procured at the corner drug store, so the Freshies didn't go hungry.

The following week, on the 28th, the Freshmen were the guests of their Honorary President, and spent a most enjoyable evening at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Gilmour. Under the direction of Mr. George and Miss Helen Gilmour, the time was very quickly passed with games new and old. Finally lunch was served, followed by "Thy Praises" and three cheers for the host and hostess of the evening. This was one of the largest parties Year '23 have had—and one of the most enjoyable parties in every way.

Women's Department

EDITOR: MISS MARJORIE MALLAGH, '20.

ASS'T EDITOR: MISS HELEN GILMOUR, '21.

"The trumpet of a prophecy! Oh wind,
If winter comes, can spring be far behind"?

EVEN so august a group as the McMaster's Women's Student Body has its ups and downs, and at present a fit of the blues has settled upon it. The cause of this doleful malady arises from two voices which become louder and more insistent every day. One cries: "All is over and done," the other, "The worst is yet to come." They speak the truth, these voices; looking back we sigh, and looking forward we close our eyes to shut out the view of the ghastly spectre Exams., whose grim form has just come upon the horizon. Three months ago the horizon was clear, and the winter's fun lay ahead. What joy to plan for those thrilling occasions called "Leap Year Skating Parties"; to dash off from lectures to forget all learning while practising hockey in the vain hope of making McMaster women hockey champions; or to cheer for our men as they fought, hockey-stick in hand, for the glory of old McMaster.

But now the ice has melted; skating parties and hockey (of

both the masculine and feminine variety) have vanished with it. How many happy noon hours were spent, singing in preparation for our chorus concert! The concert has come and gone, and we long for the days when we had time to eat only a sandwich, and a rush to chorus practice. That great event, "The Big Play" has flown past, and the actresses slowly turn their minds from witty passages in "The Comedy of Errors," to Dryden's "Satires," or "Paradise Lost."

Perhaps it is just as well that most of our festivities are over. Already the number at the library table has increased, an indication that many are looking ahead and are fortifying their brains for the great attack to be made by the professors in April. We really need not be sad, however. Exams, it is true, will come, but the faster they approach the sooner it will be summer again, and already the truly imaginative can see herself in a canoe, drifting on a river.

So let us all cheer up, and "look into the future far as human eye can see, behold the vision of the world and all the wonder that will be" when exams. are over.

WHO'S WHO.

Whether Math and Physics genius always accompanies capacity for Y. W. administration may be an open question, but this year McMaster claims to have an example for this remarkable union. It is in her official capacity of Y.W.C.A.President, however, that Jean Wiley appears in these pages. Jean's quiet, unassuming manner gives the casual observer only a hint of the capable and tactful administrative power which lies behind it. Jean's personality has been a moving force behind the Y. W. C. A. Cabinet this year, and has been expressed in the spirit of devotion and practicability which has so characterized the meetings of the Association. To her our gratitude is due for faithful labours, and we wish as great success for her in all her undertakings.

On Friday afternoon, February 20th, the last of the year programs was given by the Sophettes. A piano solo by Mrs. Atkinson was a very happy beginning of the entertaining program. The interest aroused by "Current Events a la mode" was intense. **W. L. S.**
The scene was the Ladies' room where the happenings of the previous two weeks were recounted with pertinent comments by the girls of the year, for the benefit of Marie Smith, just returned after an absence from school. The daring with which such a scene was faithfully reproduced merited the applause it received. After a vocal solo by Phyllis Chapman, "The House Boat on the Styx," was presented. We were well entertained by the ghosts of Shakespeare and Bacon, Noah and Barnum, and other notables of the Club.

Interest centered around the questions as to the authorship of Hamlet, and whether ladies should be allowed at the Club —Henry VIII and Anthony presenting some difficulties in the latter question.

While the judges retired to decide which of the four years should receive the supper, given as a prize for the best program, Winnifred Mallagh gave two splendid readings. The judges awarded the supper to the fourth year, this decision in their opinion and that of the audience being quite "comme il faut."

McMaster girls had a debate.
February eighteenth was the date.
St. Hilda's so bold,
Did firmly uphold
Railroads controlled by the state.

"More beneficial, private control,"
Quoth our debaters in speeches droll
The judges say
After long delay;
McMaster has won on the whole.

Songs and yells there were and yet,
We missed the usual "duet."
The two Evelyns we thank,
In the finals we rank,
We owe them a very large debt.

On Friday evening, March 5th, and on Saturday afternoon

The Comedy of Errors

following, the Women's Literary Society presented their play, the "Comedy of Errors" for the benefit of the new Women's Residence. The efforts of the girls met with unqualified success. The many amusing situations in the play were made the most of, and the audience was carried easily and smoothly from scene to scene. The principal characters were: Antipholus of Syracuse, Marion Grimshaw; Antipholus of Ephesus, Frances Trotter; Dromio of Syracuse, Marjorie Mallagh; Dromio of Ephesus, Doris Hooper; Adriana, Helen Gilmour; Luciana, Phyllis Chapman. Mrs. J. Sinclair Crawford, and Mr. Atkinson sang between the acts on Friday night, and on Saturday afternoon Miss Brownlee sang, and the McMaster Men's Orchestra played. Miss Rita Rogers, directress, deserves much credit for the excellent way in which she trained the girls. Marion Stillwell, president of the Society, and Marjorie Starr, Play Convener, are to be given a great deal of praise for their untiring efforts in training time. Besides the appreciation they received from the girls of the play, they are rewarded by the successful and happy outcome of their work.

Y.W.C.A.

Fortunate indeed were the girls who attended the Y.W.C.A. meeting of February 13th and had the privilege of hearing Chancellor McCrimmon speak on the position of women in the new era of peace. He reminded us of the heritage we have received from the war—that of sacrifice and work well done, and pointed out that a world conception can mean nothing unless it be personal. Women are entering this new age with a higher conception of life than ever before and are recognizing more fully what they may demand from life and what they owe to it. Whether our work be in the home, in school, in business or any other sphere, the motive behind it should be, "I can do this for Jesus Christ."

A bright song service opened the Y.W.C.A. meeting on Friday, February 27th. Special mention was made of the Day of Prayer for Colleges, on the following Sunday, and in keeping with this, many of those present, quoted some favorite Bible verse on Prayer, in addition to which Helen Perry gave a short talk on the same topic.

The main feature of the program, however, was the address

by Miss Gummoe, who is at present a student at McMaster. She told in a most interesting manner of her important work in Palestine where she has spent some time in Mission work. Her message was very vivid, for she gave us a glimpse into the personal lives of a number of the girl students, whom she had known in the mission schools in Jerusalem and Jaffa. By the transformation wrought in those lives, we were able to grasp something of the need of, and the great results from such work in that far away land.

Athletics

It is with sad hearts that the devotees of the puck realize that winter sports are over for another season. Interest in hockey ran high during February, when the rink was the centre of college activities.

A game with the Blythewood team, Tuesday, February 10th, resulted in a defeat for McMaster by a team which knew quite a bit more about hockey than we did. Confronted by a much stronger, swifter sextette, Mac played a defensive game throughout making her single goal the last minute of the game. Blythewood put in four, but this was a very small percentage of the number which met our goalkeeper's stick.

The second game with Meds was played the day after the game with Blythewood, and our girls were too tired to do themselves justice. The puck was in center ice most of the time, but the score was 4-0 for Meds. This game put us out of the running in the Inter-Collegiate games. Meds. and Victoria played off the final, the championship being won by Victoria.

The following Saturday, February 14th, McMaster finally succeeded in defeating Moulton. The younger girls put up a good game but had not as strong a team as in former years whereas McMaster has never put a better team on the ice. The score 3-1 is a fair indication of the play. The line-up was as follows: Centre, Marjorie Starr; right wing, Marjorie Mallagh; left wing, Mrs. Mahaffey; right defence, Ruth Gray; left defence, Mary Clark; goal, Jen Wright.

As it was getting late in the season before the inter-year games could be played, it was arranged that there should be only three games.

The result of the game between the Freshettes and Sophettes was a sad one indeed—for First Year—the score running

up to 9-0. However, every assurance is given by the defeated that the score was only a sympathetic affair, arranged to give courage to their men who had received a similar defeat at the hands of the Seniors.

The game between Third and Fourth Years might have proved fairly exciting (as girls' inter-year games go) had not the snow been so heavy as to make it almost impossible to carry the puck any distance up the ice. There was keen rivalry and the teams were so well matched that it seemed for some time that there would be no score. During the last period, however, Fourth Year succeeded in sneaking one in, and by playing a wholly defensive game for the last few minutes prevented the Third Year from tying the score.

Chorus Concert

"McMaster University Women's Chorus, D'Alton McLaughlin, conductor, assisted by Florence Fenton-Box, contralto; Rita Rogers, reader; Marjorie Latimer, violinist; Stuart Barker, baritone; Prof. B. Franzen-Swedelius, bass. Castle Memorial Hall, February 17th, 1920. Proceeds for the new Women's Residence."

Thus concisely was the evening's entertainment summed up, on the first page of the program, but in the memories of the listeners, the evening of song will not soon be forgotten. To each individual a different part of the evening will doubtless return most vividly when he shuts his eyes and imagines himself again in Castle Memorial Hall. Even before the eyelids quite close, it may be that the sparks from the forge of the Viking flash through the air; or the strains of the "Barcarolle," the gondola drifts in the moonlight, or unconscious of impending doom, with Patty one approaches the President's door, or marches with martial step to the "Marseillaise."

Which is your special memory? Is it one of these, or, "You dear and I," Weitzel's "Slumber Song," the "Floral Dance," or is it "Carry me back to Old Virginney," rendered

> "With voices sweet entoned, and so small,
> That we thought it the sweetest melody
> That ever I heard in my life."

Whichever it is -that you have a memory we doubt not. Certainly it is just one big memory for each member of the "Chorus" itself, a memory of noon hour practices, of an efficient leader, Mr. McLaughlin, of an alert President, Miss Queenie Shields, of a skillful pianist, Miss Phyllis Chapman, of a successful concert, and of one hundred and twenty dollars clear up to date, for the new "Residence."

Athletics

Editor: Lloyd D. Dingle, '20.

THE championship of the Intermediate Intercollegiate was decided at Kingston, on the fourth of March, when the Royal Military College, by holding Varsity to a tie, maintained their lead of three goals and thus succeeded in winning the round. Varsity II were the winners of the western group of the league, which was composed of St. Michael's, Varsity II, McMaster and O.A.C., but they were unable to obtain a victory over R.M.C., the champions of the eastern group.

It has happened before that Varsity II have lost out in the finals, and the reason for this is not very difficult to find. Because of the clause in the rules governing Intercollegiate hockey by which players are permitted to play one game in the Senior Intercollegiate without being disqualified for the Intermediate series, Varsity II have been relying to a great extent on these senior men to win their games. They used players of Senior Intercollegiate and Senior O.H.A. calibre to help them win their group, so most of these men were not eligible to play in the finals, since they had already taken part in at least one Senior Intercollegiate game. Consequently the only thing that could be done was to use intermediate players, and these proved to be not quite clever enough to win from R.M.C.

It is not unlikely that St. Michael's would have made a better showing against R.M.C. than Varsity, since the latter needed the assistance of senior players to defeat St. Michael's, who, even then, won one game of the three. This practice is very unfair to the western group of the Intermediate Intercollegiate, for it often happens that the winners of the group are represented, not by the team that really won in the group, but by an aggregation of players with very much less ability. However, this objectionable feature might very easily be done away with by changing the rules of the Intercollegiate Hockey Union so as to prohibit senior players from taking any part in the Intermediate series.

The McMaster II team were eliminated from their series by the Victorias, who defeated them in both games of the schedule. It is unfortunate that McMaster was unable to present the

regular second team in the first game, which resulted in a lead of five goals for the Victorias. If they had been held to a smaller score it might have been possible for Mac to defeat them on the round, but the five goals proved to be an insurmountable obstacle.

TORONTO HOCKEY LEAGUE.

The first game with the Victorias took place at Varsity rink on February 14th. It snowed heavily all day, and the ice was in very poor condition. There was a disagreement before the game as to whether the ice was good enough to use, and before the matter was settled several of the players had departed for parts unknown to fill previous engagements.

Victorias 5
McMaster II. 0.

On account of the heavy snowfall the game was very slow, and the McMaster men in particular seemed to experience great difficulty in carrying the puck. Owing to the fact that the Mac team was very much weakened, the Victorias had things pretty much their own way, and scored five times, while holding their opponents scoreless. F. Waghorne was the referee.

McMaster: Goal, Reid; defence, Rosewarne, Hildebrand; forwards, Farmer, Jones, McLay.

McMaster II played the return game with Victorias on Wednesday, the 18th, at the Ravina rink. This proved to be a much closer game than the previous one, and showed that if the first game had been played on better ice the score would have been a great deal different.

Victorias 5
McMaster II 4

McMaster tallied first when Bearss went through alone and scored on a long shot which struck the goal-post and glanced in. Shortly after Dingle broke away and shot between the defence, netting the second counter. The Victorias did not score until the second period, when they went through three times in rapid succession. Jones retaliated by poking the third goal between the goal-keeper's feet, and Dodge scored Mac's final tally after a neat piece of stickhandling.

In the last period the Victorias countered twice, scoring their winning goal on a lucky shot. F. Waghorne was in charge of the play.

Line-up. Goal, Stiver, defence, McLay, Bearss; forwards, Jones, Dodge, Dingle; subs., Hildebrand, Eberlee.

INTER-YEAR HOCKEY.

On February 17th, the Seniors met the Freshmen in the first battle of the inter-year series. Year '23 worked hard, but were unable to scare Kitchen, who, in the final period left his goal and spurted down the ice in an attempt to score. Two scorching shots he laid on Anderson's pads with his trusty goal-stick, but his efforts were all unavailing. Of the Seniors' goals, Pearce scored five and Dingle scored four.

Seniors 9
Freshmen 0

Seniors.—Goal, Kitchen; defence, Schatz, Mallory (Capt.); forwards, Dingle, Pearce, Hodges; subs., Cowie, Oddy.

Freshmen.—Goal, Anderson; defence, Rosewarne, Dyce; forwards, Henry, Stiver, Hildebrand; subs., McLean, Pardington.

The Freshmen again suffered defeat on the 20th at the Arena, this time at the hands of the Juniors. The first goal was scored by Doolittle, and Dodge shortly afterwards added two more. The merry work went on, and at the end of the second period the score was 8-1 in favor of year '21. The Freshmen scored their only goal on a nice shot by Dyce.

Juniors 10
Freshmen 1

The third period was more even, and the Juniors succeeded in scoring only two goals. The third year goal was bombarded with shots during the last few minutes, and the three goalkeepers of year '21 were kept very busy defending their nets. But, as one Freshman was heard to remark: "The play was more even than the score would indicate!"

Juniors.—Goal, Jamieson; defence, Doolittle, Racicot; forwards, Dodge (Capt.), McLay, Farmer; sub., Carr.

Freshmen.—Goal, Stiver; defence, Bearss (Capt.), Hildebrand; forwards, Dyce, Henry, Pardington; sub., McLean.

February 24th was the date on which occurred an encounter staged by years '20 and '21, at the Arena. The Seniors scored first when Pearce shot between the defence and found the corner of the net. Two minutes later Dodge tied the score. In the second period Jamieson tallied, and Pearce again went through for a counter. In the final period '21 scored twice and '20 tallied only once until three minutes before the end of the period, when the puck was shot in front of the nets

Seniors 4
Juniors 4

from behind, bouncing from Dodge into the goal and tying the score. For the remaining three minutes the fevered gladiators struggled to wrest the palm of victory from the god who rules over hockey games (Mars, in this case), but it was all of no avail, and the game ended in a tie. The playing was very crude on both sides, and the goal-keping was of the sieve-like variety, seven goals being scored on long shots and one on no shot at all.

Seniors.—Goal, Kitchen; defence, Mallory, Schatz; forwards, Hodges, Pearce, Dingle; subs., Cowie, Oddy.

Juniors.—Goal, Farmer; defence, Doolittle, Jamieson; forwards, McLay, Dodge, Racicot; subs., Carr, Taylor.

The most exciting inter-year game of the season took place at the Arena on the 27th of February, when the Seniors defeated the Sophs after a strenuous contest. The game was touch and go all through, and the fourth year had to score three goals in the last ten minutes of play to come through at the long end of the score.

Seniors 4
Sophomores 3

Jones scored the first goal, but Hodges soon tied it up on a pass from Pearce. In the second period Mabee countered on a shot, and Brown made it three before the end of the period.

Ten minutes before the final whistle Pearce scored for '20. This encouraged the Seniors ,and they began to force the pace. With only three minutes to go Pearce again scored, and Dingle tallied the fourth goal one minute later. The Sophs tried hard to equalize, but were unable to break away.

Seniors.—Goal, Kitchen; defence, Mallory, Schatz; forwards, Dingle, Pearce, Hodges; subs., Oddy, Cowie.

Sophs.—Goal, Reid; defence, Mabee, Brown; forwards, Jones, Stevens, Eberlee; sub., Atkinson.

Juniors and Sophomores settled their argument at Ravina rink on the 5th of March. The former had been defeated in previous match, but had protested it, and this game left no doubt as to which was the better team, although the Sophs played much below their usual form.

Juniors 7
Sophomores 1

The game was fast and not altogether free from questionable tactics on both sides. Reid made several clever stops, but Dodge finally beat him after ten minutes of play. Three minutes later Mabee and Jones combined to beat Gilmour, who had no chance to save.

The Juniors forced the play in the second session, Jamieson scoring twice and Doolittle once. In the third period Dodge and Farmer worked well together, resulting in two goals, both of which were scored by Farmer. The Sophs put every man up in the last attempt to retrieve their fortunes, but Doolittle broke away toward the end of the period and scored the final counter. The second year were away off in their shooting, and Reid appeared weaker than usual in goal. Kitchen and G. H. Mallory handled the game satisfactorily.

Juniors.—Goal, Gilmour; defence, Doolittle, Jamieson; forwards, Dodge, Farmer, McLay; subs., Carr, Racicot.

Sophs.—Goal ,Reid; defence, Brown, Mabee; forwards, Jones, Eberlee, Stevens; sub., Atkinson.

SCRUB HOCKEY.

So great is the number who delight in breaking heads and hockey sticks indiscriminately that the method in vogue before the war of giving these enthusiasts a chance to rid themselves of their surplus acrobatical gyrations was revived, and a scrub hockey league was organized. There were four captains, G. A. Cowie, M. A. Smith, H. M. Brownlee and P. V. Rosewarne, and they named their team the Accelerators, Spark Plugs, Cranks and Self-Starters, respectively. A suggestion was made that we allow a fifth team to enter, namely, the Rooters' Club, and christen them the Mufflers, meaning by the Rooters' Club those who make themselves conspicuously absent at all the hockey games, whether intercollegiate or otherwise, and who, by their indifferent aloofness, thus effectively "muffle" any attempts to arouse enthusiasm over any of the games. It may be observed that an entire absence of moral support is not conducive to winning games, regardless of the ability of the teams concerned. However, the conclusion was reached that if a man was so devoid of "pep" that he failed to attend the games of his college team, he would certainly be unable to play the game himself, and so the idea was given up.

With the thermometer standing and shivering somewhere below zero the first engagement took place on Saturday morning, the 31st of January. Rosewarne and Gilmour attacked the cranks time after time, only to be repulsed with great loss. Just before the close of the first period, however, Reid led a counter-attack and by a magnificent effort scored the first goal.

Cranks 2
Self-Starters 1

The defence of McLarty and Reid proved to be an immovable wall (which is only natural when one thinks about it) and Reid (who appears to be the star of the game) scored another goal. Before the end of the game Racicot, although he was "all tired," by a supreme spurt managed to find the goal and register a counter for the Self-Starters. Thus endeth the first lesson.

Cranks: Goal, Pardington; defence, Reid, McLarty; forwards, Brownlee (Capt.), McBride, Freeman; sub., Newton.

Self-Starters: Goal, Carr; defence, R. McLean, Pyle; forwards, Gilmour, Racicot, Rosewarne (Capt.); sub., McGrath.

Such was the result of the second contest in the Scrub League, staged at Varsity Rink, likewise on a Saturday, February the 7th. The Accelerators found themselves concerned more with retarding the spark of the Plugs than with feeding gas to their own cylinders, of which the rear three were hitting better than the front trio. The first period was devoted to warming up by both machines. In the second period the Spark Plugs had one magnificent explosion while the Accelerators' cylinders misfired several times. The Accelerators apparently got "stuck" in the final period as they were unable to speed up, and the Spark Plugs, not yet carbonized, put forward three more claims to superiority.

Spark Plugs 4
Accelerators 0

Spark Plugs: Goal, Hildebrand; defence, Freeman, G. Atkinson; forwards, R. Stevens, Reid, Henry.

Accelerators: Goal, C. Farmer; defence, Schatz, Davis; forwards, K. Taylor, Paterson, G. Farmer.

Although starting out with all the vim and pomp of a new Ford car, the Scrub Hockey League came to an untimely end. It was placed on the program at such a late date that it interfered with inter-year hockey, which proved to be its deathblow. Provided that it is entered upon earlier in the hockey season, however, there is no reason why scrub hockey should not be very popular during the next year.

Our Graduates

Editor: Elven John Bengough, B. A.

IN perusing the graduate list published in the calendar, it will be noticed that the first name in the Arts list is that of Marat Nainan Abraham, who is credited with the M. A. degree in 1914. Mr. Abraham is a native of India, and received his Bachelor's degree from the University of Madras in 1910. He came to Toronto and took a theological course in Wycliffe College, and while here took a course in Mediaeval Church History for the M. A. degree in McMaster. He was short in stature, dark in complexion, and had a face always ready to break into a smile, and eyes that shone with animation and intelligence. He returned to India and took up work with the Reformed Syrian Church, of which church he was afterwards consecrated a Bishop.

The above facts give added interest to the following extract from an address delivered by Sherwood Eddy at the Des Moines Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement:

"I went to India, landing there twenty-three years ago. I began to work among just a few of those 60,000 English-speaking college students—bright, affectionate, open-hearted, brilliant students, the most attractive student-body in the world. I can see now a little faded photograph of a little group of boys, those first three boys, none of them of high birth. That first boy, a poor boy of a humble family of a caste so low that his people would be shut even from the temples of heathenism. That second boy still lower, an outcast Pariah, lower than the dogs. The dogs could go down the Brahman street, but not he. The third boy a Syrian named Abraham.

"I landed this year and looked up some of the old boys. They are men now. That first boy had become Bishop Azariah. This young Christian Statesman is a Bishop of the Anglican Communion. I saw him consecrated by those ten Bishops of Oxford and Cambridge, and I saw this outcast boy, the peer of them all as a Christian saint or as a Christian statesman. I visited his diocese and saw some of his 60,000 Christians and their transformed lives.

"I went down to the second boy and found him the Moderator of the South India United Church, already uniting in one body

all of the Congregational, Presbyterian, Dutch Reformed, and two other denominations in one, and he is the Moderator.

"That third boy I found Bishop Abraham, the young leader of the Reformed Syrian Church. He asked me to speak to his people. There, I saw the largest Christian audience in the world. Here, we have to-night 7,000 students from nearly 1,000 colleges, but in that audience under that young Bishop were more than four times as many as we have here to-night. There in that palm leaf pavilion, erected without expense by their own hands, down this side 10,000 women, down that side 30,000 men, here was the white-robed priest; here was the young Bishop with the head-dress of Antioch. There was that audience, 20,000 of them facing the challenge of saving their own country. I remember the night, years ago, when the young Bishop went out of the meeting pierced with conviction, wrestling like Jacob until the day broke. He gave up his selfish ambition, he took his cross, he dedicated his life to that church which for 1,000 years had been asleep as an old Oriental church and now that church is rising with a passion for evangelism to save their own country.

Three boys, this year lead three great bodies into a forward movement, into an inter-church movement on a wide campaign of evangelism to save their own country. After they had worked together for one year they said, "We are one, one in everything. Why shouldn't we be one body?" They came together and drew up a basis of union which, I believe, will yet make history in the Orient and in the Occident. I have here the minute adopted by the General Assembly of that United Church. When this union is effective those three churches it will be, so far as I know, the first time in four hundred years since the reformation that an Episcopal and non-Episcopal church have united. The first time ever that a branch of the Western church and of the greatest Eastern church and of five free Protestant churches united to form one simple spiritual apostolic church universal in India. Three boys lead three great churches into an evangelistic campaign. Tell me, was it worth while to try to win three humble, poor, and, for the most part, outcast boys, and yet that is our task. That is our joyous opportunity in every land to-day, for what India needs, what China needs, what every country needs is an unselfish, moral Christian leadership which alone can furnish a basis for life personal or national, to stand the strain of the modern world."

'95—George Herbert Clarke, until recently with the Univer-

sity of Tennesee, is now Head of the Department of English in the University of the South, at Sewanee, Tennessee. This is a small-town college, which has attained to a good reputation in the south and in the United States at large through its capable, thorough work. Its general processes are, like its buildings, modelled after Oxford.

'99.—In the report of the American Baptist Mission Press, of Ragoon, issued last September, we read of the publication of books in the Kachin language by Rev. J. F. Ingram. Most of these are of an educational character. "The Kachin copy books, produced from copy furnished by Mr. Ingram, and beautifully engraved in New York, are equal to any copy books found in this part of the world. Mr. Ingram has in hand Readers, Geographies, and Arithmetics, each the first of its kind, and all set in choice type on our linotypes."

'99.—Dr. Henry W. Newman has been home for six months. It will be recalled that at the time of the revolutionary disturbances in China he sent his family to America and went north and joined the Red Cross work with the Allies in Siberia. While there he met Tom Dadson who was a Chaplain with the Canadian Siberian Expedition. Dr. Newman is anxious to return shortly to his work in China.

'00.—The present address of Mrs. A. G. Thompson, (Bertha Gile) is Madeley Manor, Creeve, England.

'02.—Rev. R. G. Blundell, formerly Pastor of the Medicine Hat Baptist Church, and later Superintendent for the Children's Aid Society in that city, is reported in The Western Baptist as being seriously ill as the result of an operation, with little hope entertained for his recovery. The Monthly extends sympathy to Mr. Blundell and his family.

Since writing the above, word has come that Mr. Blundell passed away on March 5th.

'06.—Ohio Wesleyan University has established a Personnel Bureau, to deal with students somewhat along the lines adopted in the American Army in classifying recruits. The Bureau will make a careful study of the abilities, tastes and personality of the individual student, with the object of assisting him along three main lines: (1) In intelligently arranging his course of study, (2) in the choice of a vocation, and (3) in adjusting himself to social and other relations where he may be failing to some degree. The Bureau will also place at the disposal of the Deans such information as will be in the best interests of the

students; and will make available to prospective employers, information concerning the abilities of students who might be eligible for employment. The methods of the bureau will include an intelligence test, and also reports from instructors, classifying the students in egard to the following characteristics; Mental Grasp, Common Sense, Memory, Teachability, Interest in Work, Accuracy and Care, and Punctuality. With such reports filed by each instructor, each semester during the four years' course, it is hoped that when a student graduates, the Personnel Bureau will be in a position to gauge very accurately his capabilities. The Bureau is under the direction of a Committee of Five from the Faculty, the Chairman of the Committee being Professor George R. Wells, of the Department of Psychology. Alumni of McMaster will remember George Wells, as a graduate of '06. The Ohio experiment will be watched with interest. A number of other institutions have been experimenting along similar lines, and from this accumulated experience there may emerge new methods of procedure in college and university work.

'06.—Rev. A. Stewart Woodburne, formerly a missionary in India under the Canadian Baptist Foreign Mission Board, but recently of Evanston, Ill., is returning to India, sailing from San Francisco on April 3rd. This time he goes out under the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, and will become Principal of Kurnool High School, Madras. He was first booked for the chair of History in Madras Christian College, but owing to special circumstances which have arisen, the Committee asked him to go to Kurnool for the present. During the war Mr. Woodburne spent seventeen months in the American Red Cross.

'08.—Rev. J. M. Telford resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church in Yorkton, Sask., on December 31st, and is now in Melville, Sask., studying law. He is associated with the firm of McKim and Gerrand of that town. Mrs. Telford was Miss Gertrude Steinhoff, '11.

Ex.-'11.—Rev. A. L. Tedford, formerly Pastor of the Tabernacle Church, St. John, N. B., has accepted an appointment as evangelist under the Baptist Mission Board of Saskatchewan, and has already entered on his duties.

'16.—Milton W. Tyndall is back in Toronto after having spent some time in the West. He is completing his work for the degree B.D., at Knox College.

Here and There

EDITOR: MISS E. MARION STILLWELL, '20.
ASS'T EDITOR: MISS MARION V. ROYCE, '22.

. . . Some are born to write, some achieve writing, and some have writing thrust upon them. . . .

MONTH after month as we rack the editorial brain for something to write about, we gaze with jealous eyes upon those fortunate ones who write with such ease and eloquence and at such length on anything or nothing. The editor who can harrow up the feelings of his reader by narrating the tale of "Physics over, Math. ended" at Christmas time is not unusual; but of the one who can draw tears by speaking of the weather (unless it be of rain on the eve of a sleighing-party), truly it may be said that he was born to write. Others achieve writing by dint of careful, laborious, and often painful application; and we are still hoping someday to be included in their class. But at present we feel most decidedly in the large class of those who have writing thrust upon them. All too soon the time is coming when "we must write or we will fail," and one of our exchanges describes our feelings on the subject far better than we could.

I was lost in a mighty dreaming,
Of what it means to cram,
When a mighty shock awoke me,
'Twas the sound of the word "Exam!"

Then I plugged till I plugged insanely
After that mythical first
Which comes from the pen of the brilliant
In knowledge's lore well versed.

But, alas, again into April
I shall drift with careless calm,
For how quickly in one's memories
Dies the chill of that dread "Exam."

In a recent number of *Scribner's*, Sir Sidney Colvin tells an anecdote to illustrate Browning's partiality for any kind of fun or foolery of which the notion tickled him."

In the later seventies Browning breakfasted once with a party of undergraduates and with Mr. Colvin at Cambridge. The talk ran to Christian names and their abbreviations, and Browning bethought himself of a story of a registrar at an American

university. The official asked the first of three brothers appearing in line his name. "Sam," said the boy. "That's no name," declared the registrar severely, "give me your full name—Samuel." The second boy, asked the same question, nervously replied: "My name is Lem, sir." "Nonsense!" thundered the angry registrar. "Say your real name in full." And the boy faltered, "Lemuel." The third brother was roughly asked the identical question, lost his head and tittered, "Jimuel, sir." In sheer high spirits Browning was unable to let the story end at this point. The registrar, he averred, broke into fury, declared that the boys had combined to insult him and asked which was the ringleader in the plot. Thereupon they gasped in chorus, each pointing at his neighbor, "Immuel, sir."

From earliest childhood words have an attraction for the average person—and the more uncommon the words, the greater the attraction. Charlotta Ann Crofts writes of this very simply but effectively:

I like words that are grand and great,
That echo and reverberate
Like thunder in the hills,
And sparkling words that dance and trip
Upon the threshold of the lip
In gay cascades and trills.

I like the soft, melodious words,
Like long-drawn notes of tuneful birds,
That gently die away;
And those that pace with martial feet
With short, quick stride and cadenced beat
The marches of the day.

I like the words that flame and cry
Of noble deeds and true;
But I thank God for simple words,
Like love, and home, and you.

Sir Sidney Lee, the English Shakespearean scholar, at a meeting of the British Drama League, recalled that in Shakespeare's day the Universities admitted the dramatic rendering of plays into the regular courses of instruction. At Queen's College, Cambridge, during the Elizabethan period, every student who refused to act or go to see others act, was, according to the statutes, to be summarily expelled. Here at McMaster no such compulsion is necessary, at least not among the women students.

A persual of Shakespeare's works will convince us that slang

is not modern, or rather that Shakespeare was advanced for his period, and used modern slang:

Worcester—"I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'erwalk a current roaring loud
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.
Hotspur—If he falls in, *good night!*
King Henry IV. Part I.

So, also Rosenciantz and Guildenstern "*go to it!*"
Hamlet.

Shades of English 5!

Commenting on James Whitcomb Riley's belief that dialect poetry can be overdone, Professor Beers, in the *Yale Review* tells the story of the member of the Chicago Browning Club who said that "Eugene Field's dialect is all right, but the other day I read some verses by a fellow named Chaucer and he carries it altogether too far."

RHYMES AND REASON.

The "English language as she is spoke" forms the subject of many a verse and essay. London *Tit-Bits* prints a particularly clever little poem:

When the English tongue we speak
Why is "break" not rhymed with "freak'?
Will you tell me why it's true
We say "sew," but likewise "few,"
And the maker of verse
Cannot cap his "horse" with "worse"?
"Beard" sounds not the same as "heard;"
"Cord" is different from "word;"
"Cow" is cow, but "low" is low!
"Shoe" is never rhymed with "foe"
Think of "hose" and "dose" and "lose;"
And of "goose" and of "choose."
Think of "comb" and "tomb" and "bomb;"
"Doll" and "roll" and "home" and "some."
And since "pay" is rhymed with "say,"
Why not "paid" with "said," I pray?
We have "blood" and "food" and "good;"
"Mould" is not pronounced like "could."
Wherefore "done" but "gone" and "lone"?
Is there any reason known?
And, in short, it seems to me
Sounds and letters disagree.

Rustic Grammar. An engaging example of rustic grammar —from a Wiltshire churchyard:

Her shall not return to we,
But us do hope to go to she.

Pulpit Lore.

Simon, chaplain of a dependent chapel of Sonning, Berks, did not understand what he read. He was tested in the opening of the canon of the Mass, "Te igitur clementissime Pater rogamus," etc., and suggested that "Te" was governed by "Pater," because the Father governed all things.

A preacher described the Canaanitish woman as partly a dog and partly a woman, believing that her name was derived from "canis," a dog.

In illustration of George Meredith's liking for extempore rhymes, an American reviewer in the N.Y. *Evening Post* quotes an incident from Lady Butcher's lately published "Memories of George Meredith" (Scribner's). At a picnic on Box Hill, when Lady Butcher rose to lift the kettle off the stick fire, Meredith called out to the other men present:

> Lives there a man with such base mettle
> To let a lady lift a boiling kettle?

On another occasion when a caller, an actor, had to hurry away from a party in the orchard to catch his train, that he might have a light meal before the play, Meredith called after him:

> The Bumble-Bee—the Bumble-Bee,
> He *had* to get home to his early tea.

A day or so afterwards a correspondent of the same paper asks whether the great English novelist was a reader of *St. Nicholas* in 1876 and was quoting from Laura E. Richard's "The Bumble Bee" which appeared in September of that year as follows:

> The Bumble Bee, the Bumble Bee,
> He flew to the top of the tulip tree,
> He flew to the top, but he could not stop,
> For he had to get home to his early tea.
>
> The Bumble Bee, the Bumble Bee,
> He flew away from the tulip tree;
> But he made a mistake and flew into the lake
> And he never got home to his early tea.

.. "Sedentary work," said the college lecturer, "tends to lessen the endurance."

"In other words," butted in the smart student, "the more one sits, the less one can stand."

"Exactly," retorted the lecturer; "and if one lies a great deal, one's standing is lost completely."—Ex.

An Irish pension officer greeted one of his aged beneficiaries, "Hello, Phelim, still living yet?" "Yes, sir, I notuss that when I do not die before March thirty-wan, I never die after that year at all."—*London Evening Standard.*

I called up the invisible, in desire
The secrets of Hereafter to inquire;
But I heard nothing but a gentle buzz—
Sir Oliver was talking on the wire.

—*Ex.*

Besides being a dramatist, John Drinkwater has already achieved renown as a poet. The London Sphere publishes a cheerful little poem of his, entitled "The Years."

When I was young and twenty,
I'd run many a mile.
And when I came to thirty
I'd sit and rest awhile.
And now that I am thirty-five
I am the sleepiest man alive.

But maybe when I'm forty
I'll shake my legs again,
And walk from then till fifty
With young and striding men,
And hillward go in sixty's wear
To see how yet the counties fare.

When I am old and eighty
All treasons will be done
Of love and silly bitterness
And I shall watch the sun
Go out, and little heed the fear
That smote upon my middle year.

Women in Wyoming sat on juries fifty years ago, while the oldest of all recorded juries of American women was convened two hundred and thirty years ago in Virginia! Have Canadian women ever served as jurors?

Extract from a young lady's letter from Venice—"Last night I lay in a gondola on the Grand Canal drinking it all in, and life never seemed so full before."—*Lippincott's.*

We have been glad to welcome the following exchanges which have come to us during the past month: *Oberlin, The Mitre, Acta Victoriana, Ubyssey, T. C. D., Trinity University Review* and *St. Hilda's Chronicle.*

McMaster University

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CARL VICTOR FARMER, B.A., Special Lecturer in Public Reading and Speaking, 1919-1920.

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ENID AUGUSTA McGREGOR, B.A., Librarian.

*Obit., December 8, 1919.

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It is beautiful to learn from the militant poets that it was not a hate of the individual Hun that incensed them, but detestation of the spirit of militarism and conquest that impelled the German despots. In this respect the men who faced the terrible realities of the trenches have proven themselves superior to us at home who reviled and hissed any and all things German.

The German outrage on Belgium gave Britain's sons an opportunity of showing to the world their *high standards of fidelity*. Britain's loyalty to a small country in her dire need and the allegiance of her men provided writers with themes, rich and attractive. Lloyd Roberts speaks the soul of Britain when he points out in his beautiful ballad, "Come Quietly England," that the call to arms was not for king, or country, or party, or power, or anything else undivine.—

> "But for the sake of simple goodness and His laws,
> We shall sacrifice our all
> For the Cause."

Our men left the sacred hearth, crossed the surging seas, spent many long dreary days of hardship in training camps, and finally went to the battle front to meet overwhelming hordes of Huns, to live amid the shrieking shrapnel, and to stand before withering gas attacks, in other words, to live in death or die, not for any personal glory, or any desire of adventure, but "For the sake of simple goodness and His laws." If poetical natures could not respond to such inspiration as this, when could they?

While lauding the brave fighters, we have been too apt to forget those who had the same longing for service but who were deprived of its realization through physical disability or other causes. Fortunately our poets were not so thoughtless but devoted considerable verse to this phase of loyalty. There can be found no better expression of the bitter disappointment these men felt, than in the words of "A Canadian Twilight" penned by our own Bernard Trotter, a McMaster graduate, when at first poor health prevented enlistment:

> "O God! The blood of Outram in these veins
> Cries shame upon the doom that dams it here
> In useless impotence, while the red torrent runs

In glorious spate for Liberty and Right!
Oh, to have died that day at Langemarck!
In one fierce moment to have paid it all—
The debt of life to Earth, and Hell, and Heaven!
To have perished nobly in a noble cause!
Untarnished, unpolluted, undismayed
By the dank world's corruption, to have passed.
A flaming beaconlight to gods and men!"

Because of this unquenchable loyalty men were willing to pass through experiences to which they would never have given a moment's consideration under ordinary circumstances. Mankind will never know the hardships endured—the penetrating torture of body, and the acute suffering of mind. Two distinct kinds of poetry were the fruits of this eternal characteristic of war. The smaller class is composed of impulsive writing, in which relief was found from despondent moods under indescribable conditions; but the majority of the writers sought diversion from their thoughts of the horrors by revelling in the beauties of nature or whatever appealed to the aesthetic. So with mud, carnage, suffering, death, around, about, and beneath them they wrote on such themes as the rising sun, the coming of spring, or memories of days in the country.

"Death whining down from heaven,*
Death roaring from the ground,
Death stinking in the nostril,
Death shrill in every sound.
Doubting, we charged and conquered,
Hopeless we struck and stood,
Now that the fight is ended,
We know that it was good."

Amid such conditions we have poems like Tennant's "Home Thoughts From Laventie" with its final stanza running,

"I saw great banks of daffodil,
Slim poplars in the breeze,
Great tan-brown hares in gusty March,
A-courting on the leas,
And meadows with their glittering streams,
and silver-scurrying dace—
Home, what a perfect place!"

Even amid these racking experiences, our men showed themselves to be true Britishers in the *indomitable heroism* they manifested at all times. They went out anticipating hardships, even

* "Release," by Lieut. W. N. Hodgson, M.C. (killed in action)

death, and yet they did not fear. Rupert Brooke wrote under a constant expectancy of death, but never dreaded it. Allan Seeger, the American poet, sets forth typically the soldier's contempt for death:

> "But I've a rendezvous with Death,
> At midnight in some flaming town,
> When Spring trips north again this year,
> And I to my pledged word am true,
> I shall not fail that rendezvous."

But let not the glory and the glamor of this battle heroism blind our eyes to that equally great, though silent courage—courage in the crushing fight between love and duty, in the sad farewell of a mother parting with her only son for a cause she knows to be just; in those long nights of sleepless anxiety over the absent one; in the heart-breaking and soul-shattering experience of reading the dreaded words "Killed in Action." Though history proper will record very little of this burden of the conflict, may we fulfil our part, so that a knowledge of it is handed down to coming generations. Poets are coming to our assistance, by their tender perpetuation of this passive courage. Rupert Brooke's familiar sonnet, "The Soldier" which commences;

> "If I should die, think only this of me;
> That there's some corner of a foreign field
> That is forever England."

finds a sequel in "The Mother." * *

> "If I should die, think only this of me, * *
> In that still quietness where is space for thought,
> Where parting, loss and bloodshed shall not be,
> And men may rest themselves, and dream of nought,
> That in some place a mystic mile away
> One whom you loved has drained the bitter cup
> Till there is nought to drink; has faced the day,
> Once more, and now has raised the standard up.
>
> And think, my son with eyes grown clean and dry
> She lives as though forever in your sight,
> Loving the things you loved, with heart aglow
> For country, honor, truth, traditions high,
> Proud that you paid their price, (and if some night
> Her heart should break—well, lad, you will not know)."

* * Written by May Herschel,—Clarke.

In this tremendous volume of war verse, the Empire has a *lasting* tribute to the unstinted loyalty of millions of men, a living memorial to the heart pangs and bloodshed of a faithful people, and a deserving monument to the long line of "the unconquered dead." Long after we have passed away men will read with bated breath the glorious records of British fidelity and heroism during the dark days of the European war, and will feel that in their literary as in their martial achievements, these warrior poets have flung us a challenge to maintain the standard they have won.

* "To you from failing hands we throw
The torch, be yours to hold it high;
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders Fields."

A. Harold Carr, '21.

*In Flanders Fields—John McCrae (killed in action)

WHO WERE THESE MEN?*

AST week we went down to the wharf, and saw the men streaming down the gangways of the 'Empress of Asia'; we watched the smile of eager anticipation on their faces as they entered 'their' Land of Promise. The bands were playing; and the flags were flying. Relatives were there in thousands, each seeking a loved one. On the surface it seemed a very gay one. But in the background might be discerned groups of stern-visaged men, whose only welcome was that of silence. Who where they?'' . . . (Thomas O'Connor in the B. C. Veterans Weekly, January 30, 1919.)

Hello, my friend! My best and truest friend!
Your hand! Last time I felt that horny hand
It held me as I lay 'twixt life and death.
The 'Asia' brought you? So I thought. Your grin
Almost surpasses mine of twelve months back.
And now I grin no more. Why? Listen, friend.
Perhaps 'twere better that you should not hear
The tale I have to tell, but still I'll tell it.
That you may be forewarned.

You knew me in the happy days gone by,
And how for me the sun was ever bright.
Devotion, Patriotism, Sacrifice,
Mere words that were no more. From dawn to dawn,
Careless and care free still my way I took,
Heedless of all save my gay, merry round,
My wants supplied, and no great effort spent.

And then it came! The crashing thunderbolt
Of Hell let loose, stunned me and left me faint.

*This poem by a McMaster graduate who served in the war and who was wounded and invalided home, originally appeared in the B. C. Veterans' Weekly. The poem is not autobiographical.

Came this clear call to me? Must I leave all?
From deep within me came the answer "Go!"
And straight a new deep joy within me surged.

The going! Don't you mind the going, Jock?
The crowd, the flags, the cheers; and the band played
"O Canada," and how our spirits soared.
And "Home, Sweet Home," and tears there were as well.
And how they bade us come safe home again
To hearts and homes and love and all things meet
For those who battled Freedom's cause to save.

Four endless months of endless forming fours.
Then England and then France. Remember, Jock,
The first night "in"? From old Bailleul we went,
Through gray Dranoutre and on, and all was still,
Save distant boomings far toward Ypres Town.
And straight before, the "flare-lights" sinister
Beckoned and lured, and so to "Plugstreet" Wood.
To "Irish Farm," and then with beating hearts
We crept forth to our haven, hope and home.
To what? The trenches—two feet deep in slime
And stench; save where no "bath-mats" were
Two became three and sometimes more. Ye Gods!

Well, Jock, great days were those for you and me.
And weeks and months, and still the game we played,
While others, comrades true, were laid away,
Broken and torn and silent, and our hearts
Hardened against the devils that had wrought
This mischief in the world we loved so well.

This copse, once bright and green and ever springing
Fresh with new life, is ravaged, blighted, gone,
And still amid its barren, hopeless waste
The cuckoo's far-off, plaintive note is heard—
The wail of God's own creature—and man's sin!

And often in the silence of the night,
With death and desolation hovering near,
Came strange new thoughts, and visions wondrous bright,
Dreams of a new world, a world wherein
War and its folly would be known no more,
Where brotherhood and love of man to man
Would dominate and sway the minds of men.
And homeward sped our thoughts to this dear land,
And saddened were we as we now beheld—
With vision clearer and more searching made
By sacrifice and blood and toil and sweat—
That this our Country was not all we would.
Graft and corruption, poverty and shame,
And patronage in all its bane we saw,
And heartless profiteers, sucking the very blood
From those we left behind to tender care.
And ceaseless, bitter striving after gain,
And never-ending struggle between those
Who toiled and those the men for whom they toiled.

And a new purpose there in us was born,
A purpose high, that not in vain should we
Our best, our all, pour forth so lavishly.
But first we must pour forth and pour and pour
Till the foul brood that sickened all the earth
Was vanquished, and forevermore
Made harmless to disturb the peace of men.
Then, if God willed it that we come again
To this our Country, each in his own way
Should live the purpose that our comrades died
To save, and still the fight go on
Till victory, complete and sure, should crown
The war for truth and honour, justice, right.

And so we fought and dreamed. There came a day
When the very doors of Hell were opened wide

And all the ghastly Powers of the Pit
Poured forth, and so from the first break of day
The battle raged, pitiless, cruel—War!
I fell, and you, Jock, stopped my blood
That else would soon have drained my life away.
And sometimes, Jock, I ponder on that day,
And wonder did you well to stay my wounds.
Perhaps it had been better had I gone
To where, they tell us, judgment sure awaits,
Bearing in my two bloody, toil-worn hands
The cup of sacrifice, full, brimming o'er
With youth and hope and love and radiant dreams—
One of the band who on that fateful day
Passed, glorified, to homes beyond our ken,
Their purpose here fulfilled, their lives complete.

But 'twas not so to be, Jock, though I know
You said "Good-bye" and thought it was for aye.
Gently they bore me back, and so I came
To "Blighty," where with skill and tender care
They healed my wounds—I limp still as you see,
And sometimes in my brain the battle whirl
Comes back and well-nigh maddens me, but still
They saved my life.

My thoughts now homeward turned,
To Canada, made dearer still through pain,
And still I dreamed the dreams that would not die.
At last the glad word came. We sailed away
From England, and for seven nights and days
Westward and ever westward we held our course
And nearer, ever nearer was our Home.

"We land to-morrow!" so the word goes forth,
And ere the first streaks of the dawn break night
With eager eyes we strain to see the shore,

Through hazy shadows hemming us about.
But look! Far in the starless eastern sky
The gray grows lighter, fading into white;
And there the faint pink morning blush appears
Amid the low-hung bank of dull-hued clouds.
The moments pass, and still with quickening ray
The dull clouds slowly change from gray to bright,
Glow rosy-red; and in the uncertain light
Spread o'er the rippling waters of the Bay—
Hush, friend! For sure there's something over there.
What is it? Do not speak, for I bethink
There lies a little line of barren rock,
Jagged and worn and buffetted and bare,
Sea-girdled, mist-enshrouded, sea-shell strewn,
Where no man dwells, where only the gulls rest,
But Canada! Our own dear Canada!

'Twas so, Jock. Thus at last I came back home,
And straight to the Far West whence I set forth,
My heart loud-beating to the sweet refrain
Of "Home, Sweet Home!," the one best place on earth.
The band was there, the crowd, the cheers, the smiles,
The civic Fathers shook me by the hand,
One after one. It took my breath away.
Who would not go through Hell and back again
For such a greeting!

Just a minute, Jock!
I am not done. Alas! there's more to tell.
For on a day I put my kilts away,
Donned my poor 'civies,' set forth as I must
To find a job, I did not just care what.
Something I wanted not too strenuous,
For though "The Army" told me I was fit
I rather doubted what "The Army" said,
Though backed by pension of two-fifty per.

But what of that, for jobs there surely were
By score awaiting just such men as I,
Who'd done their bit and now were back again
To "carry on" as they had done before.
But not quite as before, for don't you see,
I'm not as strong as when I went away,
And so there are some jobs that I can't do.
But yet I'm stronger than I was before
In purpose to fulfil my little part.
Am stronger? Well, I was Jock. Am I now?

Perhaps not, but a year ago it seemed
So simple and so sure, for well I mind
The things they told us when we went away.
And with those words still ringing in my ears
I started on my "job-hunt"—Still I hunt!
I've had some jobs since then, else I'd be dead,
But none to last; a week here and another there.
Some jobs I couldn't stand, and oftentimes
I've seen the jobs I could have done held fast
By those who stayed at home and held them fast.
I couldn't understand it, for I thought
They meant the things they told us when we went;
But memories are short, and jobs are few,
And so I've wandered up and down since then.
And one place where I found there was no room
I saw a German sitting on a stool,
Doing a job I could have done so well,
But it was not for me. And as I passed,
Half-hidden, as they know so well to do,
I saw the sneer, and once more I saw red
And raised my hand to strike, yet held my hand
And passed, but the iron entered in my soul.

And now you see me as I am to-day,
Shabby and worn, and all within as well

Shabby and worn. I am not what I was.
My dreams are fading, and the faith and hope
And purpose strong that buoyed me "over there,"
Are slipping from me, till I seem to be
An aimless bit of driftwood on the flood,
I thought I'd be a tree, a little tree,
No giant fir o'er-towering all its mates,
Lord of the forest, king in its domain,
Casting its shadow over all the wood;
But just a small, well-rooted, growing tree,
One of the many little growing trees
Of those that make the forest beautiful.
For so I dreamed. And was it all a dream?
It must have been, and yet—

Jock, has my sight gone too?
For, sure it seems to me you're grinning still.
You take my hand again and—Praise to God!—
From you there flows a man's strength into me.
You always were the better of us two.
Your strength gives me new hope, I'll try again.

And once again the vision comes to me,
For soon they'll all be coming back once more,
Save those who come no more—but from them comes,
Across the deep abyss their blood has bridged,
A mandate that we dare not disobey,
A solemn voice, in tones majestical,
To those of us who come again this way.
"We fought, we died, triumphant over Death
And Powers of Hell. Be yours to vanquish still
The Powers of Darkness surging strong about,
Hidden and lurking, watching, you to shake.
Spend and be spent; strike strong and sure and bravely;
Your watchword 'Service,' so you'll win the fight
For truth, for love, for home and this our Country.
One watchword and one purpose—Men, Unite!"

—T. Finley McWilliams, '14.

Vernon, B. C.

RUSSIA'S WOMEN WARRIORS.*

AT the news that the Russian "Battalion of Death," formed of women soldiers, was actually going to the firing-line to kill and be killed, the rest of the world seemed to gasp in amazement. No one was astonished is Russia. There, to the wise observer, it seemed perfectly natural. The Russian woman had no more than found a new field for her capable mind and restless energy.

The Russian Revolution would not have succeeded, would not have been attempted, without the Russian woman. Her part in it was that of leader, not only in the spectacular overthrow of the Czar, but more especially in the gradual building up of the democratic dream and spirit through long years of oppression. From the very beginning of the great revolutionary movement, which may be traced back to the early seventies of the last century, Russian women took an equal part in the work with men. They shared danger, responsibility and hard labour in combatting the cruel autocracy that held their country under its hideous oppression. From this constant cooperation sprang that sense of equality, which, in the course of time, grew to be part and parcel of the life-philosophy of the Russian man and woman. Russian men could never again feel toward their women as toward inferiors, women who carried unflinchingly their part of the tremendous burden of enlightening and liberating Russia.

Their equals as citizens, Russian women have proved morally superior to the men. Everywhere in Russia they have shown themselves to be more thoughtful, more industrious, and more self-restraining than the men. In their plays and novels it was the woman who showed character, while often the man was hesitant and ineffectual. The hero would talk endlessly about his hopes and ideals, but lifted no finger to realize them. In the

*First prize Women's Annual Oratorical Contest, 1919-20.

end, it was the heroine who, without saying much, saw the wise thing to do and did it. The reason for thus portraying the character was not that the great writers were femininists at heart, but that they simply pictured Russian life as they found it. When the time of testing come, the strong characters of these women stood the test. It was the Russian woman who dared to do the hard thing, and not even the fear of Siberia could keep her from taking steps she knew would eventually lead to liberty.

In the year 1878 the overwhelming news rang across the wide steppes of Russia that the mighty General Trepoff, the Chief of the St. Petersburg Secret Police, one of the most contemptible bureaucrats, had been shot. A secret joy filled the hearts of millions and a blessing went out to the unknown hero. Who was that hero? Vera Sasulitch, a young woman. She walked into the general's office and shot him dead, because he ordered a student to be flogged only for the reason that he had failed to salute General Trepoff. Her act was prompted by indignation over outraged human right and dignity, and by a desire to bring Russia's revolt before the only tribunal of justice, Public Opinion. She desired to show the people the lawlessness of their rulers and to instil fear into the stony heart of Russian officialdom.

It was the women of Russia who, in March 1917, overturned the vast empire and dethroned the once Imperial and Gracious Majesty, the Czar of all the Russias. After all the years of revolutionary talk, dreams, hopes, and propaganda, it was the women who took the first steps in real action.

The snow was deep in the streets of Petrograd and the cold, cruel. Long lines of women were standing in front of the bakeries and meat-shops. Sometimes fires were lighted at the street corners to keep pedestrians from freezing, but there were no such fires along the hundreds of bread-lines that morning, and as for freezing, the women took their chances. Suddenly in a side street, it struck some of the women that they had stood this long enough. With no more than a vague impulse of protest,

they broke out of the line, where so many mornings they had stood in sheep-like patience, and started down the street crying, "We want bread! Give us bread!" They had touched the right string. At every corner other women flung themselves out of the lines, fell into step and added shrill voices to the chorus.

It was a bold thing to do, for they were facing almost certain death. The police, the hated "black-coats," ran hot foot to put down this sedition among the Czar's patient sheep. In a few moments all the women would have been shot or crushed to death, but—down came the soldiers from the Petrograd garrison upon the scene. With grim oaths they swore they would kill the first policeman who dared lay hand upon one of these women. A "black-coat" slashed with his sabre at a woman's head. Immediately shots rang from the soldiers' rifles. The policeman fell dead, the other policemen fired back,—the Revolution was on!

The Russian woman had brought it on, and now with conspicuous courage she bore her part in it. There was hot fighting that day up and down the streets. The police, as before, went up on the housetops with their machine guns, while the soldiers and armed Revolutionists fired at them from the street below. Where did they get their guns? Most of them came out of the cellars, from behind old attic beams, and out of carefully covered holes in the wall, where the stealthy police could not find them, and now they were brought out by the women who had so cleverly hidden them away. Women appeared everywhere in that struggle. They urged the men on, exposed themselves fearlessly to the streams of bullets from the machine-guns, and helped to build and defend the barricades. The fight went on for hours, until it began to go against the "black-coats." They were hurled from the housetops, and the ice on the canals was soon black with their bodies.

In the days that followed, the most efficient workers were the women. Over the washtub or the soup-kettle, they knew how to convey information to other women in ways the police could

never detect, and, at night, the women who received it whispered it into the ears of their husbands. The men sometimes became discouraged, success seemed so impossible, so hopelessly far off, but the women kept on and knew not the meaning of discouragement.

Not only in this secret way did the women of Russia aid the men, but they even donned soldier's attire and joined the ranks of the army. Probably the most outstanding of Russia's Women Warriors was Madame Botchkareva, the commandant of the first woman's battalion that went to the front. She was a peasant, a serious, straight-minded soul, quite unaware that she was causing the nations to gossip about her. When she organized her Woman's Battalion she was still young, but already a veteran. She knew war, for she had fought in the ranks. She had been married only a year or so when the war came, and her young husband was called to the colors. Then he was killed in action and she felt it her duty to take his place in the ranks. She enlisted in a reserve regiment and had three months of training, when she was added to a regiment in active service and went into battle.

She knew it all. She had fought in the trenches with the water up to her waist, she had charged with the rest of the line, she had faced the machine guns and stood steady under the shrapnel. She had been wounded, carried to the hospital and gone back to fight. Three times she had won the St. George's Cross and Medal for bravery on the field, and the third time she was given a captain's commission. She had been sent to the Austrian front and there engaged in fierce battle. Six times the Austrians charged, and every time she led the counter-charge that drove them back. Her soldiers, seeing her uninjured, said she had a charmed life and wanted to go to battle again under her command.

Then she organized her Battalion of Death, composed of young women determined upon victory or death. These she led to the firing line, each girl carrying a small portion of cyanide of potassium with which to end her life if taken prisoner. The

success of this battalion and the news of its heroic conduct stimulated recruiting among women throughout all Russia to such an extent, that regular recruiting bureaus and barracks were established under the ordinary system of army administration. The government issued arms and complete equipment to the women and appointed male commanders and instructors for them. The girls were, for the most part, between eighteen and thirty years of age, and about sixty per cent. of them were peasant working-girls of sturdy physique, who were all subjected to severe physical tests before being accepted.

As they stood in line, waiting to be tested, the new recruits with their ordinary feminine attire, long hair and soft features, contrasted sharply with the cropped heads and masculine bearing of the girls already in uniform. In the words of a young Russian High School girl, "They let the wife and mother in them die in order to render a supreme service to their people." Their courage and determination shamed the men, and indeed these women warriors pointed the finger of scorn at them.

In a final address before leaving for the front, the leader of one battalion of women called upon the Russian women, their mothers and sisters, to join them in the cause of liberty, and not be like those shameful Russian jackals, dressed in soldiers uniforms. Then she turned to the men-soldiers, denouncing them as cowards and traitors, who like Judas were selling Russia for thirty pieces of silver. Her final words were, "Soon, very soon, you will prefer to face ten German bayonets rather than one Russian tigress. We pour out maledictions upon you!"

Do you wonder that they went out to fight? The Russian woman! All the world ought to salute her,—stern, courageous, uncompromising and real.

—Marion Pearce, '20.

THE CALL OF PEACE.*

AVE you stood, in a sheltered spot, on the shore of a mountain lake, and watched the progress of a storm? Ominous black clouds have risen in the west, hiding the sun and threatening the distant summits with extinction. The trees on the mountainside bend before the gale which issues from beneath the rolling clouds. Large drops of rain splash down upon the rocks. Suddenly the storm breaks upon us in all its fury. In an instant the surface of the lake becomes a foaming, seething cauldron. The stately pines rock and moan as if in agony, or fall, shattered, to the earth. The lightning flashes among the peaks and the thunder rolls, echoes and re-echoes across the storm-tossed lake.

Or, have you stood, at night, on the cliffs overlooking an angry sea, and watched the foam-capped waves as they roll resistlessly shoreward? Higher and higher they mount, until, as they near the cliffs, they lean forward and, with a roar like artillery, crash upon the rocks, tearing away huge fragments to be ground to powder, and flinging the pebbles high in air as if in sport.

Have you stood on the battlefield, strewn with the wreckage of modern war? Here is a scene of chaos, such as Nature in her wildest orgies never imagined. The very earth seems to rock as in the throes of an earthquake. The ear is oppressed by hideous sounds, by shrieks and detonations of falling shells. Huge geysers of earth leap skyward, carrying with them all manner of debris, and the sun is obscured by clouds of drifting smoke. And amid these sights and sounds, dazed men grope blindly for shelter or stagger hither and thither like figures in a dream.

Let us draw the curtain upon the scene of strife. Happy is the man whose life is ordered in a time of peace! For none

*Second prize oration at annual Oratorical Contest, 1919-20.

can look upon such sights and hear such sounds and be the same again. None can pass through experiences such as these and recall them, except with horror.

Such is the call of strife and of war. Such is the chaos which shakes the nerves and deadens the senses. Is it great wonder that amid these scenes of tumult we have failed to hear the call of Peace? Is it strange that Peace has become a myth, except to that happy few whose senses are attuned to hear her voice?

The call of Peace comes not with blare of trumpet nor with roll of drum. It is the still, small voice in the wake of the tempest; it is the song of the lark, heard in a lull of the bombardment. Though suppressed and almost forgotten it is now struggling anew for self-expression. And, as its first faint notes break upon the ear, let us follow and seek to find its source.

Before us lies a world still torn by strife. All seems discord and confusion. But gradually we distinguish a low murmur which grips the very chords of our hearts. It rises from the soil of a war sick and weary world. It comes from the children of a stricken land, whose earliest memories are shrouded in sorrow, pain and deprivation. I see them now! Careworn faces of children, grown old even in their infancy; children nurtured in fear, their free imagination distorted by the scenes of war, their lives deprived of all that childhood holds most dear. In their eyes is a longing which words cannot define, and which peace alone can satisfy. Only the gentle hand of time can restore to these little ones the heritage of childhood. And in their unconscious appeal, if you will hear it, lies the call of Peace.

A more articulate call comes from the homes of humanity, from families reunited after months of separation and danger, from homes bereft by war, now struggling back to their early faith and the realization of happiness. It comes from that noble multitude of men and women who have suffered in silence, their hearts torn by sorrow, and who are now striving bravely to-

build, upon the foundations of society, a structure which shall endure.

But the call of Peace comes even more clearly from yonder green hill, now bathed in moonlight. A road lies before us, winding upward between hawthorne hedges laden with their snow-white clusters. We follow it like pilgrims to a shrine. And beyond the crest of the hill, nestling in a slight depression, we come upon a spot which Peace claims for her own. For here, under these green mounds, surmounted by their rude crosses, lie the dead, who died that peace might be made possible. And, as I look, the rows of crosses grow dim before my eyes. They merge into one row, and the row, into one cross. It is but a rough wooden cross, but its outline becomes for a moment distinct as I recognize a well known name.

He was my friend, perhaps he was yours. What scenes of peace flash before my mind as I recall his face! How he loved the rivers, mountains, woods and lakes of our childhood's home! How often have we played together, shared the same joys and sorrows, confided to each other our ambitions for life! He was a noble spirit, an idealist; his heart responding to the least cry of distress and his hand ever ready to relieve. He was the friend of children, the support of the weak and feeble. He hated war! In his plans for life he found no place for strife. He sought only to make this world a brighter, fairer place in which to live. And he is gone! His work remains unfinished.

And now the voice which has been leading us on grows more insistent. The low, incoherent murmer becomes clear and intelligible. It is a voice which we considered stilled, and the words come with an authority which cannot brook reply. It is a message of truth to a seeking world. It says, "Arise, be strong! Seek not for peace among these mouldering clods. Life holds for you the joy of duties which are denied to us. To you we leave the labour which we were unable to perform. Go forth to serve your fellow men, for in humble service alone will you find the peace which you crave. The world still gropes in darkness, waiting for the light which you may bring. Lay aside all

unworthy ambitions; cleanse your souls from selfishness; lose yourselves in service for others. Go forth to purify the world of error, to free it from ignorance. Wherever injustice is found there find your task. Where vice is rampant put forth all your strength. And do not rest until you have made some spot safe for the feet of children and fit for the home of peace."

And now the words have merged in that grand harmony whose fountains are within. Reverently we retrace our steps and find ourselves again among the realities of life with all its joys and sorrows. We still see evidences of selfishness, greed and strife. There are still the careworn faces of children. But here and there we see faces illumined by the joy of service, and these we hail as our fellow-laborers.

Here are men who have stood in the presence of death, who have thought life's problems through while facing the great unknown, who have realized the littleness of self in the presence of their Creator.

Here are men and women who, during long months of doubt and uncertainty, have learned the lesson of sacrifice; who have felt the throb of human sympathy as never before, and who have realized that only by personal contact can the wounds of humanity be healed.

Here are those who have ben shaken from their former indifference and who have consecrated their lives to the pursuit of all which will purify and enoble the sphere in which they live.

We see them bravely striving toward their goal, seeking only the joy which comes from the consciousness of work well done. And at their touch, flowers bloom where weeds have reigned supreme, and hope returns to faces long shadowed by despair. Before their gentle influence old enmities pass into oblivion; the strongholds of ignorance and vice crumble and decay, and from their ashes rises a new era of brotherhood and love. And over all and permeating all is the evidence of kindly nature, and in the background stands a silent row of weather-beaten crosses over which a benign radiance is shed.

Months, with their daily round of labor have passed, and again I stand on the heights, overlooking the mountain lake. It is morning and a rosy flush tinges the sky to eastward. Below, the lake lies, shrouded in mist. Presently a light breeze stirs the pines. The mists begin to rise, and, carried gently onward by the breeze, they pile up, roll on roll of fleecy whiteness. I gaze in wonder, when suddenly, through a cleft in the mountain breaks a flood of sunlight, gilding the peaks, and, in the rainbow which flashes back from the mists I read the one word, "Peace."

I stand again by the sea as the waves gently caress the shore. All sign of tumult is ended and it is calm as if the voice which calmed the Galilean storm had spoken the words of authority, "Peace, be still."

I stand again on the battlefield. Evidence still remains of those ragged scars which defaced the surface of the earth. But their outline is softened by the vegetation which covers the entire landscape. Poppies and roses bloom among the grass and twining creepers. The heavy odor of hawthorne bloom pervades the entire countryside, and far above, the clear-throated lark is pouring out his soul in song, and, as he drops to his nest, among the grass and flowers, his last notes echo the thought of the hearer; "Peace, perfect peace."

And now, as the mists disperse before the rays of the sun, all doubts are swept away and the truth gleams forth in all its radiance. The fountain of peace is not external but within the human soul. It wells up from the source, divinely implanted, of the peace which passeth knowledge, and which shall grow from more to more, until the Prince of Peace shall come to claim his throne.

—F. G. McCoy, '20

The McMaster University Monthly

EIGHT NUMBERS A YEAR

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Vol. XXIX. TORONTO, APRIL, 1920. No. 7

Editorial Notes

The Publication Board of Volume XXIX of The Monthly has finished its task. The completion of the April issue brings a sigh of relief and of regret. The satisfaction and relief of having concluded the duties allotted to us are mingled with regret that one more year of friendly co-operation and enjoyable labour has been brought to a close, for we must acknowledge that we have enjoyed the publication work, although the editorial path is by no means free from trials and disappointments.

The splendid unanimity and co-operation of the Board has been the most gladening feature of the year's work, and to its members we must express our heartfelt gratitude for their loyalty in a year of especial difficulties. Our thanks are also due to all who have been interested enough in the magazine to contribute to its columns, to brighten its pages with drawings or cartoons, or to assist us in any way. Particularly do we mention Mr. J. H. Cranston, of the Toronto Star Weekly, and Mr. H. W. Lang, our immediate predecessor in this office, who has been of inestimable assistance in solving many of our problems.

The retiring staff bespeaks the heartiest co-operation for the Publication Board of Volume XXX, whic is composed as follows:

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College News

Around the Hall

Editor: O. H. McDONALD, '21.

WITH the April Monthly, "Around the Hall" makes its final appearance for the year. In time-honored manner, therefore, we take this opportunity of bidding farewell to our friends of the past term. We would sincerely thank our reportorial staff and other contributors for their ready and willing assistance; especially would we mention the work of Mr. E. W. Pyke, B.A., and Mr. Jack Taylor, '22, whose cartoons have brightened our pages from time to time.

During the past year we have found our McMaster college life again resuming its old pre-war activity. The enrolment has been greatly increased; many of our old students have returned from overseas; new blood has been infused into our midst; our organizations have shown new life and new vigor. The inter-college debating has been revived, and in this our efforts have been most encouraging. The interyear debating has revealed splendid possibilities for the future. Our athletic exploits have scarcely been crowned with laurels, yet we have shown what we can do when we get our forces organized. The Y. M. C. A. have done splendid work this year. The Lit. and Debating Union have shown the place which they can fill in our college life, and look forward to a greater field of service in the future. Yet our work of "reconstruction" is only beginning. Next year we look for a greater co-ordination of our college activities, more "team work," so to speak, a more efficient bringing out and developing of the talents and possibilities which have this year begun to show themselves among us. We anticipate a banner year for McMaster!

Our successor in this department is Mr. George P. Gilmour, who has already proven himself a most efficient member of the Monthly staff. Mr. Gilmour is well known among us as our versatile debater, athlete, humorist, etc. We commend him to you, and wish him every success and happiness as he records and philosophizes upon our life "Around the Hall."

Final Intercollege Debate

"True rhetoric," said Taine, the French critic, "is argumentation supplemented by emotion." With our Osgoode friends argumentation was almost supplanted by emotion—by eloquent and passionate appeals upon the sympathies of the audience. The speakers for McMaster, on the other hand, though less forcible and convincing in their style, gave a much more reasoned presentation of the facts. The decision of the judiciary was in favor of Osgoode. We would ratify this decision only with reservations. We maintain that the balance of argument was with our McMaster men.

Such was our final Intercollege Debate, held in Castle Memorial Hall, on the evening of Thursday, March 25th. It was resolved "that the Canadian Customs Tariff on the necessaries of life be abolished." For Osgoode Hall ,supporting the affirmative, Mr. S. Hayden, M.A., and Mr. R. Mercier were the speakers. Representing McMaster Mr. H. W. Lang, B.A., and Mr. J. W. Davis, B.A., upheld the negative. Mr. Justice Sutherland, Professor W. B. Lane, of Victoria, and Rev. Dr. Haliam, of Wycliffe, formed the board of judges.

Perhaps we can assuage our grief in reminiscenses of our glorious past. During the ten years that the Kerr Shield has been awarded, McMaster has been the winner five times; during the twenty years of intercollege debating in Toronto, McMaster has been ten times the champion. This record gives us pride in our past, and a confident hope for the future which is in no way dimmed by our present defeat.

Oratorical Contest

Mr. A. H. Carr, '21, with "The Poetry of the War" as his subject, was the winner of the Ryrie Gold Medal at the annual Oratorical Contest held in Castle Memorial Hall on the evening of Friday, March 26th. The silver medal, presented by the Debating Union was won by Mr. F.G. McCoy, '20, speaking on "The Call of Peace." Mr. W. M. Atkinson, of Theology, spoke on "The Greater Result of the Abolition of Slavery," Mr. G. W. Siegner, '22, on "Theodore Roosevelt," and Mr. W. W. Fleischer, '23, on "The Old Cross and the New Day." Professor Jackman, Rev. W. A. Cameron, and Dr. F. Tracy comprised the judiciary board. Dr. Tracey presented the judges' decision, giving a kindly criticism of the contest, while the med-

als were presented by Prof. Curr. The music of the evening was of an exceptionally high order. Miss Shields and Miss Mabee played a piano duet, Miss Marjorie Latimer's violin selections were greatly appreciated, and Mr. W. C. Ruttan sang two splendid tenor solos.

VII *OF ORATORICAL CONTESTS* (1625)

"What is Oratory?" saith the Writer, and paused for a reply.

Orations serve for ornament, for instruction and for exasperation. Their chief use for ornament is in display of able discourse, for instruction is in the enlightenment of judges, for exasperation is in the wearying of long suffering hearers. However, "*pompa artis oratoriae terret quam oratoria sua.*"

Some discoursing wits there be that delight in oratory, and count it a bondage to come to a conclusion. This one orateth in Satirical vein so that he maketh others afraid of his wit. The Warrior speaketh of Peace, the Prosaic man of Poetry, the Married Man of Slavery, another speaketh of Mat-

ters Religious, and another merely Shooteth the Bull. "*Faber quisque fortunae suae.*" . . . But after all, believe it, the sweetest canticle is "Nunc dimittis," when this long ordeal is ended.

Juniors' Party

"Twenty-one" concluded the social activities of its third year with a very pleasant party at the home of Miss Florence Loney, on March 30th. The evening was spent in music and games in which the special feature was the installation of the President and Vice-President for the coming year, and the touching duet which was rendered by this blushing couple. Finally came the refreshments, then the University yell, the "Alebipho," and three cheers for the hostess of the evening.

Our printers will make mistakes and our readers have probably concluded that "faculty wit" is far too deep for them. However we reprint our little item of last month as it should be:

Time—Morning before concert of Women's Choral Society.

Place—Chapel, with seats on platform in tiers, central chair specially elevated.

Enter Chancellor and professors for morning prayers.

Chancellor (waving his hand towards the high seat he is about to occupy). "High on a throne of royal state, which far outshone the wealth of Ormuz or of Ind."

Dean of Arts (as Chancellor takes his seat and surveys the incoming undergraduates).—"By merit raised to that bad eminence."

Another professor (addressing Dean, but with eyes on the Chancellor).—"Oh, that's the most unkindest cut of all."

SOPHOMORE PARTIES.

On Saturday evening, March 13th, the Sophs. were very pleasantly entertained by their honorary president, Dr. R. W. Smith. Our old friend, "Ye bard of '22," describes the party in the following words:

"Oh sing a song of festive joys,
A song in tuneful measure,
For so enjoyed the Sophomores
An eve of games and pleasure.

The girls were clad in gauzy things
That seemed a dream Elysian,
The boys were glad in collar wings
And hair of slick partition.

With varied tests of guessing skill
And pleasant conversation,
The time fled past as 'tempus' will
With us in exultation.

Apparently "Ye bard" could tempt the muse no further, however he informs us in prose that "after dainty refreshments were served, came the College yells and songs, and the happy party dispersed."

Then on the evening of Tuesday, March 16th, Miss Doris Hooper gave the Sophomores another very pleasant little party. Investigations in mental telepathy, charade exhibitions, auction by shoes and other games occupied the evening. Refreshments were served with green St. Patrick's Day decorations, and finally the Sophs closed the social activities of their second year in the usual hearty manner.

Freshman Party

"When the suspense of the great Oratorical had been ended by the judges' verdict, the Frosh. '23 proceeded to the home of their charming Vice-President. The entertainments provided were indeed unique, and then followed the refreshments." This must indeed have been an enjoyable occasion, for our Freshman reporter concludes his account with these words: "After the viands had been devoured, a delightful sense of recuperation and well-being was tempered only by regret that 'twas time to depart."

ELECTIONS.

Of late weeks elections have been the order of the day, and a bright future to all the student organizations is assured by the choice of the following officers for the year 1920-21:

STUDENT BODY: High Kakiak, H. E. Wintemute, B.A.; First Vice-Kakiak, O. H. McDonald, '21; Second Vice-Kakiak, I. H. Eberle, '21; Secretary, J. D. Taylor, '22.

LITERARY SOCIETY—Honorary President, Chancellor McCrimmon; President, W. F. Nelson, '21; First Vice-President, W. K. Brown, '22; Second Vice-President, Miss Jean Robertson, '21.

DEBATING UNION.—Honorary President, Dr. Brown; President, H. A. Webb, '21; Vice-President, G. M. Farmer, '22; Secretary-Treasurer, E. W. Anderson, '23.

Y.M.C.A.—Honorary President, Chancellor McCrimmon; President, A. H. Carr, '21; Vice-President, W. O. White, '21; Recording Secretary, J. S. Tiffin, Theol.; Corresponding Secretary, G. M. Henry, '23.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.—Honorary President, Dr. Findlay; President, M. A. Smith, '21; Vice-President, W. H. Reid, '22; Secretary, J. D. Taylor, '22; Treasurer, Philip Paterson, '23; Business Manager, G. W. Farmer, '21.

YEAR '21.—Honorary President, Chancellor McCrimmon; President; K. W. Taylor; Vice-President, Miss Helen Cline; Secretary-Treasurer, G. W. Farmer.

YEAR '22.—Honorary President, Dr. W. H. McNairn; President, G. B. Atkinson; Vice-President, Miss Mabel Pugh; Secretary-Treasurer, B. C. Freeman.

YEAR '23.—Honorary President, Dean McLay; President, H. G. Dyce, Vice-President, Miss Dorothea Roper; Secretary-Treasurer, G. M. Henry.

Women's Department

EDITOR: MISS MARJORIE MALLOCH, '20.

ASST. EDITOR: MISS HELEN GILMOUR, '21.

"And what is writ is writ,—
Would it were worthier!"

IT is with a feeling of morbid pleasure that one does anything for the last time, even if it is only wielding the editorial pen, which, by the way, is quite an ordinary Waterman. The proper form of procedure, judging from the actions of our predecessors, is to comment upon the Spring weather, deplore the approach of examinations, and finally to thank everyone concerned, either for their help or forbearance, as the case may be, and to wish joy to one's successor. Weather prophecies are dangerous this year—apt to ruin any reputation one may have for truth. Examination being a rather painful

subject will be discussed very briefly—little comment is necessary indeed, as their appears to be remarkable unanimity as to their virtue. In regard to the thanking of everyone, however, an extra word may be added, as our position is unique, inasmuch as only this year was the idea introduced of having an assistant, so that a word of special appreciation is due to Helen Gilmour, who has done much to lighten the responsibility which formerly rested on the editorial shoulders. In her new and broader sphere, as President of the Women's Student Body we would wish her every good fortune.

To Miss Helen Cline, as the next Editor of the Women's Department, we hereby bequeath all the joys and sorrows which have been ours, with the admonition that many of the latter may be eliminated if the motto "Do it now" adorns the editorial desk.

"Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been.—
A sound which makes us linger; yet—farewell!"

WHO'S WHO.

Of course you know Florence Franklin is one of the most popular of the important people about the school. And rightly so, for in addition to her personal likeableness, Florence, as President of the Women's Athletic Association, has done much to make our school life happier and healthier through her department. Although she was herself handicapped by illness, and a consequently prolonged absence, she pushed athletic activities so enthusiastically at the beginning of the year that they have been heartily supported until the very end of the hockey season. The use of the gymnasium at Walmer Road Church was obtained for basketball, and was indeed appreciated. For the first time, also, McMaster entered the Hockey League, and although not successful in carrying off the honors, did not gain the less thereby from playing the game.

In fact, under Florence, Women's Athletics have gained an impetus this year, which with better opportunities next year, will surely carry Mac to victory.

Athletics

The afternoon of March 18th was an exceedingly enjoyable one for all those girls who were members either of the basketball or hockey teams, for on that occasion the Women's Athletic Association recognized their efforts by giving them a most delightful tea at Coles. About twenty girls, with Miss McGregor and Helen Kerr to keep them on their best behaviour, shared in the goodies, and the supply was so plenteous that, **mirabile dictu,** there were some left. The manner in which most distant claims to relationship in any way with the Athletic Executive, were pressed, showed with what eagerness the tea was anticipated; but it is heartily agreed by all who know, that the anticipation was quite surpassed in this case by the realization.

As Varsity Rink had closed by the time the girls were able to play off the final inter-year hockey game between the second and fourth years, Ravina Rink was secured for the game, Saturday, March 20th. The cushion was larger than that at Varsity, and the players sadly out of practice, so that the game would have been very slow and uninteresting had not the rivalry between the two years been very keen. Although the Sophettes were at a disadvantage, being without their captain, Mrs. Mahaffey, they put up a good fight, but the Fourth Year girls had the edge of the play most of the time. The score ended 4-0 in their favor.

W. L. S.

The W. L. S. Executive expected June weather on March 31st, and planned for a picnic tea in honor of the Seniors at the Old Mill Tea Rooms. But March winds blew and thoughts of picnics at the Humber far away ,so the Seniors' tea took place in the Ladies' Room.

It was not an ordinary tea, for apart from the fact that there were five pounds of Laura Secord's scattered broadcast before the evening ended, a long interlude took place between the first and second courses. This period was spent in lusty singing Why, Oh Why? To drown the excited exclamations of the ice-cream committee, who were madly "gnashing their teeth, and filing their nails," while searching for nine lost bricks of ice cream. Even weeping did not return the nine missing treasures, but Marjorie Starr's car brought nine more to take their place. Thus the tea was enabled to go gaily on, and no more accidents occurred, because guards were appoint-

ed for the cakes and candies. When all from seniorettes to freshettes had renewed their youth with games, the party broke up, but not before many had ventured an opinion as to who stole the ice cream. The dastardly theft is still shrouded in mystery, but we hereby absolve the men of the university from any connection with it!

McMaster vs. Victoria

"The affirmative for matter, the negative for style" such was the judge's decision at the final debate of the Women's Inter-Collegiate Debating Union. Although not victorious, McMaster is justly proud of her debaters, Helen Cline and Mabel Pugh, who so valiantly upheld the negative. The subject under discussion was: "Resolved that the constitution of small nationalities, as provided for in the recent peace treaty, is prejudicial to the welfare of Europe." To the speakers who so successfully represented Victoria, Miss E. M. Thornton and Miss M. K. Edgerton we would offer our congratulations.

Returning to the school after the debate, tea was served in honor of the four girls who have represented McMaster this winter, Mabel Pugh and Helen Cline, both of whom have debated twice, and Evelyn Dempsey and Evelyn Cain. To these girls are due the thanks of every McMaster girl for the time and energy they have spent in bringing our University up to the finals.

Oratorical Contest

The ghosts of our dear grandmothers who were taught never to speak above a ladylike whisper, would probably have been somewhat surprised had they been privileged to attend the Oratorical Contest, which was held Friday, March 19th.

Marion Pearce, of the Fourth Year, was the first to speak, her subject being, "Russia's Women Warriors." The story of these courageous, fearless women who shared responsibility, danger and hard physical labor with the men in the long struggle against cruel autocracy, and carried equally with them the burden of enlightening and liberating Russia, could not but inspire the listeners with admiration for their spirit of dauntless heroism, and their passion of sacrifice on behalf of a great cause.

The Juniors came next, their speaker being Marion Royce.

She told of the wonderful "Passion Play of Oberammergau," which is a survival of the religious drama of mediaeval times, and is presented every decade in the little village of Oberammergau on the edge of the Bavarian Alps. By the people of the village, this presentation of the events in the last week of Christ's life on earth is considered an inherited religious duty and the privilege of taking the part of Christ is looked upon as one of the greatest of earthly privileges.

"On Active Service," was the subject chosen by Florence Marlow who represented Second Year. During the war women learned the meaning of service, and with the coming of peace, they have not lost the desire to do something worth while. To the university girl comes the question of how to place her talents to the best advantage. Her college training has taught her to lead as well as to follow, to think for herself and to work independently. In choosing her "golden stairway" in life, she must remember that

> "The climbing way leads up to God,
> The easier to ruin and shame."

On behalf of the Freshies, Maude Fleming spoke on "A Genius of Patriotism," as shown in the life of Joan of Arc, whose name is soon to be added to the list of illustrious saints at Rome. This young girl had so placed herself in the current of truth that she inspired those about her with an enthusiasm, hope and courage that has never been equalled, and led the armies of France to victory in the face of overwhelming odds. As a messenger of God, she seemed to fulfil the prophecy that by a pure maid would France be saved. Hers was the high resolve of a patriot who dared to die for her fellow men.

In giving their decision, the judges expressed the feelings of the audience that the competition had been very close, but that Marion Pearce had won the laurels. The cup was then presented to the delighted Seniors amid cries of "1 9 2 0 Yah! Yah! Yah!" Each year felt justly proud of its representative, and any doubts as to the oratorical abilities of McMaster girls were forever banished.

Fyfe Day

The final Fyfe Day of the College Year, was held on the morning of Wednesday, March 24th, with Mr. W. S. Watson, President of the Y.M.C.A., in the chair. From the opening devotional period until the singing of the last hymn, the proceedings were of

an exceedingly interesting and inspiring nature. A statement read by Dr. Findlay revealed a healthy condition of the student Y.M.C.A. finances. The Presidents of the Junior and Senior Evangelistic Bands respectively presented reports of their year's work, which showed most encouraging results, and a total of one hundred and sixty-three conversions. Mr. W. M. Atkinson kindled enthusiasm with a descriptive address on "The Requisites for Missionary Work," speaking from his own experience while serving as a missionary in Central Africa. Dr. J. G. Brown, with clear insight described the great movements which are taking place in India to-day. Dr. Brown showed how India is awakening, politically, intellectually, socially, and religiously. All were impressed with the splendid opportunities for life service in these vastly different though equally needy fields. The musical program was provided by Mr. H. N. Stephens, the Misses Stillwell and Mabee, and the Orchestra, which has rendered excellent music during the year.

ELECTIONS.

The results of the elections held by the various organizations are as follows:

WOMEN'S STUDENT BODY—President, Helen Gilmour, '21; Vice-President, Cecilia Hounsom, '21; Secretary, Florence Marlow, '22; Treasurer, Marjorie Grant, '23.

WOMEN'S LITERARY SOCIETY—Hon. President, Mrs. A. L. McCrimmon; President, Marjorie Starr, '21; Vice-President, Marion Royce, '22; Secretary, Neva Deeton, '23; Treasurer, Doris Hooper, '22; Curator, Enid Hounsom, '22; Pianist, Mrs. Atkinson; Critic, Miss McGregor.

Y. W. C. A.—Hon. President, Mrs. Wm. Findlay; President, Elizabeth Burridge, '21; Vice-President, Frances Trotter, '22; Secretary, Ethel Wilson, '23; Pianist, Lillian Richards, '23.

WOMEN'S ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.—President, Mary Clark, '21; Vice-President, Jean Robertson, '22; Secretary, Winnifred Mallagh, '23; Treasurer, Alice McDougall, '22.

WOMEN'S CHORUS—Hon. President, Mrs. W. S. W. McLay; President, Evelyn Cain, '22; Vice-President, Phyllis Chapman, '22; Secretary-Treasurer, Jean Cameron, '23; Pianist, Phyllis Chapman, '22.

Athletics

Editor: Lloyd D. Dingle, '20.

"This is the chase:
I am gone for ever."

THE long list of inter-year events has finally come to an end, and all that remains for us to do is to sum up the records of the various years, and award to each the standing attained in the competition for the Matthews' Cup. The Junior Year undoubtedly made the best showing, and have won the trophy, but the rivalry was very keen, and nearly all the teams battling for first place were so evenly matched that there was little to choose between them. In addition to winning the Matthews' Cup, the Juniors succeeded in carrying off the Rugby Cup and the Field Day Cup. Next year promises even closer competition, and probably the honors will be more evenly divided. The number of points scored by Theology and by each year in Arts is as follows:

	Theol.	'20	'21	'22	'23
Field Day	3	1	5	.	.
Tennis	.	.	1	5	3
Soccer	5	.	1	3	.
Rugby	.	3	5	1	.
Hockey	.	3	5	1	.
	8	7	17	10	3

The first and second years met at Varsity rink on February the 26th. The ice was hard and slippery, and many of the players found it exceedingly difficult to navigate properly owing to the failure of their skates to maintain their equilibrium at critical moments.

Sophomores 4
Freshmen 2

In the first period the Sophs piled up their score of four goals, Stevens netting two, and Brown and Eberlee accounting for the remainder. In the second period Dyce countered for '23, while their opponents failed to find the net. The second year were again held scoreless in the final period, and Hildebrand scored for the Frosh, beating Reid on a nice shot.

Sophomores.—Goal, Reid; defence, Brown, Mabee (Capt.); forwards, Stevens, Jones, Eberlee.

Freshmen—Goal, Anderson; defence, Dyce, Bearss; forwards, Henry, Paterson, Hildebrand.

Juniors 2
Seniors 1

The Juniors won the inter-year hockey championship on March 18th, when they defeated the Seniors at Ravina Rink. The game was a hard-fought one, and the teams were so evenly matched that the issue was in doubt until the last minute was up.

Year '21 started off with a rush in the first period, and scored when Kitchen failed to handle Doolittle's shot between the defence. The Seniors broke through several times, but were unlucky in scoring.

In the second period '20 took the offensive, and soon combination between Dingle and Pearce, resulted in a goal, the latter scoring. There were no more goals scored until the last two minutes of play, when Jamieson went down and shot. Kitchen saved but couldn't clear in time and after a short scrimmage Jamieson batted the puck into the nets. Play was resumed, and the Seniors carried the puck to the '21 nets with a rush, but the bell rang before there was any more scoring. W. S. Mallory and J. C. Mabee handled the game satisfactorily.

Seniors.—Goal, Kitchen; defence, Mallory, Schatz; forwards, Dingle, Pearce, Hodges; sub., Cowie.

Juniors.—Goal, Gilmour; defence, Doolittle, Jamieson; forwards, McLay, Dodge, Farmer; subs., Carr, Racicot.

Athletic Banquet

On the evening of Wednesday, March 31st, the annual banquet of the Athletic Association, which had been dispensed with for several years on account of the war, was welcomed back and reinstated as the final athletic function of the year.

President Rosewarne began the program by rising to propose the toast to "The King." This was followed by a piano selection by Mr. H. M. Brownlee, '20, which was heartily encored. Dr. Swedelius undertook to entertain the assembled company with certain personal experiences and observations regarding "Athletics," and performed his duty so wittily that his reputation as a humorist was not only maintained, but was greatly enhanced. The reply to the

toast was made by Mr. E. D. Renaud, B.A., who urged every man to turn out and attempt to make a place on the teams, for only by this method could championships find their way to McMaster.

Prof. Curr, the Honorary President of the Athletic Association, presented the first and second Association medals to Mr. M. A. Smith, '21, and Mr. T. J. Jamieson, '21, respectively. The Matthews' Cup, which was won by Year '21, was awarded by Mr. R. C. Matthews, B.A., the donor of the trophy, who contributed greatly to the enjoyment of the audience by the humor of his remarks. Mr. E. Jamieson, B.A. ('13) consigned the Year '13 Rugby Cup to the loving care of Year '21, and Mr. J. A. Long, B.A. ('15), made the presentation of the Year '15 Field Day Cup, also won by year '21.

In presenting the emblems, Prof. McLay seconded Mr. Renaud in urging that everyone support the teams. Emblems were received by H. G. Doolittle, '21; J. G. Van Slyke, '20; I. H. Eberle, '21; W. O. White, '21, and T. J. Jamieson, '21. Dr. Findlay distributed the badges to the various winners of the Field Day events. Shields were granted to the Field Day "firsts," and to the members of the Senior Hockey Team.

In the absence of Mr. H. G. Doolittle, '21, Dr. McCrimmon was unable to make the formal presentation of the Chancellor's Medal and the McNaught Cup. The Chancellor gave a very interesting talk on the importance of Athletics, and the great place taken by this phase of college life. In conclusion, he impressed upon the new executive the necessity for organizing the next year's work during the vacation, and the great advantage in working out their plans before the time for action was at hand.

The performance closed with the singing of "Thy Praises, McMaster," followed by the usual repertoire of yells.

Athletic Elections

At the annual meeting of the Athletic Association held on March 19th for the purpose of holding the elections, the following officers were returned for 1920-21: Honorary President, Dr. Findlay; President, M. A. Smith, '21; Vice-President, W. H. Reid '22; Secretary J. D. Taylor, '22; Treasurer, P. Paterson, '23; Business Manager, G. W. Farmer, '21.

Our Graduates

Editor: Elven John Bengough, B.A.

THE Toronto Branch Alumni Association held a most successful reunion on Tuesday evening, April 6th, when a hundred graduates gathered for supper in the Residence Dining Room. Among those present were a number from outside the city, mostly teachers who had come to Toronto to attend the Easter convention of the Ontario Educational Association. The President, Dr. W. W. Lailey was in the chair.

Mrs. Cranston reported on the Women's Residence which has recently been secured by the Alumnae, and gave information concerning the Furnishing Fund and the Endowment Fund which are being raised in that connection.

Dr. F. J. Snelgrove, the Alumni representative on the War Memorial Committee, reported that $650 has now been secured toward the $1000 aimed at for immediate memorial projects.

A discussion on the relation of the Alumni to the University was opened by Mr. V. E. Gray, who made a number of valuable suggestions, among these being: the importance of branch associations, and the responsibility of the general association to such branches in the way of suggesting programmes and outlining work to be done; and the dissemination of information regarding the University through an Alumni Bulletin of some sort. He also suggested that the connection between the Alumni and the Senate should be vitalized by arranging for reports to the Alumni from their representatives on the Senate, and by other methods. He pointed out that there are now four graduates on the Board of Governors, and that as time goes on the graduates will be assuming increasing responsibility in the direction of the affairs of the University.

During the course of the discussion which followed, Mr. Cranston spoke of the work of the Senate; Mr. McKinnon suggested continual reports to and fro between the General Association and the Branch Associations, involving the establishment of a secretarial office; Mr. Joseph Wearing, of Peterborough, and Mr. E. E. Wood ,of Fort William, urged the importance of a news bulletin.

The Chancellor spoke briefly of some of the University policies. He also gave a resume of the geographical distribution of the graduates, and expressed the hope that the Alumni would find some practicable way of strengthening the bond between the central organization and the outlying branches and units.

Officers of the Toronto Branch for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, Dr. W. W. Lailey, '04; Secretary, R. L. Kellock, '15; Executive Committee, Rev. F. W. Waters, '11; R. H. Mode, '97; V. E. Gray, '11; V. A. Ray, '03; A. J. Thomson, '99; E. J. Zavitz, '03, and the Past Presidents.

Gatherings of McMaster men and women never need extraneous helps to stimulate good fellowship, but on this occassion the general liveliness was increased by the singing of popular songs while we sat about the table, song sheets having been provided by the committee. Mr. H. M. Brownlee, '20, ably accompanied at the piano.

After the conclusion of the programme, the gathering adjourned to the Chapel, where old friendships were renewed, and new ones formed. "Thy Praises, McMaster," was sung with all its old-time vigor, before dispersing.

The Rhodes Trust announces a special scholarship to be awarded in Canada this year, available to University graduates. It is a scholarship of £300 per year, tenable for three years or any shorter period, and competition is not confined to any one province of the Dominion. Any graduate is eligible provided he has been domiciled in Canada for at least five years, and that he will not have passed his 27th birthday on the 1st October, 1920. In making application a candidate should furnish (a) a certificate of birth, (b) a certificate of physical fitness, (c) information as to war service, if any, (d) a statement covering his educational career at school and university, and indicating the course of study he proposes to follow at Oxford, (e) three testimonials from University teachers under whom he has studied, (f) names and addresses of three other persons to whom reference can be made. Applications should be sent by registered letter to J. M. Macdonnell, Esq., National Trust Co., 18 King St. E., Toronto, and should reach him not later than May 31st. The scholar elect will go into residence at Oxford not later than October, 1921.

An active Branch Alumni Association has been formed in

Peterboro, with Joe Wearing as President, Rev. Dougald Brown as Vice-President, and Mrs. L. J. Pettit (nee Pearl Moulton) as Secretary. The other members are Carle S. Browne, Harry H. Graham, Mrs. Graham, A. J. Madill, Miss Mayme Montgomery, Dr. J. B. Mann, Rev. J. R. Webb, and Miss Florence Scott.

'85.—Rev. W. H. Cline, D.D., has resigned his pastorate at Georgetown, and has removed to a small fruit farm at Grimsby East.

'91.—Rev. Joshua Roberts, Theol., of Tawas City, Mich., has charge of the Department of Evangelism for the Michigan Baptist Convention.

'97.—Professor I. G. Matthews, now of New Haven, Conn., has been invited to preach the Commencement Sermon of Crozer Theological Seminary, and to address the Philadelphia Ministers' Conference.

'98.—Rev. A. B. Cohoe has resigned the pastorate of First Baptist Church, Providence, R.I., to accept a call to First Church, Montclair, N.J., the change taking effect April 30th. We understand that this is the second time the Montclair Church has called Dr. Cohoe, the previous invitation of six months ago being declined.

An investigation has been started at Saskatoon, enquiring into the causes of the dismissal last summer of four professors from the staff of the Provincial University. McMaster graduates are particularly interested in two of the men concerned, namely, Professor R. D. MacLaurin, '02, and Professor J. L. Hogg, who was formerly on the McMaster staff. A recent report in the daily press tells of Professor Hogg's evidence before the investigating commission.

'03.—Rev. P. A. McDiarmid, who returned last fall on furlough from Congo Belge, is visiting the various northern Baptist Seminaries in company with Dr. Franklin, of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Board, lecturing on the work in Congo, and the needs of that country. His lecture, which is illustrated with lantern slides, has been much appreciated wherever given. We are hoping he will visit Toronto about Convocation time.

'07.—Rev. J. L. Campbell, recently pastor of the First Baptist Church, Vancouver, has returned from his missionary and evangelistic tour around the world. He was abroad ten months, during which time he travelled 32,000 miles. He visited mis-

sion stations in Japan, Korea, China, Burma and India, speaking 260 times in all. In a recent letter he wrote: "If we want to see where the human family is, we must go to Asia. Europe, America, etc., are only colonies. Oh, the magnitude of the task and the appeal!" Dr. and Mrs. Campbell are at present making their home with their daughter, Mrs. Baldwin, at Nyack, N.Y.

'09.—On Easter Sunday, the Baptist Church of the Redeemer, Brooklyn, N.Y., of which Dr. H. Francis Perry is pastor, dedicated its new building. Many hindrances have come in the way of the completion of the new enterprise, and the church is to be congratulated on having achieved its object. In addition to the increased financial obligations involved in moving into the new structure, the church has fully met its missionary objective and has made a handsome increase in the pastor's salary. The date of the dedication of the new building also marks the completion of five years of Dr. Perry's pastorate.

'09. Rev. J. E. Pettit has resigned the pastorate of the Brighton Church, and may now be addressed at 67 Wolfrey Avenue, Toronto.

'11.—Among the missionaries who sailed from India on Feb. first, for furlough in Canada, were Rev. H. Dixon Smith, '11, and Mrs. Smith, and Miss Georgia McGill, also of the class of Mrs. Scott are returning by the Pacific route, and will arrive about June 24th.

'13. S. J. Graham is in Toronto attending the Dental College.

'14.—Rev. A.E. Kochaly, pastor of Andover Baptist Church, N.B., is, as his friends will recall, a native of Persia. When the war broke out there were disturbances in that country, in which Mr. Kochaly lost his parents. For years he waited anxiously for word of the other members of his family, and now reports that he has word from two sisters and their husbands, who are now in Mesopotamia. His other sister and his brother are in Russia beyond the reach of communication. It is to be hoped that the situation in that troubled country will before long quiet down sufficiently for correspondence to be established.

'16.—Rev. H. B. Hughes represented McMaster at the Jubilee celebration of the University of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand on February 3rd and 4th last. Out of twenty-two

visiting representatives, Mr. Hughes was chosen as one of four to deliver addresses, and he spoke not only for McMaster, but also as representing the Universities of Canada and the United States. The subject of his address was a comparison between higher education in New Zealand and in North America, and in the course of his remarks he spoke of the following characteristics of education on this continent: The prominent place of the school in the life of the people; the passion for the practical in education; the wide etxent of extra-mural instruction; the prominence of the questionnaire method in classroom instruction; the increasing emphasis on vocational instruction; and the attainment of the highest personality as the keynote of American education. He closed with a statement of the fundamental places of education in the solution of the problems confronting the world to-day. We are fortunate in having in New Zealand a graduate who could so worthily represent our University and convey our greetings on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of a sister institution.

'17.—Miss Kate E. Hammond was married on March 16th to Mr. Arthur E. Foulds, at her home in Brantford. "The Monthly" extends best wishes.

'17.—Miss Olive L. Clark is on the staff of the Ingersoll Collegiate Institute.

'18.—Miss Ruth Baker has gone west to take up teaching in Consul, Sask.

'19.—Oro C. Dennis is working with the Synthetic Drug Co., 72 Kingsley St., Buffalo, N.Y., and reports that he finds his occupation congenial.

'19.—Rev. A. E. Look, who is taking theological work in Crozer Theological Seminary, Chester, P.A., is also lecturing in Greek for the balance of the present year, taking the classes of a professor who resigned.

Here and There

Editor: Miss E. Marion Stillwell, '20.
Asst. Editor: Miss Marion V. Royce, '22.

"Knowledge is the wing wherewith we fly to heaven."
—**Shakespeare.**

N a world of limitless resources, inestimable treasures of art, science and industry, how much there is to learn! In whatever direction one may turn, from lands of oriental display to pleasure-loving America, men and women, filled with an unquenchable thirst for learning, are searching earnestly for the well whose waters alone can satisfy their need. Each well overflows into another, and so they go on until life's end, reaching toward that great something that leads above the world, toward the realms of the divine.

We are ever learning; life is full of great experiences, complex and unfathomable, yet what does one really know? Each truth revealed to a wondering mind has brought in its train a multiplicity of unknowns, and an overwhelming realization of one's ignorance brings many a moment of hesitation and doubt. With the coming of April, the close of another college year has almost been reached. Again that dread spectre, examination week, looms up before us in its treacherous uncertainty. It is time for an inventory; mere "camouflage" will not suffice; one must honestly weigh one's knowledge in the balance.

Are we of those who "sipping of many arts have drunk of none" or have care and earnest application been lacking, for truly knowledge may be acquired only by "troublesome and deep digging for pure waters."

In all probability our endeavor has been confined or extended, as the case may be, by our purpose, the ideal before us in our work. What, indeed, is the goal of our labors? The answer may find expression in many ways, but in none more beautiful than that given it by Bacon when he said: "Some men think that the gratification of curiosity is the end of knowledge; some the love of fame; some the pleasure of dispute; some the necessity of supporting themselves by their knowledge, but the real use of all knowledge is this, that we [illegible] which was given us by God to the use and advantage of man."

Almost before we had time to realize that the first of the college year was over, it began to be borne in upon our consciousness that the second term was likewise drawing to a close, and now with the April number of "The Monthly," the end is in sight. Next year the departments will be in different hands, and it is with the best wishes that we pass ours on to Mr. Kenneth Taylor. If we were prophets we would foretell a brilliant future for "Here and There." But we are certain of an enjoyable year for the public, and we heartily wish our successor joy in his work.

APRIL MUSIC.

I love the music the raindrops make
As they dance on the window pane,
And the warm, quiet kiss of the April sun
That follows the April rain.
I love the songs of mating birds,
And the choiring of daffodils,
The strong, deep voice of rivers
And the prattle of little rills.

* * * *

But of all the songs of April
There's one I love the best,
Though it sings its own wild, witching air,
It thrills through all the rest.
Surely the joy and laughter of earth
First woke in the heart of man,
To a strain of elfin music
From the pipe of the woodland Pan.

O, April's the month of music
And it's dearest song to me
Is a gladsome strain from the ready pipe
Of the piper I never see.

—*Acta Victoriana.*

Almost fifty years have passed since the death of Charles Dickens, and it is a noteworthy fact that to this day his novels are universally read and enjoyed. In a recent issue of "The Book Monthly" there appears a series of articles in which several people of literary distinction, ardent "Dickensians" point out various reasons for this lasting favor in spite of the proverbial inconstancy of the world of fiction.

The only surviving son of the great novelist, Henry Fielding Dickens, writes: "In my humble judgment the true reason for his universal popularity is, beyond all question, his strong human sympathy, his power of showing how, deep in the hearts

of men there exists, hidden below the surface, a feeling of Charity and Brotherhood."

For Marie Corelli it is "His cheerfulness, belief in human nature, hope for the best, courage to go on, love for all, and a pure faith in God which lift his work into the lasting love of the public, a popularity which is indeed Fame," while W. Walter Crotch, President of the Dickens Fellowship, says: "He was, and still is, popular because he knew how to endow the most commonplace feelings and experiences of life with simplicity, passion, beauty and humour."

The same pleasing imagination that describes "the patchwork we call Life" in that exquisite bit of poetry from Clinton Scollard, which we quoted a few months ago, is again revealed in the accompanying sonnet, "Keats," written by the same poet:

Not as a pale youth dying piteously
Upon a lonely pallet in old Rome,
I think of Keats, nor lying 'neath the loam,
With violets covered and the laurel tree;
But where the long swell of the Aegean Sea
Upon the shores of Latmos flings its foam,
A happy wanderer 'neath the cloudless dome
I dream of him a spirit blithe and free.

Here seems he one with glad Endymion,
Raving the windings of some moonlit dale,
Assoiled of all the sorrows of the years,
Hearing the rapture of the nightingale,
And knowing love's ecstatic benison,
Beyond the poignant touch of mortal tears!

Literary gossip is always interesting; the accompanying remarks, concerning Sir Harry Lauder's recent novel, quoted from *The Book Monthly*, might imply that a singer, too, "is not without honor. . . . "

" 'Between You and Me' is the title of a book by Sir Harry Lauder which has appeared in America to companion his 'Minstrel in France.' There seems to be no news of it on this side of the Atlantic, so one wonders whether Sir Harry has written it while he was away from England—and Scotland! We are told that 'It is a strange book, unlike an ordinary book, as if it were a talk with a friend.' It is, we are also told, the story of a man who has touched every sort of life and knows when he has succeeded ,when he has failed, and why in each case. That, of course, is means of telling us that here is the philosophy of Harry Lauder with his own story more or less set into it."

. . Of late a certain question has been recurring more and more persistently in the minds of the "grave Seniors," a question on which the *Dalhousie Gazette* rhapsodizes. Where do we go from here?

When the last exam has been written,
And the little "B.A." has been won,
When the last Latin Ode is forgotten,
And your last college year is done;

You will rest, and no doubt you will need it,
For a month, or perhaps even two,
'Til the sad question once more arises—
"Now what are you going to do?"

"To do? Why, that ought to be easy,
I've a B.A. degree now, you see,
Journalism might be quite pleasant,
At least it appears so to me."
But your name creates little excitement
In the Editor's sanctum, it seems,
And all of your golden hopes vanish
Like the fabric of wonderful dreams.

"Office work" has no use for the student,
"You can't run a typewriter," they say.
"And that's the chief thing in an office,
Without that you can't draw any pay."
The solution? For that you'll look further
Than this doggril verse of a day,
When a coal heaver gets better credit
Than a College Professor, they say.

During the past six or seven months a goodly number of exchanges have come to us and we have greatly enjoyed the glimpses into the life of sister colleges which they have afforded us. The *Ubyssey* from British Columbia has been particularly interesting, as it is the most recent addition to our list of exchanges. Our old friends, too, have been very welcome.—*Acta Victoriana*, *Trinity University Review*, *East and West*, *St. Hilda's Chronicle*, *T. C. D.*, from Dublin, *Oberlin*, *Dalhousie Gazette*, the *Gateway*, the *Manitoban*, *Brandon College Quill*, *Queen's Journal*, *Acadia Athenaeum*, the *Argosy*, from Mt. Allison, the *University Monthly*, from U.N.B., and the *Voice* from Shanghai. We thank you, one and all!

McMaster University

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WALTER SCOTT W. McLAY, M.A., Dean in Arts; Professor of English.

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HUMFREY MICHELL, M.A., Lecturer in Political Economy and Sociology, 1919-1920.

CARL VICTOR FARMER, B.A., Special Lecturer in Public Reading and Speaking, 1919-1920.

Registrar: ELVEN JOHN BENGOUGH, B.A.

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*Obit., December 8, 1919.

YEAR BOOK

1920

Of the Graduates of McMaster University in Arts and Theology, with which is incorporated the May Number of the McMaster : : University Monthly. : :

Published by a joint committee from the classes in Arts and : : Theology. : :

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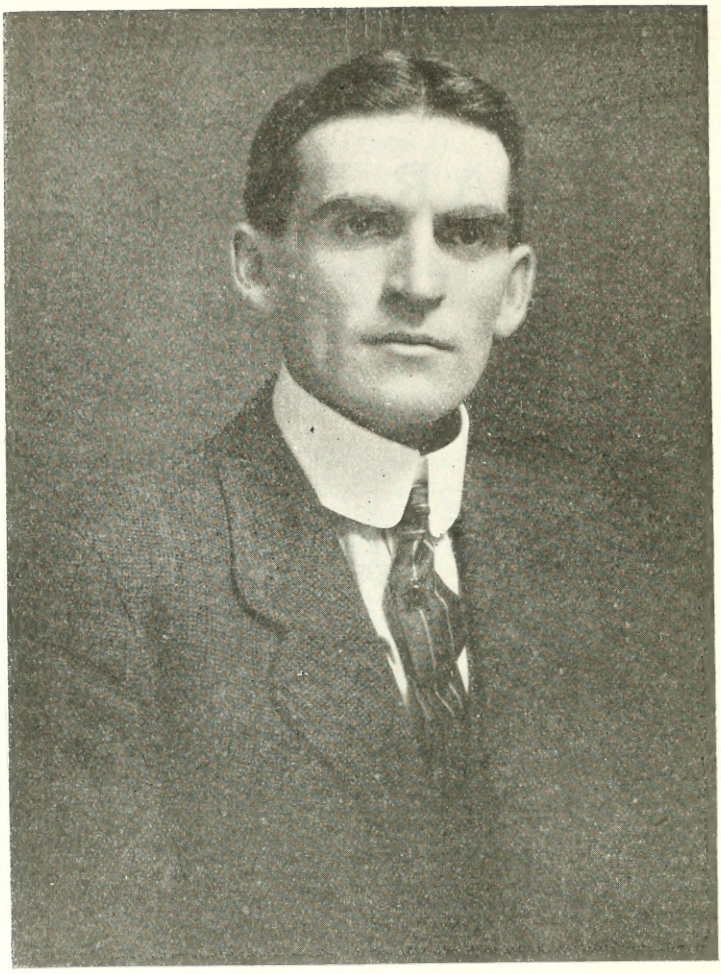

Glenn H. Campbell

Late Professor of Latin in McMaster University

To Whose Memory this Year Book
is Affectionately Dedicated

Year '20 Honour Roll

E. W. Armstrong, Jan., 1916-July, 1919, to Germany

F. L. Brown, 1917-1919, to England.

H.M. Brownlee, March, 1916-June, 1919, to Germany.

J. W. Cohen, May, 1918-Dec., 1918, Canada.

L. E. Dearborn, Oct., 1914-July, 1915, to France.

*W. J. Dick,

*J. Fraser,

H. S. Hillyer, April, 1918-Jan., 1919, Canada.

H. C. Hodges, May, 1918-March, 1919, to England.

F. G. McCoy, May, 1915-May, 1917, to France.

G. H. Mallory, Sept., 1918-Dec., 1918, Canada.

L. J. Ruttan, May, 1918-Sept., 1918, Canada.

D. J. Russell, Sept., 1917-Oct., 1919, prisoner in Germany.

*J. L. Spencer,

W. T. Steven, March, 1916-July, 1919, to Germany.

H. N. Stephens, March, 1916-1917, to England.

J. G. VanSlyke, Feb., 1916-March, 1919, to France.

W. S. Watson, 1915-1918, France.

*H. H. Webb,

W. O. White, April, 1918-Jan., 1919, Canada.

C. J. Wilkins, Sept., 1917-March, 1919, to France.

L. E. Zavitz, May, 1918-July, 1919, to England.

* Information lacking.